OVID's
METAMORPHOSES.

Made ENGLISH by

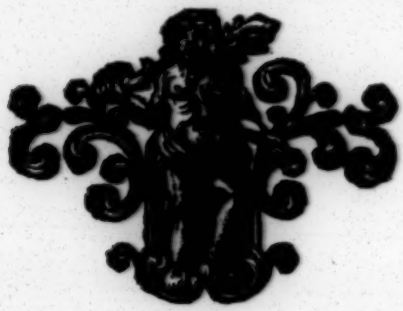
SEVERAL HANDS.

ADORN'D with CUTS.

VOLUME II.

The Second EDITION, with great Improvements.

By Mr. *SEWELL.*



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OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK IX.

The ARGUMENT.

Achelous *relates his combate with* Hercules, *from whom* Neſſus *the* Centaur *going to raviſh* Deianira *is tranſfix'd with his arrows:* Deianira *ignorantly ſends a venom'd robe, which was given her by* Neſſus, *to* Hercules; *with which being put to great torture, he builds a funeral pile, and on it burns himſelf,* Alcmena *relates to* Iole *the pains of her delivery, and of* Galanthis *being changed into a weezel;* Iole *in return tells* Alcmena *the ſtory of her ſiſter* Dryope *being turn'd into a* lote-tree. Hebe *reſtores* Iolaus *to youth, and the Gods*

murmur that the ſame grace is not conferr'd on others; but they are pacified by Jove's *ſpeech.* Byblis *falling in love with her own brother* Caunus, *and being repuls'd by him, pines away and is turn'd into a fountain:* Iphis, *the daughter of* Ligdus, *is turn'd into a man and marries* Ianthe.

HE who his high deſcent from *Neptune* draws,
Of the God's grief and wound demands the cauſe,
When thus the *Calydonian* ſire proceeds,
His verdant locks oppreſs'd with oozy reeds;
A tale of woe you ſeek: his own diſgrace
Who would revive? Yet was it not ſo baſe
To be ſubdu'd, as noble to contend:
Victors, like mine, do ev'n defeats defend.
Perhaps you've heard of *Deianira*'s charms;
What crouds of rivals wiſh'd her in their arms.
With them we to th' *Ætolian* palace went,
When ſtraight I ſought her royal ſire's conſent:
The ſame demand *Alcides* made: the reſt
Withdrew, and our ſuperior right confeſt.
He boaſts his father *Jove*, his labour's fame;
And vanquiſh'd ſtep-dame to inforce his claim.
'Twere baſe, ſaid I, immortal Gods to men
Should ſervile yield; (a God he was not then.)
Theſe everliving waters I command,
That wind in endleſs currents thro' thy land.
No foreign ſon thou ſhalt receive in me;
But of thy country, and a friend to thee:
Nor let it hurt my ſuit, that *Juno*'s hate,
Nor penal tasks impos'd have made me great.
If to *Alcmena* you your being owe;
Jove's not your ſire, or criminally ſo.

You

You ſeek a father in your mother's ſhame;
Own thyſelf baſely born, or *Jove* diſclaim:
Thus as I ſpake, his glowing eyes preſage
The future ſtorm, and ill he rul'd his rage:
Straight, let his hand, ſaid he, my proweſs tell,
Words be thy praiſe, ſo I in deeds excell:
Fierce, he attacks: to give my words the lye
I ſcorn'd, and threw my ſea-green mantle by:
My arms oppos'd, and guarded well my breaſt:
And, ardent, ev'ry part for fight addreſt:
Or me the duſt he throws with ample hand,
At him I launch a weight of rattling ſand.
He catches at my neck, and ſlipp'ry thighs,
Or aims to graſp, and ev'ry limb applies;
Defended by my weight, he vainly ſtrove;
As well the ſwelling ſurge a rock might move:
For rocks, in their own weight ſecure, diſdain
The ſwelling ſurge, and daſh it back again.
Now we a while retire; again we meet;
Maintain our ground, reſolv'd; join feet to feet;
Forward I ruſh'd upon him with my breaſt,
My fingers, his, my brow his forehead preſt.
So have I ſeen two bulls with horrid might
Together cloſe, and for a miſtreſs fight:
A miſtreſs, worth their toil! the trembling herd
With fear expecting which ſhould be preferr'd.
Thrice *Hercules* did his whole force incline,
In vain, to diſengage his breaſt from mine:
The fourth eſſay my ſtrong embrace unbound,
And from my ſtruggling arms his body wound:
He forc'd me then about (truth guides my tongue,)
And on my back with his whole weight he hung.
If I have faith (nor ſeek I vain renown
From lyes) methought ſome mountain preſs'd me down.

Reeking with ſweat, ſcarce I my arms could move,
Scarce diſengage my limbs, howe'er I ſtrove:
Then, breathleſs as I was, he on me flew,
Nor ſuffer'd me to gather ſtrength anew:
At length, his pow'rful arms my neck command;
And, dragg'd upon my knees, I bit the ſand.
Then my own wiles my falt'ring ſtrength ſupply'd;
And, a long ſerpent grown, I from him glide.
Sunk in contracted folds, I forward ſprung;
And hiſs'd, and darted out my forked tongue.
He laugh'd, and thus did to my wiles retort;
To ſtrangle ſerpents was my cradle's ſport:
Tho' other dragons to thy conqueſts bow,
Compar'd to *Lerna's Hydra*, what art thou?
Her wounds were fruitful; from each ſever'd head
Each of her hundred necks two fiercer bred:
The ſprouting ſnakes, thus by the ſword renew'd,
And multiply'd by death, I twice ſubdu'd.
What hopes haſt thou, a ſpurious ſnake, to 'ſcape;
Who fight'ſt with borrow'd arms, and ſteal'ſt thy ſhape.
This ſaid, my neck his graſping fingers ſeiz'd;
Not iron engines could have harder ſqueez'd:
Again to diſengage myſelf I ſtrove;
Again o'ercome, a new device I prove.
Turn'd to a bull, I his aſſaults oppoſe,
His arms about my ſwelling cheſt he throws:
Within his graſp he follows on his blow,
And drives my horn into the earth below.
Thus ſhamefully diſtreſs'd, he whirls me round;
And flings my vanquiſh'd body to the ground:
Not ſo content with cruel hands he twiſts
One horn, and from my wounded forehead wreſts.
With fruits and flowers the water-nymphs adorn,
And plenty fills the conſecrated horn.

Here

Here ends the God: a virgin lovely fair,
Dreſs'd like *Diana*'s nymphs, with flowing hair,
Brings in the horn with *Autumn*'s wealth replete,
And fruits, that load the tables of the great.
'Twas morn: when ſoon as early ſun-beams dart
O'er tops of redd'ning hills, his gueſts depart;
Nor wait they, till the rough and angry tide
Wears a ſmooth face and ſwelling waves ſubſide.
The river God now ſhrouds his awkard head,
And wounded front, beneath an oozy bed.
His blemiſh'd beauty, and the raviſh'd grace
Force him to hide his much diſhonour'd face.
All elſe was well. The damage of his brows
He ſhades with wreaths of flags, and willow-boughs.
But thee, fierce *Neſſus*, the ſame virgin's form
Did with a ſtrong but fatal paſſion warm.
For *Jove*'s fam'd ſon, as homeward with his bride
He travell'd, came to ſtrong *Evenus*' tide.
The big-ſwoln ſtreams increas'd with winter's rain,
And whirling round, their paſſing o'er reſtrain.
For her he fears; fear for himſelf abhorr'd:
When ſtrong-limb'd *Neſſus* came, who knew the ford.
Safely (ſaid he) will I tranſport thy bride;
Thyſelf by ſwimming gain the adverſe ſide.
To him *Alcides* his pale conſort leads,
Who both the guardian and the waters dreads.
Charg'd with his quiver and his lion's skin,
Swiftly th' advent'rous hero plunges in:
(His club and bow already were caſt o'er:)
And now he tries the river to explore,
Dauntleſs, he minds not where the currents glide
With eaſieſt ſtream, but ſcorns to court the tide.
The waves o'erpaſt, his fatal bow he ſeeks,
And, reaching, hears his diſtant conſort's ſhrieks.

The traytor *Neſſus* haſt'ning to betray
His truſt, and bear the beauteous charge away;
What vain preſumption, wrong'd *Alcides* cries,
Of ſwiftneſs prompts thee to this curſt ſurprize?
To thee, foul raviſher! whoſe dubious frame
The human creature does but half proclaim,
Neſſus, to thee I ſpeak: Withhold thy flight:
Hear me, and ceaſe to intercept my right.
If no reſpect of me can fix thy truſt,
Thy father's wheel ſhould check thy daring luſt.
But yet thou ſhalt not 'ſcape however fleet,
And tho' a horſe's ſwiftneſs wings thy feet.
My ſhafts ſhall reach thee, tho' myſelf too ſlow;
Straight he confirms his threat'ning with his bow.
The miſſive weapon pierc'd him as he fled,
And thro' his breaſt appear'd its barbed head.
Which from the wound when drawn, the purple flood
Spouts both ways, mix'd with *Hydra*'s venom'd blood.
This *Neſſus* took; and, with a ſmother'd ſigh,
Not unreveng'd (ſays he) ſhall *Neſſus* dye.
Dip'd in that gore the dame a robe he gives
A philtre which love's drooping flames revives.
The circling years ran on: *Alcides*' fame
And *Juno*'s hate the diſtant lands proclaim.
Oechalia raz'd, the conqu'ring hero now
Prepares to pay to *Jove* his grateful vow.
When babbling fame (who triumphs to diſguiſe
Truth with mix'd falſehoods, and ſtill grows by lies;
Outruns the poſting warrior, and aſſails
Poor *Deianira*'s ears with murth'ring tales:
That her falſe lord, to wedlock true no more,
The pleaſing chains of blooming *Jole* wore.
The troubled lover credits what ſhe fears:
At firſt ſhe nouriſhes her grief with tears.

At length ſhe cries, but wherefore do I ſo?
Th' adultreſs will but triumph in my woe.
E're ſhe arrive, ſome meaſures I muſt prove,
To ſtop th' injurious robb'ry of my love.
Shall I complain? be mute? remove, or ſtay?
Return to *Calydon*, and give her way?
Or ſhall I in ſome daring act expreſs
My birth, and *Meleager*'s race confeſs?
Let out the ſtrumpet's tainted blood, and ſhew
What injur'd woman in her rage can do?
Long grief diſtracts her mind; now fix'd ſhe ſtood
To ſend the garment dipp'd in *Neſſus*' blood:
This may revive the mem'ry of her charms,
And give her back the hero to her arms.
That and her griefs to *Lychas* ſhe commends;
As ignorant as he, of what ſhe ſends.
With mournful voice th' afflicted dame implor'd
That he would bear it to her abſent lord.
The gift the unſuſpecting hero wore,
Wrapp'd in the poiſon of *Echidna*'s gore.
He pray'd, the kindled flames with incenſe fed;
And bowls of wine on marble altars ſhed.
The ſudden poiſon work'd, with heat diſſolv'd;
And the whole hero's bulk with pains involv'd.
Long he with fortitude his groans reſtrains,
'Till patience was ſubdu'd with ſtronger pains.
O'ercome with pain he down the altar flings,
And woody *Oeta* with his yellings rings.
Forthwith to tear the torture off he ſtrives;
Rending, his skin he with the garment rives.
Or to his limbs (dreadful to tell) it cleaves;
Or his large bones, and ſinews naked leaves.
Like red-hot ſteel in water drench'd, his blood
Hiſs'd with the venom, all one boiling flood.

No mean! the greedy flame his entrails eats,
And his whole body flows with purple ſweats.
His ſcorching ſinews crack, his marrow fries,
To heav'n he lifts his tortur'd hands, and cries;
Look down, fell *Juno*, and this plague enjoy:
View my fierce pains, and thy full malice cloy.
If foes may purchaſe pity (ſuch are we:)
This hated, life inur'd to toil, ſet free.
My death I as a kindneſs ſhall receive;
A kindneſs, which a ſtepdame's hands ſhould give.
Is this my payment for *Buſiris* ſlain,
Who did with ſtranger's blood *Jove*'s altars ſtain?
For this th' earth-born *Antæus* did invade,
And robb'd him of his mother's boaſted aid?
For this did I againſt *Geryon* rage,
And triple-headed *Cerberus* engage?
Did theſe laborious hands, for ſuch rewards,
Bind down the fiery *Cretan* bull with cords?
For this have *Elis*, and *Stymphalian* floods
Confeſs'd your labours, and *Parthenian* woods?
For this did with *Thermoodon*'s queen diſpute,
And from the dragon forc'd th' ill-guarded fruit?
Not cloud-born centaurs could my force withſtand,
Nor th' *Erymanthian* boar eſcape my hand:
Fierce *Hydra* multiply'd her heads in vain,
Which only ſprouted to be lopp'd again:
For this, when I the *Thracian* ſteeds ſurvey'd
With human bodies by the tyrant fed,
Stung with juſt rage, their mangers I o'erthrew,
And with the ſteeds their impious maſter ſlew?
For this, the huge *Nemæan* lyon quell'd,
And with theſe ſhoulders the broad heav'ns upheld?
Jove's envious conſort did more weary grow
Toils to renew, than I to undergo.

But this new plague no virtue can repel,
No weapons conquer. I am all o'er hell.
Conſuming fire does on my liver prey,
And thro' my entrails eats its ſubtle way.
And yet *Eurytheus* thrives: and yet remain
Some, who the juſtice of the Gods maintain!
Here his complaint the tortur'd warrior ends?
His raging ſteps o'er *Oeta*'s top he bends.
So tigers with the jav'lins in their ſide.
Rage round the woods, whilſt the ſcar'd hunters hide.
Oft ſhould you ſee him rave, oft groaning ſtrain,
To rend the clinging robe that caus'd the pain,
And then with rooted trees beſtrow the plain.
Now angry with the mountains, now he rears
His arms to his immortal father's ſpheres.
Hid in a rock he trembling *Lychas* ſpies;
His tortures make his rage rage redoubled riſe.
Did'ſt thou, ſaid he, this horrid preſent give!
Lychas, did'ſt thou, and can'ſt thou hope to live?
And muſt I die by thee? Here *Lychas* ſhakes,
Looks pale, and trembling his excuſes makes.
But while he ſpoke, while to his knees he clung,
Him thrice around th' inrag'd *Alcides* ſwung:
And ſwift into *Eubœan* ſurges threw,
As engines, ſtones: he harden'd as he flew.
As falling ſhow'rs congeal'd with freezing winds
Convert to ſnow: as ſnow together binds,
And does to hail by rolling chriſtalize:
So, thro' the air as *Lychas* whirling flies,
Bloodleſs with terror, and all moiſture gone,
The former age believ'd him chang'd to *ſtone*.
And ſtill within *Eubœa*'s gulphy deeps
A little rock an human figure keeps.
On this the mariners forbear to fall,
As if it liv'd: and this they *Lychas* call.

But thou *Jove*'s Godlike ſon, the trees do'ſt hew
Which on the top of ſteepy *Oeta* grew;
With their fall'n trunks a fun'ral pile is made,
And thy own hands the labour'd ſtructure laid;
Thy ample quiver and thy fatal bow
Muſt *Paan*'s ſon for their new maſter know,
And thoſe dread ſhafts; (again ordain'd for *Troy*,
Again the lordly city to deſtroy:)
Him did'ſt thou uſe to ſet the pile on fire:
And as the greedy crackling flames aſpire,
Thou on the top thy lyon's ſpoils did'ſt ſpread,
And proſtrate with thy club ſupport thy head:
Calm and ſerene, as ſome more chearful gueſt
O'er ſparkling bowls, and at a gladſome feaſt.
On ev'ry ſide the flames a conqueſt made,
And their contemner's patient limbs invade:
The Gods for earth's revenger fears expreſs'd;
Whom *Jove*, who ſaw their ſorrow, thus addreſs'd.

The fears you ſhew, ye pow'rs, are my delight
Well you your king's and father's love requite:
Truſt me, I triumph in this gen'rous care;
Since ev'n our progeny your favour ſhare.
For tho' 'tis to his acts, his merits due,
Yet giv'n unforc'd, it has oblig'd us too.
Let for theſe flames your breaſts no terrors ſeize,
For he, that conquer'd all, ſhall conquer theſe.
Vulcan ſhall but his mother's part ſubdue;
For that's immortal which from me he drew.
That cannot taſte of death, nor ſtoop to fire;
But, freed from earth, ſhall to our joys aſpire.
This grace your Deities all, I truſt, will pleaſe;
But if ſome one repine at *Hercules*,
Or grudge theſe honours; let him envy ſtill,
He ſhall confirm our act againſt his will.

The

The Gods aſſent: and *Juno*'s ſelf accords
To ev'ry part, but *Jove*'s concluding words.
Her riſing frowns her plain diſpleaſure prove,
To think herſelf reflected on by *Jove*.
Mean while the flames their victory purſue;
And all the parts within their pow'r ſubdue.
No more *Alcides*, known by face, remains;
Nor ought he of his mother's form retains:
But *Jove* alone in his loſt figure reigns.
Ev'n as a ſnake caſts, with his skin, his years;
And young and gay with glitt'ring ſcales appears;
So brave *Alcides*, from the body free,
And diſengag'd from dull mortality,
Shines in his better part, and ſeems more great,
With majeſty adorn'd and awful ſtate.
Now wafted upwards by his fire, he rode
In triumph 'midſt the ſtars, and ſhone a God.
Preſs'd *Atlas* feels his unacquainted weight;
Eurystheus ſtill preſerves his wonted ſtate.
His wrath rekindles, and revenge renews;
And the dead father in his race purſues.
Alcmena, preſs'd with years and worn with cares,
To *Iole* her aged griefs declares;
With her, her ſon's hard toils, ſo widely known,
Talks o'er, and tells his fortunes and her own.
For *Iole*, at *Hercules*' requeſt,
Hyllus had taken to his bed and breaſt.
The nymph the vigour of the youth eſſays,
And her ſwoln womb their am'rous ſport betrays.
To whom *Alcmena* thus began; To thee
The Deities at leaſt propitious be:
And eaſe thee when a mother's pangs invade,
And force thee to invite *Lucina*'s aid.

The Goddeſs hearken'd much to *Juno*'s hate,
Deaf to my cries, ſhe made my travels great.
For when *Alcides* did his birth provoke,
And then accompliſh'd months my pains beſpoke:
So pond'rous, that his weight alone did prove
Th' immortal fire, and teſtify'd a *Jove!*
When I no longer could the toil ſuſtain,
(Ev'n now, rememb'ring, I renew my pain.)
When, ſev'n long days and nights with anguiſh ſpent,
My hands I rear'd, and pray'rs to heav'n I ſent.
And with loud cries, thro' all the tort'ring hours,
Invok'd *Lucina* and the fav'ring pow'rs.
Indeed ſhe came, but ſway'd by *Juno*'s will
To cauſe my death, ſhe came reſolv'd to kill.
Soon as ſhe heard my groans, before the gate
She unaſſiſting on that altar ſate.
Her right ham croſſing her left knee ſhe caſt,
Then knits her fingers myſtically faſt.
Protracts my labour; and with mutter'd ſpells
Of ſecret pow'r the preſſing birth repels.
I wiſh'd to die, and tax'd ungrateful *Jove*;
Breathing complaints relentleſs rocks might move.
The *Theban* matrons all around were there,
They beg the Gods and comfort my deſpair.
Yellow *Galanthis* too, an active maid,
Was there; of mean deſcent, but full of aid.
Officious as ſhe paſſes in and out
She ſomething does from *Juno*'s hate miſdoubt.
She ſees the Goddeſs on the altar ſit;
Her arms about her knees, her fingers knit.
Whoe'er thou art, rejoice with us, ſaid ſhe;
Joyful *Alcmena* from her pains is free.
The child-birth-aiding Goddeſs ſtarting roſe;
And, parting her link'd fingers, eas'd my throws.

Galanthis

Galanthis laugh'd at the deceit, 'twas ſaid;
But the fierce Goddeſs ſeiz'd the laughing maid:
Dragg'd by the hair, nor ſuffer'd her to riſe;
Forthwith her arms are chang'd to legs and thighs.
With uſual nimbleneſs along ſhe ſweeps,
And, tho' ſhe's chang'd in ſhape, her colour keeps.
But ſince ſhe eas'd my pains with forg'd device,
The lips muſt ſuffer that pronounc'd the lyes:
Her offspring at her mouth ſhe now receives:
Nor yet our old frequented manſion leaves.
Thus ſaid, ſhe for her ſervant's ſorrow ſigh'd,
When thus the blooming *Iole* reply'd:
You mourn, my mother, for no kindred's fate;
But what if I my ſiſter's change relate?
Tho' riſing grief the wond'rous tale will break;
And guſhing tears ſcarce ſuffer me to ſpeak.
Of all th' *Oechalian* damſels few might dare
For equal charms with *Dryope* compare.
Her mother left her only when ſhe dy'd,
(I was the offspring of a ſecond bride.)
The *Delphian* God, enamour'd, felt her charms;
O'erpower'd, and revell'd in her virgin arms.
Andræmon took to wife the raviſh'd fair;
They lov'd, and were eſteem'd an happy pair:
There is a lake which ſhelving borders bound
Much like a ſhore, with fragrant myrtles crown'd;
Hither the bright and blooming *Dryope* came,
A ſtranger to the fatal place's fame:
And, what may more your juſt compaſſion move,
She for the *Naiads* flow'ry chaplets wove.
A pleaſing weight, a child her arms infold;
Sucking her breaſt, nor yet a twelvemonth old:
Hard by the lake a flow'ry *Lotus* grew,
Which hop'd for berries of a crimſon hue.

The

The flow'rs ſhe pluck'd to pleaſe her little ſon;
I too was there, and like the ſame t'have done.
Blood from the dropping twigs I ſaw deſcend,
And all the quiv'ring boughs with horror bend.
For as, alas! too late the ruſticks ſaid,
From luſtful *Priapus* when *Lotis* fled;
The frighted nymph, redeem'd from force and ſhame,
Was chang'd into the tree which bears her name.
Nought of the horrid tale my ſiſter knew,
Who now aſtoniſh'd, as ſhe backward drew,
Glad to depart, her vows already pay'd,
By ſudden roots her ſtruggling feet were ſtay'd.
Upward alone ſhe moves; for all below
O'er her ſmooth limbs a cruſting bark does grow.
This ſeen, her locks ſhe ſtrives to rend, but tears
Leaves from their twigs, and branches pulls for hairs.
The boy *Amphiſus* (for they call'd him ſo,
The name his monarch grandſire did beſtow;)
To draw the failing milk in vain does try,
He finds his mother's breaſts both ſtiff and dry.
Thy cruel fate, poor ſiſter, I ſurvey'd;
A vain ſpectator, for I could not aid!
Yet, as I could, the growing bark delay'd:
Clung to thy ſpreading boughs, and wiſh'd with thee
(Sincerely wiſh'd, by Heaven!) intomb'd to be.
Behold! *Andræmon* and her wretched ſire
Approach, and for their *Dryope* enquire;
I for their *Dryope* a *Lotus* ſhew'd;
They kiſſes on the yet warm wood beſtow'd,
And grov'ling on the ground her roots embrace;
The tree all elſe engroſſes but the face.
Each other part the diſmal change receives;
With tears ſhe bathes her new-created leaves:

And while ſhe might, while yet a way remains
For ſpeaking paſſion, thus ſhe breathes her pains.
If credit to the wretched may be giv'n,
I ſwear by all the ſacred pow'rs of heav'n!
By no foul crime this change have I deſerv'd,
Nor ever from the paths of virtue ſwerv'd.
If I am falſe, may my green branches fade;
And fell'd with axes on the fire be laid.
This infant from his dying mother bear
To ſome kind nurſe, but often bring him here:
Here let him feed, and in my ſhadow play,
And, ſoon as he has words, be taught to ſay,
This bark my deareſt mother does contain;
Yet let him ſtrictly from all lakes refrain.
Nor let him e'er preſume to touch a flow'r;
But think that ev'ry tree inſhrines a pow'r.
O! husband, ſiſter, father, all farewell;
If in your gentle hearts compaſſion dwell,
Suffer no ax to wound my tender boughs,
Nor on my leaves let impious cattle browze;
And ſince I cannot down to you decline,
Aſcend to me and joyn your lips to mine.
My little ſon, whilſt I can kiſs, advance;
But fate cuts off my failing utterance.
For now the choaking rind my neck aſcends,
And round about my leafy head extends.
Remove your hands, without the help of thoſe,
The wrapping bark my dying eyes will cloſe.
She ceas'd to ſpeak, and be. Yet vital heat
In her chang'd body long retain'd its ſeat.
Whilſt ſhe the mournful tale relates, her eyes,
Swimming in tears, the kind *Alcmena* dryes.
Tho' from her own, the ſhow'rs in conſort flow;
But now a better change ſuſpends their woe.

At the big entrance *Iolaus* appears,
Blooming in beauty, and renew'd in years;
Crown'd with a ſecond youth, and ſprightly grace,
The doubtful down ſcarce ſhades his maiden face.
The favour to his uncle's pray'rs he ow'd,
And *Hebe* at her husband's ſuit beſtow'd:
Which granted, now ſhe was about to ſwear
She never would again the like confer,
When awful *Themis*, interpoſing, ſaid:
Fierce wars are wag'd in *Thebes* by diſcord ſway'd:
Jove only ſhall *Capaneus'* rage reſtrain;
Two brothers by each other ſhall be ſlain.
A monſt'rous gulph a prophet ſhall entomb,
And living hide him in earth's darkſome womb.
A ſon, poſſeſs'd with juſt yet impious ire,
Shall kill his mother to revenge his ſire.
Baniſh'd his home and ſenſe, in wild affright,
Furies ſhall haunt him and his mother's ſpright;
Till his new wife the fatal gold demands,
Then ſhall he periſh by *Phegeian* hands.
Then ſhall *Callirrhoe* of great *Jove* obtain,
Her infant ſons a ſudden youth may gain:
Jove ſhall conſent, thy pow'rs exert; and then
Precipitate th' unripen'd boys to men.
While *Themis* thus of fate foreknowing ſung,
Amongſt the Gods a grudging murmur ſprung.
Why ſhe this gift to others ſhould not give;
Aurora for her husband's age does grieve:
Ceres complains of *Jaſon*'s hoary hair;
Vulcan would *Erichthonius'* youth repair.
The cares of future time in *Venus* reign,
That her *Anchiſes* may grow young again.
Each on his fav'rite would ſome grace beſtow,
And partial favour makes their factions grow;

'Till

'Till *Jove*, the loud ſedition to ſuppreſs,
Did thus the wrangling Deities addreſs.
Is there no reverence to our empire due,
Or, oh! what ends will your raſh rage purſue?
Which of you all preſumes his pow'r ſo great,
As to controul th' eternal laws of fate?
Old *Iolaus* by fate grew young again;
By fate *Callirrhoe*'s ſons muſt ſtraight be men:
Events which force of arms could ne'er conſtrain,
Or the ſmooth arts of proud ambition gain.
And, that you may the better brook your ſtate,
Know, I am govern'd and reſtrain'd by fate;
Which could I change, decrepit age ſhould ceaſe
The bending back of *Æacus* to preſs.
Eternal youth ſhould *Rhadamanthus* crown,
Nor ſhould our *Minos* loſe his old renown:
Now for his years contemn'd, who heretofore
With full command the regal ſceepter bore.
Theſe words from *Jove* the jarring Gods reſtrain,
Nor does one bold diſſenter dare complain.
When preſs'd with years they *Rhadamanthus* ſee,
Nor *Æacus* from age's ſorrows free;
When lordly *Minos* bows, whoſe youthful fame
Made mighty nations tremble at his name.
He, weaken'd, now *Miletus*' proweſs fears;
Who boaſts his ſire divine and blooming years.
Nor durſt exile him tho' the youth, 'twas known,
Had form'd deſigns and aim'd to ſeize the throne.
But thou, *Miletus*, uncompell'd did'ſt fly,
Quitting thy home th' *Ægean* deeps to try:
In *Aſia*'s climes thou do'ſt a city raiſe,
Which call'd from thee records its founder's praiſe.

Here while the lovely nymph *Cyanea* ſtray'd,
And round her father's winding riv'let play'd:
By force thou did'ſt compreſs th' unguarded maid.
Byblis and *Caunus* ſprang from that embrace,
A lovely pair, and form'd with equal grace.
Byblis' example lawleſs love reproves;
Byblis' Apollineian Caunus loves:
Not as a ſiſter ſhould a brother do,
Nor at the firſt her own affection knew.
She frequently would kiſs the beauteous boy,
And thought her duty what ſhe found her joy.
Oft her white arms ſhe o'er his neck would throw,
Nor thinks ſhe does amiſs in doing ſo.
Inſenſibly her paſſion gathers force,
And has to female ſtratagems recourſe;
About to viſit *Caunus* e're ſhe goes,
Her artful hands her wanton dreſs compoſe:
The virgin now to ſeem too fair deſires;
And envies ev'ry face which he admires:
Yet knows not her diſeaſe; no looſe deſire
Yet reigns: and yet within ſhe's all on fire.
Now calls him lord; the dues of blood diſclaim'd;
And would be *Byblis*, and not ſiſter nam'd.
No guilty thought yet ſtain'd her waking ſoul;
On it, with night, the black pollution ſtole.
A pleaſing dream to bed her brother brings,
With panting breaſts ſhe murm'ring to him clings.
Straight in her face offended nature flies,
And bluſhes dawn about her dark'ned eyes.
She wakes, and long is mute; her ſoul ſurveys,
And then her grief in theſe wild words diſplays.
What means the viſion of the guilty night?
Ah wretch! what horror! mix'd with what delight!
Why did that lovely ſhape break in upon thy ſight?

His

His heav'nly form by envy is approv'd;
He might, if not a brother, be belov'd:
But, oh! a brother's once endearing name
Is now the foe that's fatal to my flame.
Yet whilſt awake I can continue chaſt,
May ev'ry golden dream be like the laſt;
No witneſs can my ſleeping joy reveal,
Yet imitative joys in ſleep I feel;
Bright queen of love! and thou her winged ſon!
What pleaſure did the ſtrong deluſion crown!
What fierce tranſporting raptures bleſs'd the night!
And how I lay diſſolv'd in vaſt delight!
For ever ſhall the charming mem'ry laſt
Of tranſports, which alas! too quickly paſt!
For the malignant Goddeſs of the night,
Envying my bliſs, urg'd on her head-long flight.
Would I could change this wretched name of mine,
Or he the int'reſt in his blood reſign!
How well, O *Caunus*, might our father be
But half a ſire, or to thyſelf, or me!
O would to Heav'n we all in common held
Except our birth, and thou in that excell'd!
Ah! who muſt wrapp'd in thy embraces be,
Thou faireſt of thy ſex, what happy ſhe?
Whilſt thou art only brother to poor me.
That fatal tye does all my hopes deſtroy,
I'm only ſeiz'd of what muſt blaſt my joy.
My viſions then are vain: in theſe extreams
Can dreams avail, or is there weight in dreams?
The Gods forbid! Yet Gods their ſiſters wed,
Saturn and *Ops* had both one womb and bed.
Ocean his ſiſter *Tethys* made his bride;
And *Jove* the nuptial knot with *Juno* ty'd.

Gods have their laws. But wherefore do I dare,
Celeſtial rites with human laws compare?
This lawleſs flame ſhall from my breaſt be driv'n;
Or if it cannot, let me die, good Heav'n!
Then let my cold and breathleſs corpſe be laid
Upon the bire, and *Caunus* kiſs me dead.
Yet ſay, thou ſhould'ſt indulge thy wild deſire,
To finiſh it will his conſent require:
What you thus wiſh, and your chief good eſteem,
To him may black and execrable ſeem.
But *Æolus*'s ſon, without a dread
Of inceſt, mounted to his ſiſter's bed.
Ah! have I then reſolv'd upon the deed?
Whence can theſe thoughts, theſe curs'd remarks proceed?
Oh, whither am I driv'n! O whither toſt!
How in a maze of thought my reaſon's loſt!
Hence, flames obſcene: ye furies, hence; go dwell
In your own native ſoil, the deepeſt hell.
Love the ſweet youth, but love without a fault,
And love him as the kindeſt ſiſter ought.
But yet had he thus rav'd for *Byblis*, I
Could ne'er reſolve to ſee my *Caunus* die.
Then ſhall I, who would not his ſuit reject,
Sue firſt? what, can'ſt thou ſpeak? thy thoughts detect?
I can, love prompts. If ſhame my ſpeech ſuppreſs,
Yet letters may my hidden flames confeſs.
This reſolution fix'd her doubtful mind,
Then, on her arm her lovely head reclin'd.
Yes, he ſhall know what tort'ring pains I feel;
I can no more my deſp'rate caſe conceal.
O what infernal flame! what fury's this?
Gods! from what height I plunge to what abyſs!
As her looks change, her trembling hand indites,
Begins, and doubts; nay damns, what ſcarce ſhe writes.

Yet

Yet to what now ſhe blames, ſhe ſtraight returns;
With rapture now invents, what now ſhe burns:
Then what one moment to the flames ſhe dooms,
The next ſhe with a whirl of thought reſumes.
Too diſcompos'd ev'n her own will to find,
Now ſhame, now reſolution guide her mind.
Siſter ſhe once had wrote; then, as unfit,
Blotted the ſiſter out, and thus ſhe writ.
Health to her only love that lover ſends,
Whoſe health alone upon your love depends.
To tell you who I am, alas! I ſhame;
I would my ſuit were known without a name.
As for my name, O let it not be told!
Till promis'd happineſs makes *Byblis* bold.
Wan colour, leanneſs, and o'erflowing eyes,
Long ſighs which from a ſmother'd paſſion riſe,
Frequent embraces, kiſſes of deſire,
That darted all the lover's humid fire,
Had you but mark'd the ſymptoms, all expreſt
The deep diſtemper of my wounded breaſt.
But yet tho' deep, ah deep! the flaming dart,
Piercing my burning breaſt, transfix'd my heart;
Long time I ſtrove its fury to aſſwage,
And ſtruggling virtue long oppos'd its rage;
Heav'n and the Gods are witneſſes, I bore
What never tender virgin did before.
Retreating, long I fought th' unequal field;
But now I turn to conqu'ring love, and yield.
O'ercome, your ſlave I muſt myſelf confeſs,
And plead for mercy in extreme diſtreſs:
My life, or death determine as you will,
You can preſerve, and you alone can kill.
Think who I am that ſue to be redreſt,
It is no foe that does your love requeſt.

But one, who near ally'd, would nearer join,
And in a ſtricter league of love combine;
Let dotards ſlaves to muſty morals be,
Auſterities and impotence agree;
But in us two hot youth and raſh deſire
To bliſs, to raptures uncontroul'd aſpire.
We know not when we nature's bounds tranſcend;
We think all free, and with our Gods offend.
Them let us imitate. Paternal awe,
Reſpect of fame, nor fear ſhall us withdraw.
Let us but only lay diſtruſts aſide:
Our eaſy ſtealths a brother's name will hide.
We may, in private, talk, embrace, and kiſs;
How little then remains to crown our bliſs!
O pity her, who has her paſſion broke;
Who ne'er, but for exceſs of love, had ſpoke:
Leſt your remorſeleſs cruelty be read
Too late upon my grave, when I am dead.
Thus all on fire her working mind indites,
'Till ev'ry page and margent full ſhe writes.
Then ſhe her crime folds up, and ſhrowds from ſight;
And ſealing ſhuts the monſt'rous birth from light.
A truſty ſervant now ſhe calls by name,
And in low accents half ſuppreſs'd by ſhame;
My faithful friend, this letter ſee convey'd
To my---and here ſhe paus'd, then---*brother*, ſaid.
But as ſhe from the fatal writing parts,
It falls; ſhe trembling at the omen ſtarts.
Yet fondly to deſtruction on ſhe goes;
Her truſty ſlave a fit conjuncture choſe:
To *Cannus*'s apartment he repairs,
And to the youth th' unpleaſing ſecret bears.
Wonder and rage both ſeiz'd him at the view;
The half-read letter to the ground he threw.

With

With much ado his fury he commands;
And from the bearer ſcarce with-holds his hands.
Thou pander to inceſtuous luſt, he cry'd,
Fly, whilſt thou may'ſt; and know, e're this thou'd'ſt dy'd,
Had not the honour of my houſe and name
Told me, thy blood, if ſpilt, would ſpread our ſhame.
He, frighted, flies; and to his miſtreſs bears
The rage of *Caunus*, which ſhe trembling hears.
At her repulſe, a death-reſembling cold,
Freezing her heart, the vital heat controul'd.
Yet with ſp'rits her frantick love returns;
And thus with faltring tongue ſhe ſoftly mourns.
Repell'd! diſdain'd! Oh what could worſe befall!
Thy conduct and thy crime deſerve it all.
For why her ha'ſt thou, O wretch to madneſs bold!
Thus raſhly thy prodigious ſecret told?
Why did I, what ſhould have been hid, commit
To a fond letter in confuſion writ?
I ſhould in doubtful terms have firſt addreſt,
Th' uncertain depths have ſounded of his breaſt.
Fool! thus preſumptuouſly to quit the ſhore,
And not the winds, nor the new ſeas explore:
Thoſe winds now rage, and the mad ſeas run high;
And all things round look hideous to my eye.
Daſh'd on the ſplitting rocks, the floods o'er-bear
My ſinking bark; nor can I backward ſteer.
And yet by omens, certain and divine,
Thou wer't forbid to urge thy dire deſign.
Did not the letter, as thou gav'ſt it, fall;
And that preſage thy blaſted hopes foreſtall?
Wer't thou not mad, by portents thus deterr'd
Thou had'ſt giv'n o'er; giv'n o'er? ah, no! deferr'd:
And, on ſome happier day, perhaps been heard.

In perſon, not by pen, I ſhould have ſu'd;
He ſhould in looks my lively love have view'd:
Have ſeen my moving tears and pleading eyes;
More might I've ſpoke than letters can comprize.
About his neck my arms I might have thrown,
And, had he caſt me off, appear'd too ſwoon:
Clung to his feet, and grov'ling, life implore;
I might have all this paſſion play'd, and more.
If one of theſe to move his heart had fail'd;
His ſtubborn heart, they all had ſure prevail'd.
Perhaps thy ſervant caus'd thy ill ſucceſs,
By ill-tim'd management without addreſs;
He might abſurdly chuſe ſome buſy hour,
Too rude and harſh for love's more gentle pow'r.
This wreck'd my hopes. For his ſoft, human breaſt
Nor rocks, nor ſteel, nor adamant inveſt.
Him did the ſavage tigreſs bear: no, he
Sprang from the ſame ſoft yielding nymph with me.
He muſt be won: no harſh repulſe ſhall make
Me ceaſe my ſuit, 'till life my breaſt forſake.
True I could wiſh, if actions once begun
By empty wiſhes were to be undone,
That I this luckleſs love had ne'er indulg'd;
At leaſt that I had ne'er my crime divulg'd.
But ſince, what's paſt, ev'n fate can ne'er recal;
I now muſt thro', whate'er extreams befal.
For never would he, tho' I ſhould o'erſway
My ſtrong deſires, forget my lewd eſſay.
He'll think if I thus lightly could diſclaim,
I lightly entertain'd th' inceſtuous flame!
May think ſome baits were for his virtue laid,
To be to publick infamy betray'd:
Or may conceive that brutiſh luſt did move
Theſe exſtaſies, and not the God of love.

Should

Should I desist, the horrid crime's conceiv'd;
And innocence can never be retriev'd.
Persisting little can my guilt enhance,
But *Byblis* may to vast delights advance.
This said, one thought another doth controul,
So vast a discord wrecks her wav'ring soul.
Her sickly mind oppos'd designs revolves;
What, it repents of, to repeat resolves:
Her brother obstinately she pursues,
Often repuls'd, as oft the charge renews.
He flies his country to avoid her crime:
And builds a city in a foreign clime.
When woeful *Byblis*, raving thro' despair,
Her garments did from her bruis'd bosom tear;
Beats her poor arms in fury, and proclaims
In high distraction her incestuous flames.
Hopeless, her hated mansion she forsakes;
And, *Caunus* to pursue, her flight she takes.
Wild as th' *Ismarian Bacchanals* appear,
When their triennial Orgies they prepare;
Ev'n so the matrons, o'er *Bubasian* plains,
Saw frantick *Byblis* run, and howl her pains.
From these she wanders thro' the *Carian* bounds;
The martial *Lelages*, and *Lycian* grounds.
O'er *Cragos'* top thro' *Lymire* she raves,
And crosses o'er the *Xanthus'* silver waves.
Where huge *Chimera* spreads his ample brow;
A lyon all above, a snake below.
The woods were past; when thou, O *Byblis*, faint
With long pursuit, and passions strong constraint,
Sunk'st down; thy ruffled hair on earth display'd,
Thy face upon the wither'd leaves low laid:
Often the kind *Lelegian* nymphs contend
To raise her in their arms, and comforts lend;

With counſels ſtrive to cure her love-ſick mind,
Which at her deaf'ned ear no entrance find.
She, graſping the green ruſhes, ſilent lies;
And bathes them with the rivers of her eyes.
On them the *Naiades* beſtow'd a ſpring;
For what more grateful could their bounty bring?
As pitch diſtilleth from the bark's black wound,
As ſtiff bitumen iſſues from the ground;
As floods, which froſts in icy fetters bind,
Thaw with th' approaching ſun and ſouthern wind;
Ev'n ſo *Phœbean Byblis*, ſpent in tears,
Melts to a fountain, which her title bears:
Beneath the roots of a black holme, that grows
In the rank vales, with plenteous ſtreams it flows.
Happ'ly the fame of this prodigious fate
Had ran o'er all the hundred towns of *Crete*,
Had not the recent change of *Iphis* ſhewn
That iſle as ſtrange a wonder of her own.
Near to the *Gnoſſian* realms, in *Phæſtus'* town,
Ligdus was born, a name of ſmall renown.
Mean were his fortunes, humble his deſcent:
But his whole life in honour's paths he ſpent.
Thus he alarms his teeming conſort's ear,
As now her lab'uring hour was almoſt near;
But two requeſts my wiſhes now employ,
Light be your pains, and may you bring a boy.
A female offſpring would a burthen grow,
Where nature does ſo ſcanty means beſtow,
I charge thee therefore, if a girl it be,
Which heav'n prevent! forgive me piety,
This harſh injunction; let the infant die.
Largely he weeps, as the command he gives;
Which ſhe with tears profuſely ſhed receives.

Yet

Yet *Telethuſa* ſtill, with fruitleſs pray'r,
Begs him he would not of the Gods deſpair.
He ſtands reſolv'd: the matron's time was come,
And the ripe burthen downward weigh'd her womb;
When *Iſis* to her bed in dead of night,
Attended came, and ſtood confeſs'd to ſight.
A crown of golden wheat her brow adorns,
And on her forehead roſe the *Cynthian* horns;
With her *Anubis* came, *Bubaſtis* bright,
And the black *Apis* deck'd with ſpots of white:
The God, whoſe pointing finger ſilence taught;
Oſiris, ne'er too diligently ſought.
Timbrels reſounded; foreign ſnakes, whoſe bane
Caus'd deadly ſlumbers, fill the ample train.
The Goddeſs to th' awaken'd matron ſaid;
No more, my *Telethuſa*, be diſmay'd:
Deceive thy husband, and thy cares ſuſpend:
Nor doubt to rear whate'er the Gods ſhall ſend.
I am a Goddeſs who diſtreſs regard,
And ev'ry votary with aid reward:
Ne'er ſhall it grieve thee that thou ha'ſt ador'd,
Or an ungrateful pow'r in me implor'd.
The Goddeſs counſels, and away ſhe goes,
Straight in her bed the *Cretan* matron roſe;
And up to heav'n her ſuppliant hands ſhe threw,
And, ardent, pray'd the viſion might be true.
Increaſing throws at length a girl diſclos'd,
Both by the ſire and world a boy ſuppos'd.
So cloſely was the ſex conceal'd, and known
But to the mother, and the nurſe alone.
Ligdus aloud his gratitude proclaims,
And th' infant, from his grandſire, *Iphis* names.
The mother joys to think the doubtful name
Gave no deceit, yet either ſex became.

With pious fraud ſhe ſtill conceals the cheat;
In dreſs the child appears a boy compleat.
The youthful face and well-turn'd features ſhine
With charms, you might to either ſex aſſign.
Now thirteen ſummers ran o'er *Iphis'* head,
Her ſire demands *Ianthe* for her bed;
Of *Phæſtian* virgins moſt divinely fair,
By birth a *Cretan*, and *Teleſtes'* heir.
The ſame their age, the ſame their grace appears;
And the ſame maſters form'd their early years.
Hence did one dart with love both boſoms ſtrike;
Alike their paſſion, but their hopes unlike.
Ianthe thought the time too ſlowly ran
'Till *Iphis* weds her, whom ſhe counts a man
Poor *Iphis* loves; but does in love deſpair
Of proper pow'rs to pleaſe the courted fair:
With her deſpair her fire more fierce returns;
And the young virgin for a virgin burns.
What fate remains for me, (ſhe weeping, ſaid;)
Whom new, unknown, prodigious fires invade!
Would the Gods ſpare me, they ſhould ſtraight deſtroy;
Or nature give me power her rights t' enjoy.
No mare, no cow, her ſiſter brute purſues:
But harts their gentle hinds, and rams their ewes.
So birds together pair. Of all that move,
No female ſuffers for a female love.
Would I were none!---- Yet leſt our *Crete* ſhould prove
Barren of any prodigy of love.
A bull did o'er *Paſiphae'* heart prevail,
But this was ſtill the female to the male.
Mine is a fury of a ſtranger kind:
She on the joys of *Venus* fix'd her mind:
The luſty lover by a wile receiv'd,
And he enjoy'd the dame, yet was deceiv'd.

But

But oh! no error can be aiding here;
Should all the world their daring wits confer.
Should *Dedalus* his waxen wings renew,
And hither fly, what could his cunning do!
Can art convert a virgin to a boy?
Or fit *Ianthe* for a maiden's joy?
No, fix thy mind; compoſe thy vain deſires;
And quench theſe ill-adviſ'd and fooliſh fires.
Think what thou art; (unleſs reſolv'd t' abuſe
Thyſelf in vain;) and love as females uſe.
Hope wings deſire; hope *Cupid*'s flight ſuſtains;
Thy hope, thy ſex, and nature's ſelf, reſtrains.
No jealous husband's care, no rig'rous fire
Againſt thy coveted embrace conſpire;
Nor ſhe herſelf denies to meet thy fire.
Yet can'ſt thou not enjoy! yet can'ſt not be
Happy in her, tho' men and Gods agree!
All things, but one, to my deſires accord;
What they can give the bounteous Gods afford:
What ſhe, what I approve, what both our fires,
Nature diſlikes; too ſtrong for our deſires!
Nature forbids. The day begins to ſhine,
The wiſh'd for day! to make *Ianthe* mine:
And yet not mine. Of mortals moſt accurſt!
To ſtarve at banquets, and in rivers thirſt!
O *Juno*, *Hymen*, wherefore do you come
Where both are brides, and yet there wants the groom?
Here *Iphis* ends. Nor for the nuptial day
Does young *Ianthe* with leſs ardor pray.
Yet *Telethuſa* in ſuſpicious ſtrains,
Defers, protracts, and of her health complains.
Ill-boding ſigns and viſions oft ſhe feigns;
But now no colour of excuſe remains.
The nuptial pomp admits no more delay,
Than 'till the morrow's ſun ſhall gild the day.

When

When ſhe unbinds hers and her daughter's hair,
And at the altar breathes this fervent pray'r.
Iſis, great Goddeſs, who on *Pharos'* iſle,
And ample *Parætonium's* ſoil do'ſt ſmile;
And chear the *Mareotis*, and the *Nile*:
Grant now thy preſence, and thy ſuppliants hear;
O aid in theſe extreams and heal our fear.
Thee, Goddeſs, thee of old I once rever'd;
Saw thy bleſs'd train, and ſounding timbrels heard.
Thy counſels I purſu'd; to them I owe
That this maid lives, and I unpuniſh'd go.
Once more protect us with thy ſaving grace:
She ſpoke, and tears ran trickling down her face.
At once the looſen'd altar ſeems to quake,
The temple doors on ſounding hinges ſhake.
Bright *Lunar* horns thro' all the temple flung
A ſacred gleam, and ſounding timbrels rung.
The mother, glad of this ſucceſsful ſign,
Tho' not ſecure, returns from *Iſis'* ſhrine.
Iphis purſues her with a larger pace
Than late ſhe trod, and wore a manlier face;
Her ſtrength's increas'd; her looks more bold appear;
And on her ſhoulders curl'd the ſhorten'd hair.
More vigour does, than when a girl, enjoy;
For thou, ſo late a girl, art now a boy.
Gifts to the temple bear, and *Io* ſing;
Th' appointed gifts they to the temple bring.
Above them was the ſhort inſcription made,
'What *Iphis* vow'd a girl, a boy he paid.
The riſing morn now gilds the eaſtern ſky,
The nuptial Gods to grace the marriage fly.
The fires are kindled; and the recent boy,
Iphis, his own *Ianthe* does enjoy.

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK X.

The ARGUMENT.

Hymen, *from the nuptials of* Iphis *and* Ianthe, *goes to thoſe of* Orpheus *and* Eurydice; *but the new bride is ſtung to death by a ſerpent:* Orpheus *by entreaties obtains her back from the infernal regions, but loſes her again, by looking back contrary to the agreement with* Pluto. *He mourns her loſs on mount* Hæmus; *whither trees, beaſts, and birds are drawn by the harmony of his muſick.* Cypariſſus *is turn'd into a cypreſs-tree; and* Hyacinthus *into a flower of his own name. The* Propætides *are turn'd proſtitutes through* Venus's *indignation, and afterwards chang'd into flints.* Pygmalion, *falling in love with an ivory ſtatue of his own carving, it is chang'd into a liv-*

ing virgin. Myrrha *commits inceſt with her father* Cinyras, *and is turn'd to a Myrrh-tree.* Venus *falls in love with* Adonis, *recites to him the ſtory of* Atalanta *and* Hippomenes, *and why they were turn'd into lyons.* Adonis, *kill'd by a boar, is turn'd by* Venus *into the flower* Anemone.

THence clad in ſaffron robes, thro' boundleſs skies,
To the *Ciconian* borders *Hymen* flies;
In vain by *Orpheus* call'd his love to bleſs,
He came indeed, but could not grant ſucceſs.
No chearful omens, or auſpicious words,
No looks of joy the gloomy God affords.
The torch his hand ſuſtain'd, ſtill ſputt'ring, rais'd
A ſullen ſmoke; nor yet, tho' ſhaken, blaz'd.
Th' event more dire than the preſage did prove,
For whilſt the bride did thro' the meadows rove;
Whilſt with the foreſt nymphs ſhe treads the ring,
A ſerpent wounds her with his mortal ſting:
Whom when the *Thracian* bard had amply wail'd,
And with his woes the upper skies aſſail'd;
That his complaints might move the realms below,
He to the *Stygian* depths prepares to go.
Thro' troops of ghoſts and fleeting ſhades deſcends,
And his bold ſteps to the ſtern regents bends.
At *Pluto*'s court arriv'd, he tunes his ſtrings;
And thus to his harp the Godlike poet ſings.

Ye pow'rs, who ſway the world where darkneſs reigns,
Th' abode which fate for all mankind ordains;
If I the truth without offence may tell,
I come not hither to explore your hell:
Or bind in chains your guardian dog, who ſhakes
About his triple brows *Meduſa*'s ſnakes.

The cauſe, that urg'd this journey, is my wife;
Whom in her bloom a viper robb'd of life.
I would and ſtrove her loſs to bear; but love
Won in the ſtrife, a God well known above:
Nor here perhaps unknown: if truly fame
Report the rape, your pow'rs have felt his flame.
By theſe obſcure abodes ſo full of dread,
By the dread ſilence thro' your empires ſpread,
By this vaſt chaos, by theſe pray'rs of mine,
Euridyce's too haſty fate untwine.
We all are yours; on earth we but ſuſpend
Our doom a-while; here we muſt all deſcend:
Hither we throng, for our long home aſſign'd;
Th' eternal, laſt abode of human kind.
She, when her time by nature ſhall expire,
Again is yours; I but the uſe deſire.
If fate deny me this, my ſecond choice
Is here to ſtay; in both our deaths rejoyce.
While thus he ſung and ſtruck the trembling ſtrings,
Charm'd *Tantalus* neglects the gliding ſprings;
The ſhadows wept: *Ixion*'s wheel ſtood ſtill,
Their urn the *Belides* no longer fill;
The vultures fed not, *Tityus* ceas'd to groan,
And *Syſiphus* ſat liſt'ning on his ſtone.
The furies, vanquiſh'd by his verſe's power,
Were ſaid to weep, that never wept before.
The queen of darkneſs to his ſuit complies,
Nor ev'n her ſterner lord the grant denies.
Eurydice is call'd; who 'midſt the ſouls
But late arriv'd, her early fate condoles.
She comes, her pace yet ſlacken'd with her wound;
Orpheus receives her in this contract bound;

That

That if, e'er he th' *Avernian* lake have paſt,
Backward on her his longing eyes he caſt; (laſt.
Hell would its grant reſume, that look muſt prove his
Onward they tread the ſteepy darkſome height
Thro' horrid ſilence, and unbroken night;
And, now hell's confines almoſt paſt, they riſe
Where earth's dark yawn firſt ſees the doubtful skies.
There fearing leſt affright her feet miſguide,
And longing to behold his charming bride,
His eyes th' impatient lover backward threw,
When, quick as thought, the gliding fair withdrew.
His arms he ſtretches eager for embrace,
But nothing graſps but air, and empty ſpace.
Nor dying twice does ſhe her lord reprove;
For what could ſhe complain of, but of love?
At laſt farewel ſhe gives; her parting breath
Scarce reach'd his ears, e're ſhe returns to death.
The double loſs with horror *Orpheus* froze,
Scarce thro' his veins the blood congealing flows.
Such was his dread, who vaſt *Alcides* ſaw
In chains the triple-headed *Cerb'rus* draw;
By the dire working of his fear alone,
Loſt to himſelf, he hard'ned to a ſtone.
Or like *Olenus*, who to ſave his wife
Accus'd himſelf, and loſt his forfeit life;
Or thee, thou partner of his long diſgrace,
Raſh dame, too conſcious of thy beauteous face;
United bodies once, but ſtatues now;
And monuments of wrath, on *Ida*'s brow!
Orpheus would viſit hell's black realms again,
But ſullen *Charon* wooes with pray'rs in vain.
For ſev'n long days on *Styx*'s dreary ſhore
Mourning he ſat, and all repaſt forbore.

Care,

Care, grief of mind, and tears his only cheer,
He calls the Gods of *Erebus* ſevere.
Thence to chill *Rhodope* at length he goes,
And *Thracian Hæmos* wet with conſtant ſnows.
His yearly circuit thrice did *Phœbus* run,
And *Orpheus* ſtill all female commerce ſhun;
Whether the courted nymphs unkind did prove,
Or he had ſworn to bid adieu to love.
Yet many for the bard's embraces ſigh'd,
As many griev'd, the flatter'd bliſs deny'd:
He taught the *Thracians* firſt unuſual joys,
And to transfer their love on beardleſs boys.
There was an hill, and on that hill a plain,
Verdant with thriving graſs, and flow'ry grain;
But no kind ſhade the ſun-beams there reſtrain.
Yet ſoon as *Orpheus* hither did repair,
And ſtruck the trembling ſtrings, and charm'd the air;
A ſudden ſhade was giv'n: a thouſand trees,
Poplars, and oaks whoſe tops do reach the skies;
Soft *Lindens*, beeches, and the virgin bays,
The brittle hazel, aſh whoſe ſpears we praiſe;
Th' unknotted firs, thick holmes, and genial planes,
Rough cheſnuts, maples fleck'd with diff'rent grains;
Willows that love the ſtreams, and lotes the lakes;
Boxes, whom their green beauty ne'er forſakes;
Tam'risks and myrtles, and the bay that glows
With purple fruit, the various wood compoſe.
The wanton ivy wreath'd in amorous twines,
Vines bearing grapes, and elms ſupporting vines.
The limber palms that grace the victor's brows,
And pines that upwards ſhoot their fertile boughs.
Pines to the ſacred *Cybele* ſo dear,
E'er ſince her *Attis*, chang'd, their form did wear.

Nor was the cypreſs abſent from the grove,
Once a fair boy, and worth a Godhead's love:
That potent Godhead whoſe unrivall'd fame
The ſilver bow, and ſounding lyre proclaim.
There was a ſtag, of mighty bulk and grace,
Claim'd by the nymphs of the *Carthæan* chace;
His ample branching horns, on high diſplay'd,
Adorn his front, and yield his head a ſhade.
With gold his antlers ſhone; with gems his neck,
Which his deep cheſt ev'n to the ſhoulders deck;
A ſilver bell upon his forehead hung,
By ſilken ſtrings, which every motion rung,
And at his ears a pair which o'er his temples ſwung.
Above his nature bold, and void of fear,
To houſes would he frequently repair;
And oft, with patient pleaſure, would he ſtand
The gentle ſtrokings of a ſtranger's hand.
But thee, thou blooming pride of *Cæan* plains,
Thee, *Cyparisſus*, moſt he entertains.
By thee full oft to change of paſture led,
He ſipp'd the ſtreams, and cropp'd the flow'ry mead.
Now thou his horns with various flow'rs did'ſt dreſs,
Now thou his ample back did'ſt lightly preſs;
About the ſpacious fields in pleaſure ride,
And his ſoft mouth with purple bridle guide.
'Twas ſummer, and the ſun now mounted high
In his hot ſolſtice, ſcorch'd the ſultry sky:
Upon the ground the panting hart was laid,
Cool air receiving from the ſpreading ſhade:
When *Cyparisſus* with unerring dart
By fatal error ſtruck, and pierc'd his heart;
But when he ſaw the beaſt expiring lye,
Th' afflicted boy reſolv'd himſelf to dye.

What things of comfort did not *Phœbus* ſay,
That might a grief ſo ſlightly caus'd allay?
He only ſighs does to the Gods return,
Imploring Heav'n, he may for ever mourn.
Drain'd with his tears his body bloodleſs grew;
His limbs are alter'd to a greeniſh hue.
His curling hairs in briſtly branches riſe,
And ſpiring upwards ſeem to threat the skies.
I'll grieve for thee, do thou for others mourn,
Cries the ſad God, and fun'ral piles adorn.

Such was the grove the bard had drawn around,
And birds and beaſts flock'd to th' inchanting ſound;
Whilſt midmoſt thus he tunes his lyre and ſings,
Striking th' harmonious, tho' diſcordant, ſtrings.

From *Jove*, thou mother muſe, derive my verſe;
All bow to *Jove*; *Jove*'s pow'r we oft rehearſe.
Late I the giants ſung, in lofty ſtrains,
Foil'd by his thunder on *Phlegræan* plains.
Now ſofter notes muſt ſwell each warbling ſtring,
Whilſt of fair boys belov'd by Gods I ſing:
And virgins lab'ring with inceſtuous fires,
Deſerving hapleſs fates for foul deſires.
Heav'n's king of old the *Phrygian* boy did love;
And found what he had rather be, than *Jove*.
Yet of no bird vouchſafes the form to wear
But that, which could his dreadful thunder bear.
Diſguis'd in eagles plumes he downward flies,
And bears the *Phrygian* with him to the skies.
There he for *Jove* (tho' jealous *Juno* frowns,)
The flowing bowls with purple nectar crowns.

Thee, *Hyacinth*, *Phœbus* too plac'd above;
But angry fate oppos'd his purpos'd love.
Yet, as he might, immortal wer't thou made,
For oft as ſpring does winter's cold ſucceed;

Oft

Oft as the wat'ry ſign to *Aries* yields,
So oft renew'd, thy flow'r adorns the fields.
Thee my fire lov'd above all human kind,
For thee the God his *Delphian* groves declin'd.
For thee frequented the *Laconian* plains;
And *Sparta*, which the guard of walls diſdains.
Now neither for his harp, nor quiver cares,
Forgets his pow'r, and lugs the corded ſnares:
Holds in thy dogs, o'er mountains with thee goes;
Whilſt from long intercourſe his paſſion grows.
The fiery ſun now ſhot his equal light
'Twixt riſing day and the deſcending night;
When they, both ſtripp'd and ſleek with oil, prepare
To whirl the rival *Diſcus* thro' the air.
The broad and pond'rous orb firſt *Phœbus* threw,
The obvious clouds diſperſing as it flew.
Long lodg'd in air at length to earth it came,
And did the flinger's ſtrength and art proclaim.
Th' imprudent boy with raſh, but fatal, haſte
Waits for the falling orb, and longs to caſt;
Eager to take it up, it ſtraight rebounds
And *Hyacinthus* on the forehead wounds.
Pale as the boy the affrighted Godhead grows;
And his whole skill, and ſaving aid beſtows.
With trembling arms now raiſes from the ground,
Now chafes his face, and wipes the guſhing wound.
And would with herbs his flying ſoul have ſtaid,
The wound was cureleſs: art affords no aid.
So violets, poppies, and ſoft lillies ſo,
Bruiſe but the mother ſtem, on which they grow,
Inſtant decay, and hang their heavy heads;
And downward bend them to their earthy beds.
So hung his dying looks, ſo over-ſway'd
His languid neck was on his ſhoulder laid.

O fair *Oebalian* blaſted in thy prime,
Says the ſad God, thy wound preſents my crime.
Thou art my grief and ſhame: this hand did give
The murth'ring wound, and thee of life bereave.
Yet what's my crime? but to have play'd with thee,
But to have lov'd, can crimes accounted be.
For thee, or with thee, would that I might dye!
But ſince the fates ſo near a wiſh deny,
For evermore thou ſhalt with me abide,
For ever in my memory reſide.
Our harp and verſe thy praiſes ſhall reſound,
And in thy flow'r my ſorrows ſhall be found.
A valiant heroe too in time ſhall be
Chang'd to thy flow'r, and grow the ſame as thee.
Whilſt thus the God mourn'd in prophetick ſtrains,
Behold the blood, which lately dy'd the plains,
Was blood no more. A flow'r was ſprung full-blown,
And brighter than *Phœnician* purple ſhone.
In ſhape and form it did reſemble right
A lilly, changing but the red to white.
Nor was the God with this fair change content,
For he alone theſe honours did preſent;
In artful ſtrokes upon the painted leaves
The lively marks of his ſtrong woe he weaves.
Ai! ai! on ev'ry ſpringing flow'r impreſt,
Proclaim the ſorrows of his ſighing breaſt.
Nor *Sparta* ſhames her *Hyacinth* to own,
But ſtill with honours does his mem'ry crown:
Still, as of old, they yearly celebrate
The *Hyacinthian* feaſt in ſolemn ſtate.
Should you of *Amathos*, whoſe fertile land
Teems with the latent oar, perchance demand,
If ſhe the vile *Propœtides* produc'd;
To own their birth ſhe'd ſtand as much confus'd,

As

As to confeſs the race with horns defam'd,
And from that infamy *Ceraſte* nam'd:
Before whoſe doors the tragick altar ſtood
To ſocial *Jove*, but ſtain'd with human blood.
Who had the purple prophanation ſeen,
Would gueſs the blood the blood of beaſts had been.
A ſtranger ſlain th' unhallow'd ſhrine prophanes,
Venus th' inhuman ſacrifice diſdains,
And haſtes to quit her towns, and impious *Cyprian* plains.
But how, ſaid he, can walls or cities err?
Wherefore on them the guilt do I transfer?
But for the race that dar'd the deed preſume
Rather let death or exile be their doom:
Or if there be ſome plague between them both;
What if their limbs in ſome new ſhape I cloth?
And while ſhe doubts what form ſhe ſhould beſtow,
She on their horns by chance her eyes does throw;
Thoſe ſtill ſhe thinks may crown their alter'd skulls;
And their large bodies turns to larger bulls.
Yet durſt th' obſcene *Propœtides* deny
Venus a Goddeſs, and her pow'r defy;
For which, fame ſays, they felt the Goddeſs' ire;
And were the firſt who ſtoop'd to luſt for hire.
Their looks grew bold, each modeſt grace was gone;
Their blood grew ſtiff, and they were turn'd to ſtone.
Pygmalion, who their proſtitutions view'd,
Amaz'd, that women could be form'd ſo lewd;
Shunning the ſex, preferr'd a ſingle life;
And long forbore the dang'rous bliſs, a wife.
Meanwhile, in iv'ry, he with wond'rous art
A ſtatue carves, compleat in ev'ry part:
Touch'd o'er the form with more than female grace,
So charming, that he doats upon the face.

Each

Each limb a living virgin did proclaim,
That would have mov'd, if not with-held by ſhame.
Such skill his art conceal'd, that he admires;
And his fond boſom glows with am'rous fires.
With curious hand he ſtrokes it o'er to try
If 'twere a body, or but ivory.
Nor that 'tis iv'ry can himſelf perſuade,
But courts, and claſps it like a living maid.
Kiſſes, and thinks that ſhe returns his kiſs;
Graſps, and believes her fingers twin'd in his.
The waſte embracing (his conceit was ſuch,)
He fears to hurt her with too rude a touch,
A thouſand tender things to ſay invents,
And orient pearls, and ſparkling gems preſents.
Soft-ſinging birds, and flow'rs all gay to ſight,
(Toys which unpractis'd virgin's love incite;)
Lillies; and painted balls, and gums that flow
From weeping trees, he fondly does beſtow.
With coſtly robes he did her perſon deck,
With rings her fingers, and with gems her neck;
Large diamond pendants load her ears; her waſte,
A glitt'ring zone with decent knot embrac'd.
Her beauties well become the ſtudied dreſs,
Nor do her naked charms engage him leſs.
Now lays her down upon a gorgeous bed,
With quilts of richeſt *Tyrian* purple ſpread;
Calls her his wife, and downy pillows lays,
As ſhe had vital ſenſe, her head to raiſe.
The feaſt of *Venus* came, all *Cyprus* pay
Their grateful homage on that ſolemn day.
The milk-white heifers dreſs'd receive the blow,
And ſteams of incenſe round the altar flow.
With gifts before the ſhrine he trembling ſtands;
And, Gods, if all we crave be in your hands,

Give

Give me the wife I wiſh; my iv'ry maid
He durſt not, but one like her give, he ſaid.
The golden *Venus*, preſent at her feaſt,
Conceives his wiſh, and friendly ſigns expreſt;
The fire thrice blazing, thrice to heav'n aſpires;
He to his darling image ſtraight retires.
Lies down beſide her, rais'd her with his arm,
Then kiſs'd her tempting lips, and found them warm.
The pleaſing task renews; her boſom oft
With wanton touches feels, and felt it ſoft.
The iv'ry does at ev'ry touch relent,
And ſoft beneath his fingers yielding bent.
So wax diſſolves, when chafing thumbs reduce
The pliant maſs, and mould to forms for uſe.
Amaz'd, with doubting joy he fears a cheat,
But loves again, and does the touch repeat;
Touching, he found it fleſh inform'd with heat,
And the brisk veins with vig'rous pulſes beat.
To *Venus* then he moves his vow'd addreſs,
As ſtrong as words, or fancy could expreſs.
His lips to hers he joins, which ſeem to melt;
And the new virgin now his kiſſes felt.
Bluſhing, as ſhe lifts up her beauteous eyes,
At once her lover and the light ſhe ſpies.
The Goddeſs bleſs'd the marriage ſhe had made,
And e're ten moons their waining horns diſplay'd,
The fruitful bride produc'd an heir of fame,
Paphos, from whom the iſle deriv'd its name.
And *Cinyras* too ſhe bore, who might be ſtil'd
Moſt happy, had he liv'd without a child.
I ſing of horrors! daughters, far, O far,
From hence remove! and you who fathers are!
Or if my winning verſe your minds allure,
Let them no credit in this part procure;

Or if you will believe this fable true,
Believe withal the judgments which enſue.
If nature could permit ſuch horrid crimes;
At leaſt I gratulate *Iſmarian* climes;
Joy that our *Thrace* lies diſtant from that earth,
Whoſe ſoil was curs'd with ſuch a monſter's birth.
Her frankincenſe let rich *Arabia* boaſt,
Her gums, her ſpices, and her flow'ry coaſt;
Whilſt *Myrrha* ſprings, I envy not the clime.
Not all the new-tree's ſweets are worth its crime.
Myrrha, thy wound the God of love diſclaims;
And from ſuch horrors vindicates his flames.
A brand from hell ſtirr'd up thy lawleſs pains;
And furies ſwell'd with viper's blood thy veins.
To hate a ſire a heinous crime muſt be,
But more a crime to love a ſire, like thee.
From th' eaſtern world contending nobles brought
Ador'd thy beauties, and thy nuptials ſought.
Of all, O *Myrrha*, make thy choice of one,
But one there is thou muſt except alone:
She knew the crime, and to reſiſt it ſtrove;
And reaſons thus on her inceſtuous love.
Ah! whither do my thoughts, my wiſhes tend?
Ye righteous Gods from ſuch a crime defend:
Chaſte piety, and thou divine reſpect
To parents due, my wav'ring ſoul protect!
If what my ſoul preſages guilt be ſo;
But piety the paſſion may allow.
All other beaſts their loves promiſcuous take,
Nor nice diſtinctions of their hindred make.
Guiltleſs of ſhame, their daughters, bulls beſtride;
And the young ſteed makes his own colt his bride.
The luſty ram mounts th' unreſiſting ewe,
Who from his loins but late her being drew.

The feather'd race, as conſtant to their young,
Tread their own offſpring, nor account it wrong.
O happy thoſe to whom ſuch rites are free!
But human care has made an envious tye:
What nature grants, invidious law reſtrains:
Yet there are climes where love licentious reigns.
Where ſons their mothers, fathers daughters wed;
Affection doubled by the birth and bed!
Wretch! that I was not born in ſuch a place,
But here my country calls the paſſion baſe.
Why do my thoughts to ſuch ideas ſtray?
Hence black deſires! forbidden hopes, away!
Howe'er he worthy of thy paſſion be,
Yet as a ſire he muſt be lov'd by thee.
But were not royal *Cinyras* my ſire,
I then might to his lov'd embrace aſpire.
Now, that he's mine, I muſt not think him ſo;
Proximity does us at diſtance throw;
Stood I but in a more remote degree,
I in a nearer claim of love might be.
Fain would I fly to diſtant foreign plains,
To ſhun this guilt; but love my flight reſtrains:
To feaſt my longing eyes with his dear ſight,
Talk, touch, and kiſs; or more, if more I might.
But what, baſe virgin, can'ſt thou more propound?
Know'ſt thou what laws, what names thou would'ſt confound?
Wilt thou then rival thy chaſte mother's charms,
And lye a ſtrumpet in thy father's arms?
Bear to confound the ſacred names in one,
Thy brother's mother! ſiſter to thy ſon!
Nor fear'ſt the furies, and their ſnaky hair;
Their brandiſh'd torches, and their horrid glare!

But

But thou in time the growing ill controul
Thy body undebauch'd —— be ſo thy ſoul!
Nor with thy horrid luſt infringe the law
Of pow'rful nature; but in time withdraw.
Would I, he would not grant; too chaſte his mind;
O that he ſtood like me to love inclin'd,
Thus ſhe. But *Cinyras*, whoſe conſent to gain
Suiters in crouds addreſs'd, a lordly train!
In his own choice irreſolute, demands
(Their names rehearſing,) how her fancy ſtands.
Silent ſhe ſtood; and gaz'd upon his face;
And inward glows, and ſheds her tears apace.
He, conſtruing this for maiden fear, deſiſt
Thy weeping, cry'd: then dry'd her cheeks and kiſt.
Myrrha too much does in the bliſs rejoyce;
When he again enquires her ſecret choice,
What kind of lover her deſires purſue;
Straight ſhe replies, I would have one like you.
Her ſpeech approving, guiltleſs of her will,
He counſels her to be thus pious ſtill.
At piety ſhe ſtarts: the ſudden name
Alarms her boſom conſcious of her ſhame.
'Twas now the dead of night, when ſlumbers cloſe
Mens eyes, and drown their cares in deep repoſe.
But *Myrrha*, kept awake with fierce deſires,
Revolves her wiſhes, and her impious fires:
Now ſhe deſpairs, and now the charge will make;
Shames, yet deſires; nor knows what courſe to take.
But as an oak, now almoſt fell'd, his fall
On each ſide threatens, and is fear'd on all.
Ev'n ſo her mind, with various wounds oppreſs'd,
Waves to and fro; alike in both diſtreſs'd.
No mean, no cure for love was left but death:
Death pleas'd; ſhe roſe, reſolv'd to loſe her breath.

Her

Her girdle to the topmoſt beam ſhe ties;
Dear *Cinyras*, O farewel! ſhe ſoftly cries.
When I am dead, divine the fatal cauſe:
This ſaid, the nooſe about her neck ſhe draws.
Her wakeful nurſe a murm'ring heard, they ſay,
As in her miſtreſs' outward room ſhe lay.
She riſes, burſts the door, and enters ſtraight;
Entring, beholds the inſtrument of fate;
Screams, tears her boſom, and with trembling haſte
From her ſwoln neck the ſtrangling cord diſplac'd.
Then had ſhe time to weep, to claſp her care,
And ask the cauſe of ſuch accurs'd deſpair.
The virgin, mute, fixes to earth her eyes,
And mourns for her prevented enterprize:
Her hoary locks diſplay'd, and wither'd breaſt;
By her firſt food conjur'd, the beldam preſt
To know her ſorrows. *Myrrha* turns aſide,
And ſighs, the nurſe would not be ſo deny'd:
Nor promis'd ſecrecy alone, but ſaid,
Diſcloſe thy ſorrows, and accept my aid.
Tho' old, I yet can ſerve: if love it be,
Med'cines and ſtronger charms ſhall ſet thee free.
If witchcraft, magick ſhall thy torments eaſe;
If wrathful heav'n, victims the wrath appeaſe.
What other cauſes can this grief procure?
Thy fortunes flouriſh, and thy houſe ſecure.
Thy mother, and fond ſire ſurvive: the name
Of ſire, which caus'd her ſighs, reviv'd her flame.
The nurſe no black ſuſpicions entertains
Yet of her crime; ſtill finds the love-ſick pains.
Importunate to know what leaſt ſhe fears,
The beldam lifts her, cover'd all with tears:
And claſping in her feeble arms, ſhe ſaid,
Confeſs thou lov'ſt, and be no more afraid.

In

In my aſſiſting diligence confide;
Ev'n from thy ſire I will the ſecret hide.
Here from her lap the frantick virgin ſprung,
And on the bed her proſtrate body flung.
Muffling her guilty looks, begone, ſhe ſaid,
And ſpare the bluſhes of a wretched maid.
Still urg'd, begone, ſhe cries, or elſe forbear
To queſtion that which is a crime to hear.
The proſtrate nurſe her folded hands up-rears,
Her hands now trembling both with age and fears.
Now begs, then threats ſhe will th' attempt diſcloſe,
(Unleſs ſhe makes her privy to her woes)
Then ſooths her up again, and vows to prove
Both ſecret and aſſiſtant in her love.
At that her head ſhe rais'd, and nurſe's breaſt
Bath'd with her tears, and would have oft confeſt:
As oft by ſhame with-held, ſhe hid her head;
And cry'd, O mother, happy in thy bed!
Here ceas'd ſhe, with a groan: with horror ſtruck,
Th' aſtoniſh'd nurſe, as with an earthquake ſhook.
The guilt too plain in that ſhort prelude read,
Her grey locks riſe like briſtles on her head.
Much ſhe the guilty paſſion does reprove,
And warns the maid to chace th' inceſtuous love.
The virgin could not the preſs'd truth deny,
But ſtands reſolv'd, or to poſſeſs, or dye.
Live, ſays the crone, poſſeſs---there ſtopt as loath
To ſay---thy ſire: and bound it with an oath.
To *Ceres* now drew nigh the annual feaſt,
At which the matrons in white ſtoles were dreſt.
Twiſted in wreaths they bring the yellow grain,
The firſt ripe products of the grateful plain;
And nine forbidden nights from nuptial joys abſtain.

The queen among the reſt her lord forſakes,
And one in this enjoyn'd devotion makes.
Robb'd of his conſort, and with wine oppreſs'd,
To *Cinyrax* th' officious beldam preſs'd.
The tale of love unfolds, and blows his flame
With the prais'd beauty, but conceals the name.
Th' enamour'd king demands his lover's years;
Says ſhe, as *Myrrha*'s age is, ſuch is her's.
Then he commands the virgin may be brought;
The nurſe returns, with the glad tidings fraught:
And, victory! ſhe cries; rejoice! my fair;
The virgin felt her joys were unſincere:
Iſſues of woe her troubled ſoul divin'd,
And yet ſhe joy'd; ſuch diſcord wreck'd her mind!
Now ſilence o'er the ſlumb'ring world did reign,
And ſlow *Bootes* had declin'd his wain.
Myrrha purſues her guilt. The moon retires,
Stars ſhroud their heads in clouds: night loſt her fires.
Icarus and chaſt *Erigone* remove;
She plac'd in heav'n for her paternal love!
Thrice *Myrrha* ſtumbled; thrice the ſchreech-owl rent
The air with om'nous cries, yet on ſhe went.
Night and the darken'd room her bluſhes hide:
One arm ſhe leans upon the beldam guide:
With th' other hand the blind acceſs explores:
And now ſhe feels the guilty chamber doors.
She turns the well-known lock, and enters in,
When conſcious of her juſt-approaching ſin;
At once her blood and courage her forſook;
And her faint knees againſt each other ſtruck:
The nearneſs to her crime removes deſire,
She now repents, and would unknown retire.
Her ling'ring by the hand the beldam led;
And now ſurrenders to the monarch's bed:

Here

Here *Cinyras*, receive thine own; ſaid ſhe:
And leaves them to their curſed pleaſure free.
He his own bowels takes to bed; and chears
With comfortable words her maiden fears.
Perhaps he call'd her daughter, being old;
And ſhe him father, that their names might hold.
Full of her inceſt ſhe his chamber leaves;
And, impious, from the dire embrace conceives:
Bears in her womb the burthen of her ſhame,
And ſtill, from night to night repeats the ſame.
Cinyras now longs th' obliging fair to view,
Bringing the light, his guilt and daughter knew.
Conſcience and dread his falt'ring accents bind,
His ſword muſt ſpeak the rage his tongue deſign'd.
She trembling flies, her flight the darkneſs ſhields
From threatned death; ſhe bounds o'er ſpacious fields.
Panchæa and th' *Arabian* palms ſhe paſt,
And nine revolving moons in wand'ring waſte.
Reſt to her limbs at length *Sabæa* gave,
Charg'd with her womb, nor knowing what to crave,
Between the heat of life, and fear of death,
Theſe pray'rs ſhe utter'd with her fainting breath.
Ye pow'rs, if crimes confeſs'd your wraths aſſwage,
I own my guilt, and bow me to your rage.
Yet leſt the living by my life I ſtain,
And leſt I by my death the dead prophane:
From either ſtate, O! let me baniſh'd be;
Change this curs'd form, and life and death deny.
Some pitying God her ſtrong contrition heard,
And did at leaſt her cloſing pray'r regard:
Ev'n while ſhe ſpoke, a root obliquely wound,
O'erſpread her feet, and fix'd her to the ground.
Her trunk diſtends, her bones convert to wood,
To pith her marrow, and to ſap her blood.

Branches her arms become; her fingers twin'd
Shoot out in twigs; her alter'd skin, the rind.
Now her big womb the riſing tree poſſeſt;
Now mounting to her neck infolds her breaſt.
Vex'd at its ſlow aſcent ſhe downward ſhrunk,
And veil'd her viſage in the cloſing trunk.
Tho' ſenſe with ſhape ſhe loſt; yet weeps ſhe ſtill
And gummy tears from the moiſt tree diſtil.
The dropping myrrh retains its miſtreſs' name,
Which thus diſtinguiſh'd runs in future fame.
Th' inceſtuous infant, to perfection come,
Now puſh'd to leave his lab'ring mother's womb;
Her womb the ſtrict embracing bark reſtrains;
With pains ſhe writhes; but mute were all her pains.
Nor could ſhe call *Lucina* to her throws,
And yet the tree like one in labour ſhews,
Bows down with pains, and groans, and weeps a flood;
Lucina by the trembling branches ſtood:
Impos'd her hand, and ſpoke the potent words;
The trunk a paſſage for the birth affords.
The crying babe the nymphs receive with joy,
And in his mother's tears they bathe the boy:
Ev'n envy muſt have prais'd ſo fair a face,
And naked loves are drawn with ſuch a grace:
But leſt their dreſs ſome ſmall diſtinction make,
Give this the ſhafts, or *Cupid*'s from him take.
Time glides along with undiſcover'd haſte,
And mocks our hopes: no wings can fly ſo faſt.
He whom his grandſire got, and ſiſter bore,
Whom circling barks inclos'd but juſt before;
Who from the cloſe confinement juſt was free,
Felt the freſh air, and juſt began to be.
Now's a ſweet infant, ſtraight a boy, as rare:
A youth, a man, and than himſelf more fair.

Now

Now *Venus'* breaſt inflames with fierce deſires,
Inflicting vengeance for his mother's fires.
For while ſhe kiſs'd her quiver'd ſon, his dart
Gave a chance ſcratch, and made her boſom ſmart.
Angry ſhe thruſt him from her, nor then found
The wound's deceitful depth, yet deep the wound.
No more *Cythera* could the Goddeſs pleaſe;
Paphos no more, ingirt with circling ſeas:
Cnidos, and the *Amathian* ſhores ſhe leaves,
Seldom her heav'n the loveſick queen receives;
More joys than heav'n her fair *Adonis* gives.
Him ſhe attends: ſhe who 'till now had ſtrove
To mend her charms, and haunt the ſhady grove;
Now, like *Diana* dreſs'd in looſe attire,
She bounds o'er hills and rocks, thro' brake and briar.
Hollows the hound; purſues the harmleſs prey,
Tracks the ſwift hares, and ſtags more ſwift than they.
But rav'nous wolves, and rugged bears ſhe fears,
And lions thirſting blood, and armed bears.
From ſuch encounters too her fears diſſuade
Thee, fair *Adonis*, had'ſt thou but obey'd.
Be bold, ſaid ſhe, on thoſe who ſhun thy might;
But wave thy courage when thy foe will fight.
Sweet boy! expoſe not me to fortune's ſtroke,
Nor cruel beaſts, by nature arm'd, provoke.
Leſt thy ſought fame to me too dear ſhould prove,
Think, tho' thy charms do love's ſoft Goddeſs move:
Lions and boars, to all that beauty blind,
Unpitying will retain their ſavage kind.
The teeth of boars are like the thunder's rage,
And lions with impetuous force engage.
I hate them all; the reaſon he would know:
I'll tell, ſays ſhe, the wonder-wounding woe.

But now unuſual toil my ſpirits tire,
Yon ſhades of poplar wooe us to retire.
The graſs affords a bed; there let us reſt;
When, lying down, the graſs and him ſhe preſt.
Now on her lover's breaſt her head ſhe laid,
And, words with kiſſes intermingling, ſaid.
Perhaps you've heard the virgin-racer's fame,
Who the contending men in ſpeed o'ercame.
True the report, ſhe won: nor could you tell,
If ſhe in form, or ſwiftneſs did excell.
When to the *Delphian* dome the maid did go,
And in an husband ſought her fate to know;
You need no husband, did the God reply,
Be cautious, and the nuptial pleaſure fly:
Yet, *Atalanta*, ſhalt thou vainly ſtrive
Againſt thy fate, and loſe thyſelf alive.
Stunn'd at the doom in woods ſhe ſingle lives;
And troops of preſſing ſuiters from her drives.
I ſhall ſubmit, ſays ſhe, to no embrace,
'Till firſt out-run; begin the doubtful race.
I am the victor's prize, if he o'ercome;
And if he's vanquiſh'd, death's his certain doom.
This law preſcrib'd, the youths the terms embrace;
Tho' cruel, ſhe was form'd with ſo much grace,
Advent'rous numbers preſs'd to try the dang'rous race.
Hippomenes beheld this tragick ſtrife,
Will any thro' ſuch dangers ſeek a wife?
Said he; and tax'd their follies who purſu'd,
But when her face, and naked charms he view'd;
Such as are mine, or thine, wert thou a maid;
Amaz'd, with hands up-heav'd, Forgive! he ſaid,
O you whom late I blam'd, e're yet I knew
The prize's worth!---Love ſtill by praiſing grew.

Who wiſhes now that none might run ſo faſt,
And fears, and envies their contending haſte.
But wherefore do not I, he cries, contend
The Gods the valiant ever will befriend.
While muſing thus the *Aonian* hero ſaid,
With winged ſpeed acroſs him darts the maid.
Swift as a *Scythian* ſhaft ſhe ſeem'd to fly,
Whilſt he purſues her with a greedy eye;
The more he views, her beauteous form the more
Admires, by motion lovelier than before.
The wind round her fair feet with ambient wings
Plays, ruffling all her buskin's purple ſtrings.
O'er her bright ſhoulders her looſe treſſes flow,
And her fair cheeks with crimſon fervour glow.
So cielings redden with a purple ſhade,
From neighbouring tinctures by reflexion made.
As on her charms he gaz'd, the race was run;
The wreath of vict'ry *Atalanta* won.
The vanquiſh'd ſigh, their forfeit lives reſign;
Yet did he not the purpos'd courſe decline:
Unſhock'd with their defeat, he forward preſs'd,
And with fix'd eyes the virgin thus addreſs'd.
From eaſy conqueſts wherefore ſeek you praiſe?
With me contend for the diſputed bays:
Happy in ſpeed, if I the vict'ry gain,
My victory will not your glory ſtain.
From *Megareus* my honour'd birth I claim,
He from *Onceſtius*, as renown'd a name;
Third in deſcent, from *Neptune*'s ſelf I ſpring,
The grandſon of that ſacred ocean-king.
I boaſt of virtues equal to my race,
Great honours will you gain in my diſgrace;
Hippomenes o'ercome will crown th' immortal chace.

A pleaſing eye the heroine on him threw,
Nor knows her wiſh, to loſe, or to ſubdue:
What God, a foe to beauty, would deſtroy,
And urges on his fate th' advent'rous boy?
Seeking my bed who does his life deſpiſe,
I am not worth, ſays ſhe, ſo vaſt a prize.
Not that his beauty charms, tho' that might move;
His age I pity, not his perſon love.
Heav'ns, what contempt of death! how great his ſoul!
Then does he *Neptune* 'midſt his fires enrol!
Then how he loves! content to part with life,
If cruel fate denies me for his wife!
Begone, O ſtranger; ſhun my bloody bed,
Whilſt yet thou may'ſt: this match will coſt thy head.
No virgin is there, would thy match decline;
But wiſer maids may languiſh to be thine.
Yet why regard I him, ſo many ſlain?
Or let him periſh, or the race refrain.
If numbers cannot warn him, whom this ſtrife
Has ſent to death, he muſt be tir'd of life.
And muſt he die, becauſe he'd live with me?
Muſt death the wages of his paſſion be?
This murther will my victory defame,
Make me a curſe; yet am not I to blame.
O would thou would'ſt deſiſt, and danger ſhun!
Or ſince ſo mad, would thou could'ſt faſter run!
What virgin's charms are blended in his face!
Would thou had'ſt never ſeen this fatal place.
Unhappy youth, thou well deſerv'ſt to live!
And were I happier, and would fate connive;
Did not hard heav'n the marriage rites deny,
With thee alone the nuptial knot I'd tye.
She ſaid, and guiltleſs of her new-ſprung pains
Knows not 'tis love, that thrills within her veins.

The

The king, the croud, demand the promis'd race;
When *Neptune*'s iſſue thus implor'd my grace:
O *Venus*, favour my attempt, he ſaid;
And thoſe affections, which you gave me, aid!
The friendly winds his ardent pray'r convey'd,
I own, I pity'd, and gave inſtant aid.
There is a field, which *Tamaſene* is nam'd;
For its rich ſoil above all *Cyprus* fam'd:
The ancients this did to my honour vow,
And with its gift my temple there endow.
A tree there flouriſh'd on the pregnant mold,
Whoſe glitt'ring leaves and branches ſhone with gold.
By chance I reach'd my hand as I did walk,
And pluck'd three golden apples from their ſtalk;
Then to the youth the uſeful fruit I brought,
Unſeen by others, and their ſervice taught.
Both from the barrier ſtart at trumpet's ſound,
And with light feet ſcarce touch th' unprinted ground.
You'd think the ſea might their light tread have born,
Or that they could have flown o'er ſtanding corn:
With fav'ring ſhouts the croud provoke the courſe,
Thus ſpur the youth; now! now, thy ſpeed inforce!
Now haſte, *Hippomenes*; collect thy might;
Strain ev'ry nerve, and vict'ry crowns thy flight.
'Twas doubtful, whether what the people ſaid
More glads the hero, or the love-ſick maid.
How often lagg'd ſhe, when ſhe might outgo;
And dwelling on his face, made conqueſt ſlow!
Panting, and dry, their hot ſhort breath they drew;
And eager hold the diſtant goal in view,
When a gold apple *Neptune*'s nephew threw.
Fond of the ſhining fruit the maid admires;
And from the courſe to catch the rolling gold retires.

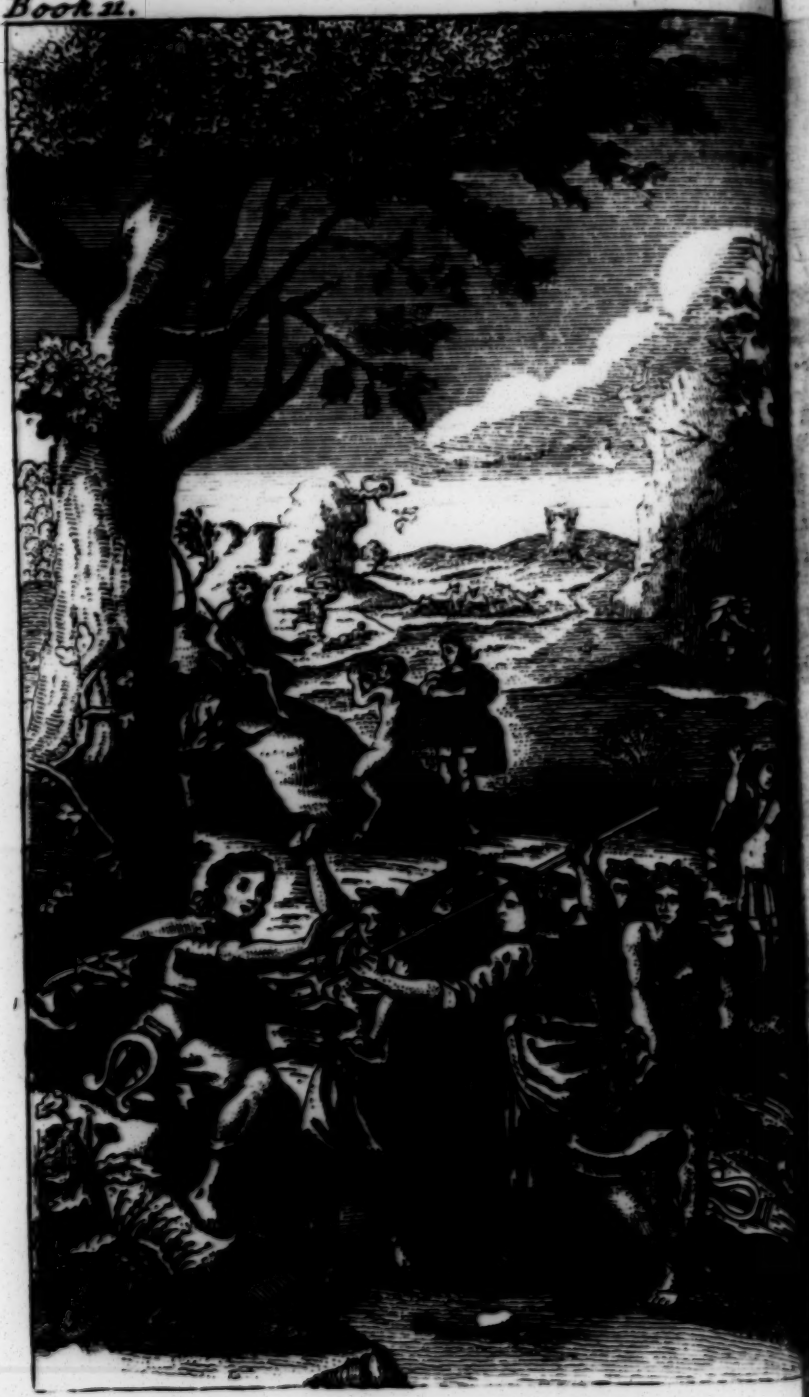
On her delay th' exulting youth gains ground,
And the wide plains with ſhouts of joy reſound;
The hindrance ſhe repairs with winged haſte,
Hippomenes again behind her caſt:
The ſecond fruit he throws; ſhe ſtoops to ſeize;
And, graſping, once again the youth out-flies.
The race now near an end, he cries, O ſave!
Great Goddeſs, give ſucceſs to what you gave!
With all his vigour, to prolong her ſtay,
He ſide-long threw the third bright orb away.
She doubts the by-ſtrut, but I urg'd her fate,
And added to the fruit a double weight.
With-held, both by diverting her purſuit,
And with the burthen of the pond'rous fruit.
But leſt my words the race in length exceed,
The maid, o'ercome, rewards the victor's ſpeed.
Did I not well, *Adonis*, earn his praiſe?
His thanks, and incenſe, for ſo vaſt a grace?
But he, ingrate! nor thanks, nor incenſe pays.
Fir'd at his ſcorn and ſtung with ſudden rage,
And leſt th' example ſhould debauch the age;
Or future times induce my pow'r to ſlight,
Againſt them both I due revenge excite.
Now to the ſacred *Cybeleian* dome,
By fam'd *Echion* rear'd of old, they come.
Thick groves obſcur'd it with ſurrounding ſhades;
Here their long toil to needful reſt perſuades.
Th' *Aonian* youth, ſcorch'd by my raging fires,
Burns with intemp'rate, and ill-tim'd deſires.
A gloomy grot ſtood by the temple's ſide,
Arch'd o'er with pumice, nature's genuine pride.
For long religion was the cell renown'd;
There wooden Gods in piles were heap'd around.

Hither

Hither retir'd, by no regards reſtrain'd,
He with licentious love the place prophan'd:
Each ſtatue turn'd aſide his conſcious head,
The doubting Goddeſs would have ſtruck them dead;
But that ſhe thought the puniſhment too ſmall;
Straight yellow mains adown their ſhoulders fall:
Their arms to legs, to paws their fingers turn,
Broad are their breaſts, and with new fury burn.
With their ſtrong tails they whirl about the ſand,
Fierce are their looks, and trembling awe command.
Their wonted utt'rance loſt, for ſpeech they roar;
The woods their bed, whom once rich couches bore.
Theſe lions, fear'd by others, *Cybel* checks
With curbing bits; and yoaks their ſtubborn necks.
Theſe, and all ſuch as ſcorn to yield to flight,
And on th' aſſailants turn their breaſts for fight,
My darling boy, my fair *Adonis*, ſhun;
Leſt by thy courage we are both undone.
Thus having counſell'd the bright Goddeſs flies,
Up-born by ſwains, and cuts the liquid skies;
But his raſh courage her advice defies.
By chance the dogs, purſuing long before
His ſcented footings, had diſlodg'd a boar:
Whom, as he from his covert foaming bounds,
The youth with ſure-aim'd ſpear obliquely wounds.
Straight from the wound with crooked tusks he drew
The jav'lin forth, which ſtreams of blood purſue.
And now incens'd prepares his foe t' engage,
Who, trembling, ſought ſome ſhelter from his rage.
Seizing, the vanquiſh'd boy to earth he bears;
And with his horrid tusks his bowels tears.
As thro' the yielding air the Goddeſs drives,
Nor at her much-lov'd *Cyprus* yet arrive;

Her

Her ears his groans and dying murmurs wound;
She turns her ſilver birds, and tracks the ſound.
But when ſhe ſaw him welt'ring in his gore,
Downward ſhe ſprang and her fair treſſes tore:
Then ſhe her breaſt with bruiſing blows invades,
And envious Gods, and cruel fates upbraids.
Not all, ſaid ſhe, is ſubject to your waſte;
The mem'ry of my grief ſhall ever laſt.
Sweet boy, thy death's ſad image, ev'ry year,
Shall in our ſolemniz'd complaints appear.
But from thy flowing blood ſhall ſpring a flow'r:
Shall *Proſerpine* exulting boaſt her pow'r?
Shall ſhe of *Mentha*'s transformation vaunt,
And I the pow'r to change *Adonis* want?
She ſaid, and nectar of a fragrant ſmell
Pour'd o'er the blood; the blood began to ſwell:
Like ſhining bubbles which on water riſe,
When rain with force pours from the cloudy skies.
And e're an hour's ſhort ſpace was run, there grew
A blooming flow'r, and of a ſanguine hue.
Such as thoſe trees produce, whoſe fruits contain
Within their rind full many a purple grain;
Yet does their beauty but a while remain.
For their light-hanging leaves, but weakly plac'd,
The winds, from which their name they borrow, blaſt.



OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

Book XI.

The Argument.

As Orpheus *ſat playing and ſinging on the mount, the* Bacchanals, *reſenting his contempt of the female ſex, ſeize on him and kill him. They by* Bacchus *are turn'd into trees.* Midas, *wiſhing that every thing he touch'd might change to gold, is puniſh'd in his wiſh.* Pan *and* Apollo *contending for ſuperiority in muſick, and* Midas *being appointed judge, and giving the preference to* Pan, *is by* Apollo *puniſh'd with aſſes ears to his head.* Proteus *inſtructs* Peleus *how to obtain the Goddeſs* Thetis, *who from his embraces bears* Achilles: Chione, *being debauch'd by* Mercury *and* Apollo, *bears by the former*

mer Autolychus, *by the latter* Philammon. Dædalion *the brother of* Ceyx *is turn'd into a falcon*; Ceyx, *perplex'd with the prodigies of his family, reſolves to go and conſult the* Delphian *oracle*; *from which voyage he is ſtrongly diſſuaded by his queen* Alcyone: *He however purſues his reſolution, and is drown'd in a ſtorm: She in his abſence begs ſhe may know his fate in a dream. A deſcription of the cave of* Somnus, *and his attendance.* Morpheus *aſſumes the form of* Ceyx, *and acquaints* Alcyone *with his death. She is chang'd into a king-fiſher: Æſacus, pining for the love of* Eperia, *throws himſelf from a rock into the ſea, and by* Thetis *is turn'd into a didapper.*

WHilſt thus the *Thracian* bard, with pow'rful ſtrains
Woods, beaſts, and ſtones to his ſweet lyre enchains;
Behold the *Thracian* dames, (their frantick breaſts
Clad with the rugged skins of ſavage beaſts)
The ſacred ſongſter on the mount eſpy'd,
As to his harp the vocal ſounds he try'd.
One, her looſe treſſes wildly waving, cries,
Lo! there, the wretch who dares our ſex deſpiſe!
And, crying, darts her jav'lin at his eyes.
The miſſive dart, with twiſting ivy bound,
Skims lightly o'er his face, nor leaves a wound.
Another whirls a ſtone; but, as it flew,
Th' harmonious voice and lyre its force ſubdue.
And, as repenting of its rude eſſay,
Down at his feet as in ſubmiſſion lay.
Now uncontroul'd their raſher rage increaſt,
And madding furies reign'd in ev'ry breaſt.

That

That rage his ſongs had charm'd; but ſhriller cries
Of raving Bacchanals rung thro' the vaulted skies;
Drums, flutes, and clapping hands, with mingled ſound,
The ſofter, more harmonious, muſick drown'd.
At length their fury riſes, and they ſtain
With ſilenc'd *Orpheus'* blood the bluſhing plain.
But on the liſt'ning train that round him ſtood
The beaſts, the ſerpents, and the feather'd brood,
The madding dames perform their envious will;
His theatre raze, and then the poet kill.
Like birds, with cruel force they on him fly,
When they, by day, the bird of night eſpy.
Or as, encompaſs'd round, a ſtag at bay
Falls to the raging hounds an eaſy prey:
So they the prophet ſeiz'd; together flung
Their wreathy ſpears, not made for ſuch a wrong!
With ſtones, clods, arms of trees, they now engage;
And leſt that arms be wanting to their rage
By chance ſtrong oxen, join'd beneath the yoke,
In neighb'ring fields the fruitful furrows broke;
And lab'ring ſwains, providing food with toil,
With ſinewy arms turn'd up the teeming ſoil;
The ruſticks fly, ſcar'd at the raging train,
And leave their inſtruments upon the plain;
On the deſerted field they leave behind,
Mattocs, and ſpades and all the rural kind.
Theſe murth'ring arms their female frenzy pleaſe,
And the torn horns of the maim'd ſteers they ſeize;
Thus arm'd for cruelty, their horrid hate
Hurries them back to finiſh *Orpheus'* fate;
He rear'd his ſuppliant hands, and then in vain
Firſt ſpent his breath, nor mercy could obtain.
The rout of ſacrilegious furies, bent
On blood, unmov'd compleat their dire intent.

Ev'n

Ev'n thro' that mouth, whoſe ſacred pow'r, O *Jove!*
Could ſtubborn rocks to ſoft attention move,
In ſavage beaſts which ſtill obedience bred,
Ev'n thro' that mouth, his life and ſpirits fled.
The birds, the woods, the rocks, the herds, who late
Obey'd thy verſe, then mourn'd thy cruel fate;
The drooping trees their leafy honours loſe;
In tear-ſwoln ſtreams the ſwelling riv'lets roſe.
The nymphs of ſprings and lawns, in ſable clad,
Their locks diſhevell'd to the *Zephyrs* ſpread:
Widely diſpers'd thy mangled limbs they leave,
And *Hebrus'* waves thy head and lyre receive.
Strange to relate! whilſt down the ſtream they flow,
The tongue and lyre reſound in ſtrains of woe;
The banks, which heard their moan, in ſad replies
Of eccho'd ſorrow murm'ring ſympathize.
Now to the ſea their native current bore
The floating gifts, and caſt on *Lesbos'* ſhore.
A ſerpent on the foreign ſand prepares
To ſeize his ſacred head, and dropping hairs.
The monſter gap'd, when *Phœbus* from the sky
Deſcending ſtopp'd his impious gluttony;
To a hard a ſtone congeal'd him by his pow'r,
With jaws out-ſtretch'd, as ready to devour.
Down to the ſhades the ghoſt of *Orpheus* goes
And the dark realms he ſaw when living knows.
There thro' th' *Elyſian* fields among the bleſs'd
He ſought *Eurydice*, and re-poſſeſs'd.
And now they walk in ſtrict embraces twin'd;
Now he outgoes her, then he lags behind:
And now without a fear ſurveys with head reclin'd.
But *Bacchus* ſuffers not their murth'ring hate
Secure to triumph in his prophet's fate;

Each

Each *Thracian* dame, whoſe barb'rous hands were dy'd
In his juſt blood, with roots on earth he ty'd.
And thoſe who with more zealous rage did wound
The bard, he faſten'd deeper in the ground.
And ev'n as birds, whoſe feet entangled are
Within the ſubtle fowler's ſecret ſnare,
Become by fearful flutt'ring faſter bound;
So each of theſe, now cleaving to the ground,
With terror ſtruggle to eſcape in vain;
For faſter binding roots their flight reſtrain.
One ſearching for her nails, her toes, her feet,
Beholds her twining legs in timber meet.
And whilſt ſhe thinks to ſtrike her thighs in woe,
On harden'd oak ſhe deals the ſenſeleſs blow:
The ſame hard oak her breaſt and ſhoulders grow.
Her out-ſtretch'd arms you'd think were branches made,
Nor would your ſenſe be in that thought betray'd.
This done, the God's reſentment ſtill remains;
And he forſakes the impious *Thracian* plains:
To *Timolus* with a better choir he goes,
Down whoſe long skirts the ſwift *Pactolus* flows.
Tho' yet the precious river did infold
No ſparkling ſands, or grains of envy'd gold.
Satyrs and Bacchanals, his uſual train,
Attend their maſter on the fertile plain;
Silenus came not; him, with ivy crown'd,
Reeling with age and wine the *Phrygian* ruſtics found,
And to their king, the royal *Midas*, brought:
Him *Thracian Orpheus* once the orgies taught,
When the *Cecropian* ſage his art, *Eumolpus*, ſought.
The monarch knows his partner in the rites,
And for five days and five ſucceſſive nights,
The jovial ſire regales with ample chear,
But when th' eleventh morn adorn'd the ſphere,

The

The chearful monarch treads the *Lydian* fields,
And to the God his foſter-father yields.
The God well-pleas'd at his returning fire,
Bids *Midas* ſpeak his unconfin'd deſire;
The grant abus'd, but in the proffer bold,
Let all I touch, ſays he, be chang'd to gold.
The fatal wiſh the God conſenting gives;
But, for the raſhneſs of the chuſer, grieves.
The *Phrygian* king retir'd, elate with pride,
Fond of his curſe, with frequent touch he try'd
If the conſenting God had not his pow'r bely'd.
Scarce truſting his own ſenſe, he pulls a bough;
Straight what was green before, is golden now.
He takes a ſtone, pale gold the ſtone became,
He takes a clod, the clod becomes the ſame:
Crops ears of corn, and ſoon you might behold
The yellow harveſt burniſh into gold.
An apple pulls, and, you'd have thought, that he
Enjoy'd the riches of th' *Heſperian* tree.
The marble pillars, touch'd by him alone,
Their ſubſtance chang'd, and with rich metal ſhone.
When e'er he waſh'd, the water, ſhower'd in rain,
Might ſimple *Danae* have deceiv'd again.
Scarce can his breaſt his ſwelling hopes contain,
Such golden wonders in his fancy reign.
The lab'ring ſlaves a thouſand dainties bring,
And load the tables for their well-pleas'd king.
But ſcarce can he between his fingers hold
The bread, e're it congeals to ſtubborn gold.
His food he to his teeth applies, and ſtraight
The food is harden'd into maſſy plate.
And ever, as he drank, you might behold
His greedy jaws o'erflow with liquid gold.

Struck

Struck with ſo ſtrange a plague, with riches poor,
He hates, and damns the wealth, he wiſh'd before.
His plenty feeds him not, he burns with thirſt;
And with his gold, as he deſerv'd, is curſt.
His ſhining arms up-lifting, thus he pray'd;
O ſacred *Bacchus*, lend thy timely aid:
My crime I own; but thou propitious be!
And from this glorious miſchief ſet me free.
The gentle Godhead heard the monarch's plaint;
And, in compaſſion, ſoon reſum'd his fatal grant.
Leſt-ill-wiſh'd gold about thee ſtill abide,
Go to the ſtreams which by ſtrong *Sardis* glide;
There keep the riſing banks, ſays he, which lead
Along the rapid current to his head:
Then, where the fountain guſhes, plunge thou in,
There waſh thy limbs, and purge away thy ſin.
The king obeys; and in the fountain leaves
That golden virtue, which the ſpring receives:
And ſtill thoſe ancient ſeeds theſe waters hold,
Who gild their ſhores with grains of glitt'ring gold.

He, hating wealth, in woods and foreſts hides;
And with God *Pan* in mountain-caves reſides:
But his thick ſenſe, and folly with him bore,
To prove his puniſhment, as once before.

With ſteep aſcent does craggy *Tmolus* raiſe
His tow'ring head, and views the diſtant ſeas.
His out-ſtretch'd skirts one way to *Sardis* join;
There ſmall *Hypæpis'* narrow bounds confine,
There boaſting *Pan* did his rude numbers praiſe
To tender nymphs, and pip'd his awkard lays;
Nor did he ſcruple with contemptuous pride
To boaſt his own, and *Phœbus'* skill deride,
The challeng'd God th' unequal conteſt tries;
And *Tmolus* muſt reward the doubted prize.

On his own mount th' old umpire took his place;
And bruſh'd the leaves back from his ears and face.
With oaken wreath alone his brows he bound,
And dangling acorns hung his temples round.
Then turning to the rural God, ſaid he,
Your judge attends, you ſtay not now for me.
Obedient *Pan* ſtraight blows his wax-bound reeds,
And *Midas'* fancy with rude numbers feeds,
Who to the vocal ſtrife by chance ſucceeds.
His eyes on *Phœbus* next grave *Tmolus* bends,
The ſequent wood his turning head attends.
Phœbus, his golden locks with laurel bound,
Clad in a *Tyrian* robe which ſwept the ground;
A lute, with gems and iv'ry ſtuds enchas'd,
Holds in his left, the bow his right-hand grac'd.
His mien and carriage did the artiſt ſhew;
Quick o'er the ſounding ſtrings he draws his bow,
When *Tmolus*, raviſh'd with th' harmonious air,
Bids *Pan* no longer his poor skill compare:
But to the lute ſubmit his jarring reed:
All lik'd of what the mountain-ſeer decreed:
Midas againſt it does alone declare,
And calls the ſentence partial, and unfair.
The *Delian* God, incens'd, no longer bears
A human form ſhould grace his ſtupid ears:
But, lengthen'd out, with hair he covers o'er;
And makes them hang more pliant than before.
In all his limbs beſides he's ſtill the ſame:
Thoſe only do the brutal form proclaim.
Puniſh'd in that offending part, he wears
Upon his skull a ſlow-pac'd aſs's ears.
He, his diſhonour ſtriving to diſguiſe,
A red tiara round his temples ties.

Yet

Yet could he not from all conceal his ſhame,
His barber ſpies it, tho' he dares not name:
Yet, longing, tho' he trembles to reveal,
The ſeen diſgrace he can no more conceal.
A hole he dug, and in the hollow ground
He breath'd the ſecret, and ſoft murmurs drown'd:
And leſt the whiſper'd tale ſhould get ſome vent,
He ſtopp'd the hole, and back in ſilence went.
A tuft of reeds ſprung on the ruſtling plain,
Which rip'ning did betray the babbling ſwain:
Their waving grove, by ſouthern breezes blown,
Talk'd o'er his words, and *Midas'* ears made known.
Latona's ſon reveng'd from *Tmolus* flies,
Up-born, and wafted thro' the liquid skies;
O'er the ſtreight *Helleſpont* he ſteers his flight,
And on the *Phrygian* ſoil did firſt alight.
Betwixt *Rhœtæum* and *Sigæum* ſtood
An ancient altar, to the thund'rer vow'd;
Thence firſt he ſaw, what labour did employ
Laomedon to rear his purpos'd *Troy*:
Saw, with what vaſt expence, the work muſt grow;
And how the buildings roſe, with toil, and ſlow.
When he and *Neptune*, whoſe high pow'rs reſtrain
Arm'd with tridents might the ſwelling main.
In mortal likeneſs to the king appear;
And, for a price, engag'd his walls to rear.
The work perform'd, the king the price denies;
And falſhood by forſwearing multiplies.
The inſult unreveng'd, thou ſhalt not boaſt,
Stern *Neptune* cries, but feel us to thy coſt:
The wrathful God his madding waves unbound,
Which all the ſhores of greedy *Ilium* drown'd:
The land became a lake, the drooping ſwain
His harveſt loſt beneath the liquid plain.

Nor

Nor did this plague content his fierce deſires,
The perjur'd monarch's daughter he requires:
Her, to a dreadful monſter of the main
Expos'd, *Alcides* ſoon ſet fire again.
Who, when he at the *Phrygian* monarch's hands,
His valour's hire, the promis'd ſteeds demands,
Deny'd the fruits of his exploit t' enjoy,
He ſacks with fury now twice-perjur'd *Troy*.
Nor did the partner of his martial toils
Unhonour'd go, or empty of the ſpoils.
Heſione, adorn'd with youthful charms,
Is giv'n to *Telamon*'s aſſiſting arms;
But *Peleus*, in ſtill higher nuptials bleſs'd,
A blooming Goddeſs in his bed poſſeſs'd.
Nor leſs did in his heav'nly grandſire pride,
Than in the father of his lovely bride.
More could from *Jove* boaſt their illuſtrious race,
More could not boaſt a Goddeſs's embrace.
For aged *Proteus* had to *Thetis* ſaid:
Bleſs, Goddeſs, with an heir thy nuptial bed;
Thou ſhalt produce a youth, in arms and fame,
Superior to his martial father's name.
And, for this cauſe, leſt any thing ſhould prove
Of more renown on earth than mighty *Jove*,
Tho' ſtrongly by her blooming beauties led,
Jove did decline the virgin Goddeſs' bed.
But charg'd his *Peleus* to advance his claim,
Receive *Jove*'s choice, and wed the ſea-born dame.
A bay within *Æmonia* lies, that bends
Much like an arch, and outſtretch'd arms extends;
It might have been an harbour lock'd by land,
If deeper ſeas had cover'd o'er the ſand.
The ſolid ſhore, where never ſea-weed grows,
Nor clogs the way, nor prints of footing ſhews.

Harp

Hard by, a myrtle grove affords a ſhade;
In this, a cave by art, or nature made;
But rather, art: oft hither *Thetis* ſwims
On dolphins backs, here ſpreads her naked limbs.
In this, the ſleeping Goddeſs *Peleus* caught;
Who, when ſhe would not by his pray'rs be wrought,
He ſtrove to force, and claſp'd her in his arms;
Straight ſhe betakes her to her wonted charms,
Vary'd her ſhapes, or he his will had gain'd;
Now turn'd a fowl, yet he her flight reſtrain'd.
Now ſeem'd a tree, and flouriſh'd out her leaves,
Cloſe to the bole th' enamour'd *Peleus* cleaves.
Next ſhe a ſpotted tygreſs' figure tries,
The frighted lover quits his hold and flies.
Then, pouring wine on ſeas, their Gods implores;
With incenſe burnt, and victims ſlain, adores:
'Till the *Carpathian* prophet rear'd his head,
And, *Peleus*, cry'd, thou ſhalt enjoy her bed.
Do thou but bind her in her next ſurprize,
When in her cold moiſt cave ſhe ſleeping lies;
And tho' ſhe take a thouſand ſhapes, let none
Diſmay; but hold, 'till ſhe reſumes her own:
Thus *Proteus* ſpoke, and diving down his head,
Drown'd his laſt accents in the wat'ry bed.
The haſt'ning ſun ſhot down to weſtern ſeas,
When the fair *Nereid* bent on bliſsful eaſe,
Forſook the floods, and to her cave repair'd;
When ſoon as ſhe by *Peleus* was enſnar'd,
She vary'd all her forms, until ſhe found,
Her virgin limbs within his fetters bound.
Then ſpreading forth her arms, ſhe ſighing ſaid;
Thou haſt ſubdu'd by ſome immortal aid.
She re-aſſumes her form, and wonted charms;
He claſps the Goddeſs in his longing arms;

O'er-

O'ercome with bliſs, did her embraces prove;
And ſtampt *Achilles* in his rage of love.
Happy was *Peleus* in his ſon and wife,
And had not *Phocus'* murther ſoil'd his life,
All elſe was well: with brother's blood defil'd,
He ſpeeds to *Trachin*, from his home exil'd,
There *Lucifer*'s mild offspring *Ceyx* reign'd,
Whoſe looks the luſtre of his ſire retain'd:
But now unlike himſelf his brow appears,
Mourning a brother's loſs with conſtant tears.
Hither, with travel tir'd, and clogg'd with cares,
The exile with a ſlender train repairs.
The flocks, and herds he brought, without the town
He left to graze on an adjacent down.
With boughs of ſuppliant olive in his hands,
Peleus before the courteous monarch ſtands:
His name and birth declares, his murther masks;
His flight diſguiſes, and ſome dwelling asks:
Ev'n to the vulgar, *Ceyx* thus replies.
Our hoſpitable bounty open lies:
By ſtronger motives you demand our love;
Your name renown'd, and race deriv'd from *Jove!*
In ſuing, loſe no time; your worth aſſures
Your full deſires; whate'er you ask, is yours.
I wiſh, I could more ample gifts beſtow;
He ſpoke, and riſing tears began to flow:
His cauſe of grief, the ſuppliant and his train
Demand, when he reſum'd his mournful ſtrain.
Perhaps, you think this *hawk* who lives by prey,
Ever the ſame, as you behold to day!
He was a man; ſtill the ſame daring ſoul,
And thirſt of war, and blood, his alter'd form controul.
Dædalion nam'd; ſprung from the ſtar which wakes
The dewy morn, and laſt the heav'n forſakes.

I courted

I courted peace, and *Hymen*'s gentle rites;
He joy'd in dreadful war, and bloody fights.
His valour kingdoms with their kings ſubdu'd,
By whom *Theſbean* doves are now purſu'd.
He had a daughter, *Chione* her name,
Who, ripe for joy, ſo great her beauty's fame,
A thouſand rival lords to ſeek her nuptials came.
By chance, as *Phœbus* from the *Delphian* dome,
And *Hermes* from th' *Arcadian* mountains come;
The Gods together ſaw the blooming maid,
Together were to ardent love betray'd;
Smoth'ring his flame the cautious God of light
Deferr'd the bliſs, he long'd to taſte, 'till night.
Hermes, delay ill-brooking, on her laid
His ſleep-provoking rod, and forc'd the ſlumb'ring maid.
Night ſcatter'd all her ſtars: an old wife's ſhape
Phœbus aſſumes, and ſeconds *Hermes*' rape.
Now when the fulneſs of her time drew nigh,
Autolychus was born to *Mercury*.
The ſon inherits all his father's guile,
Cunning in theft, expert in ev'ry wile;
With ſubtlety could he deceive the ſight,
Converting white to black, and black to white.
Philammon, famous at the ſong and lyre,
(For twins ſhe bore) ſprang from the *Delphian* ſire.
Two glorious ſons what profit to have bore?
Or that two Gods did her bright form adore?
How, her deſcent from *Lucifer* and *Jove*?
Does not ſuch glory oft moſt fatal prove?
Moſt fatal ſure to her, who durſt compare
Her charms to bright *Diana*'s form and air;
Who durſt the virgin Deity's face deſpiſe;
Rage flaſh'd in the indignant Goddeſs' eyes:
If not our form, at leaſt our deeds ſhall pleaſe, ſhe cries.

This ſaid, her bending bow ſhe ſtrongly drew;
And thro' the ſcorner's tongue the twanging arrow flew.
She ſtood at once of ſound and ſpeech bereft,
And life and blood her ſtagg'ring body left.
What grief (O piety!) my heart oppreſt!
What ſaid I not, to calm my brother's breaſt!
Deaf as ſome rock beat by the roaring waves,
He hears me not, but for his daughter raves:
Seeing her burn, four times did he aſſail,
Four times in vain, the flaming pile to ſcale.
Prevented, wild as bulls by hornets ſtung,
With frantick ſpeed he from our preſence flung.
Yet ſeem'd to run far faſter than a man,
As if his feet had wings, he all out-ran.
Eager of death, *Parnaſſus'* brow aſcends;
And o'er the ſteepy cliff his body bends:
Thence as he downward ruſh'd with all his weight,
Phœbus in pity of his wretched ſtate,
With wings ſupports him, and prevents his fate.
With beak and talons arm'd, a man no more,
Thro' the wide æther does *Dædalion* ſoar;
With ſtrength above his ſize, and valiant as before.
A falcon now, with rage and ſavage mind,
To death he proſecutes the feather'd kind;
His ſmarting ſorrows make him cruel grow,
And he to others proves a cauſe of woe.

As *Ceyx* thus his brother's change relates,
Phocian Anetor ruſhes thro' the gates;
Peleus, he cries, half ſpent and out of breath,
(Leaving his cattle on the diſtant heath;)
Peleus, I bring thee news of loſs and death.
Th' dauntleſs chief bids him the loſs declare;
Ceyx, oppreſs'd with trouble and with fear,

Expects

Expects, yet dreads to know the tale of fate;
Which thus the trembling herdſman did relate:
When *Phœbus*, from the height of all the ſky,
The *Eaſt* and *Weſt* beheld with equal eye:
To winding ſhores the weary herd I drove;
Part here and there, in ſlow excurſions rove;
Part on the yellow ſand their bodies laid;
And, lying, the wide-ſpreading ſeas ſurvey'd:
Part for refreſhment in the ocean lave,
And rear their lofty necks above the wave.
A fane, undeck'd with gold or *Parian* ſtone,
Stood near the ſea, within a grove o'ergrown;
Here *Nereus* and the *Nereids* did preſide;
So ſeamen told us, as their nets they dry'd.
Near it a marſh, o'erhung with willows, ſtood;
Made plaſhy by the ſtill returning flood.
With hideous noiſe a wolf of monſtrous ſize,
That frights the confines, from thoſe thickets flies;
His furious jaws with blood and foam beſmear'd;
And his red eyes ſuffus'd with flames appear'd.
Provok'd to blood by famine, more by rage,
He ſought not his dire hunger to aſſwage;
No ſingle ox ſtrove to devour, but all
Purſuing, wounds; and glories in their fall.
Nor few of us, while we his force withſtood,
Felt his dire gripe; the ſtrand was dy'd with blood:
With blood the ſea-brim bluſh'd; and all around
The lakes with groans of dying ſteers reſound.
Each moment of delay freſh loſs creates;
Danger admits not pauſing, and debates.
Arm, arm, while ſomething yet is left to loſe;
And, joining force, this mortal plague oppoſe.
The herdſman ends; nor did this loſs incenſe
Peleus, too conſcious of his old offence:

For *Phocus* ſlain, he thought this miſchief done;
A mother's juſtice to revenge her ſon!
But the *Trachinian* hero takes th' alarm;
Prepares to go, and bids his followers arm.
'Till fair *Alcyone*, his trembling bride,
Haſted againſt his danger to provide:
Her dreſs unfiniſh'd, with diſhevell'd hair,
Seeks him in all the agonies of fear:
Her conſort found, about his neck ſhe hung,
Wept on his face, and, with a falt'ring tongue,
Entreated that his men might go alone,
And he not hazard both their lives in one:
Fair queen, ſays *Peleus* to her, O forbear
(Enough your bounty grants,) this pious fear;
No force avails in ſuch extreams as theſe,
'Tis pray'r that muſt the ſea-thron'd pow'r appeaſe:
A lofty tow'r within a fortreſs ſtood,
Whoſe beacons aided ſhips that plough'd the dang'rous flood.
This they aſcend, and ſighing ſee the ſhore
With cattle ſtrew'd, the ſpoiler drench'd in gore.
Peleus, with hands ſtretch'd towards the ſpoiling tide,
Begs *Pſamathe* to lay her wrath aſide;
Implores her grace and aid; but from his pray'r
Th' indignant Goddeſs turns her ſullen ear:
But *Thetis* for her conſort did obtain
That pardon, which his pray'rs purſu'd in vain.
Nor yet the ſavage wolf, from blood with-held,
Was calm, but raging ſcour'd the fatal field.
'Till ſhe the beaſt, as he an heifer ſlew,
Transform'd to marble, diff'ring but in hue;
His form and ſhape preſerv'd, the ſtone declar'd
Him now no wolf, or longer to be fear'd.
Yet heav'n deny'd the baniſh'd *Peleus* peace
In *Trachin*'s ſoil; nor muſt his toils ſurceaſe;

He

He wander'd on, 'till in *Magneſia*'s clime,
Acaſtus purg'd him of his bloody crime.
Ceyx, perplex'd with former ills of fate
Fall'n on his brother, and with theſe of late,
The ſhrine at *Claros* to conſult prepares;
His mind to ſtrengthen, and diſarm his fears.
For *Phorbas*, and his ſacrilegious train,
Had block'd the paſſage to the *Delphian* fane.
Yet did he not from thee, his faithful bride,
From thee, *Alcyone*, the purpos'd voyage hide.
Thro' her chill veins a ſudden horror ran;
Her alter'd cheeks grew pale as box, and wan:
In her diſorder'd face fierce ſorrows riſe,
And the tears ſhower'd from her flowing eyes.
Thrice ſtrove ſhe to have ſpoke, but thrice in vain,
For ſobs and tears her falt'ring voice reſtrain.
At length, what fault of mine, my deareſt joy,
She cry'd, could change thy mind, and love deſtroy?
Delight you then to go, from me remov'd?
Do journeys pleaſe, and is my abſence lov'd?
Yet did'ſt thou go by land, my lab'ring breaſt
Would be with grief, but not with fears, poſſeſt.
The ſeas affright me with their horrid roar;
Late ſaw I planks thrown up upon the ſhore:
And often I ſad names inſcrib'd have read
On empty tombs, which ne'er poſſeſs'd their dead.
Nor let it your raſh confidence inſpire,
That lordly *Æolus* I boaſt my ſire;
Who ſtruggling winds in rocky caverns keeps,
And, at his pleaſure, calms the raging deeps.
But winds, broke looſe, ſubmit to no command;
They rage thro' boundleſs ſeas, and ſweep the land,
Perplex the clouds, and fierce encounters move;
Strike forth dire flames. My fears from knowledge prove.

Oft have I witneſs'd to their rude comport,
While yet a child within my father's court.
But if no pray'rs can o'er your will prevail,
If you too ſtrongly ſtand reſolv'd to ſail;
Take me, my love; let both one fortune bear:
Then ſhall I only, what I ſuffer, fear.
Together let us plough the dreadful main;
And equally, whate'er befalls, ſuſtain.
Thus ſpake th' *Æolian* fair, whoſe ſorrows move
Her God-like lord; nor burn'd he leſs with love.
Yet would he not his firſt intent forſake,
Nor her a partner in his danger make.
Much did he ſay her paſſion to appeaſe;
And urg'd a thouſand things to give her eaſe.
Yet did not always what he urg'd approve;
But this he adds, to ſooth her drooping love.
With this alone he could her paſſion tame;
All abſence is too long; but, by the flame
Of my reſplendent fire, ſays he, I vow,
(Fate, the return I purpoſe, but allow!)
Er'e *Cynthia* twice, with light renew'd, adorn
The gloomy face of night, I will return.
She, chear'd with promiſe of ſo ſhort a ſtay;
He bids them launch the ſhip without delay:
The tackling furniſh'd, this renews her fears;
Gives her preſages, and renews her tears;
She claſps him round, and bids a ſad farewell;
And, ſwooning, in his dear embraces fell.
The ſeamen call abroad, while *Ceyx* would fain
Some ſhort delay for tender tranſports gain;
Their oars they now reduce in double ranks,
With equal ſtrokes up-riſing from their banks.
Soon the fair mourner rears her humid eyes,
And firſt her husband on the poop eſpies.

He

He ſhakes his hand; ſhe anſwers from the ſhore;
Soon from the land the driving veſſel bore;
And ſhe, with ſtraining eyes, can ſee his face no more.
Next her keen looks the flying bark purſue,
That loſt, the ſails her fix'd obſervance drew:
Thoſe diſappearing, home diſtreſs'd ſhe goes;
And on her widow'd bed her body throws.
The bed, and place, with tears to mind recall
That abſent part, which gave eſteem to all.
Now far from port, the winds began to blow
On quiv'ring ſhrouds; the mates no longer row.
They hoiſt their yards amain, and all their ſails
At once let down to catch the crouding gales.
The ſhip ſcarce half her courſe, or ſure no more,
By this had run; far off from either ſhore:
When, deep in night, fierce *Eurus* ſtiffly blows;
And the ſwoln ſeas in foaming ſurges roſe.
Strike, ſtrike the topſail, let the mainſheet fly,
And furl your ſails, did the hoarſe maſter cry;
His cries the wind and roaring waves ſuppreſs,
The mates take counſel from the weather's ſtreſs:
Each plies his task; ſome the ſail-yards beſtride,
Some lave the water out on either ſide:
And ſome from leaks reſtrain the guſhing tide.
While thus, as danger dictates, each his hand
Puts to th' unbidden toil, nor waits command;
The ſtorm grows louder, and the wild winds wage
War from all parts, and ſecond *Neptune*'s rage.
The affrighted maſter now no longer knew
What orders to give out, or what to do;
Oppreſs'd with ſuch a furious flood of ill,
As foils his art, and baffles all his skill:
Loud cries of men reſound, and rattling ſhrowds,
Waves break on waves, and clouds encounter clouds.

In whiten'd curls the billows upwards fly,
And toſſing ſurges ſeem to ſcale the sky:
Now from the bottom yellow ſands they throw,
Now black; the waves alike in colour ſhew;
Now white with foam appear the flatted ſeas,
The veſſel ſhifts and changes as they pleaſe.
Now as on tow'ring mountains back ſhe rides,
Views diſtant vallies, as the ſurge divides;
Now headlong with the downward billows fell,
Look'd up to skies as from the depths of hell:
The daſhing billows make as loud report,
As batt'ring-rams impell'd againſt a fort.
Or as chaf'd lions, with redoubled rage,
Ruſh with a roar, and pointed ſpears engage:
Ev'n ſo the wind-driv'n waves, with added pow'r,
Invade the ſhip, and o'er her hatches tow'r.
Her yielding planks now ſpring; ſtern *Neptune* raves,
And fills her breaches with his guſhing waves.
In burſting ſhow'rs the clouds their ſubſtance ſpend,
You'd think all heav'n would on the ſurge deſcend.
Ambitious waves, toſs'd upward from the main,
Climb the dark sky: the ſails are clogg'd with rain.
Show'rs join with floods: no ſtars diſpenſe their light;
The ſtorm augments the darkneſs of the night.
Yet, ever and anon, with horrid glare
Red light'nings flaſh, and ſinge the gloomy air.
Now riſing floods her upper deck poſſeſt,
And as ſome ſoldier, braver than the reſt,
Oft the defended walls to ſcale eſſays,
At length ſucceeds, and wing'd with hopes of praiſe,
Among a thouſand only ſtands the ſhock;
So, while the mounting waves the veſſel rock,
The tenth bold billow her high wall aſcends;
Nor ſinks 'till ſhe beneath his fury bends.

Part

Part of the waves did but the bark aſſail,
Part fill her hold; all tremble and look pale:
As at a ſiege, when walls are batt'ring down;
While ſome, got in, are maſters of the town.
Art fails; hearts ſink; on ev'ry riſing wave
Death ſits in triumph, and preſents a grave.
This weeps; that ſtands amaz'd, this calls 'em bleſs'd
Whom fun'rals grace; that pray'rs to heav'n addreſs'd:
The heav'ns, loſt to their ſight, and Gods beſought
With lifted hands; ſome on their parents thought,
Their children, houſe, and what they left behind;
Alcyone poſſeſs'd all *Ceyx*' mind:
Her name alone his voice and thoughts employ'd;
Long'd for her ſight, yet in her abſence joy'd:
Fain to his native ſhore he'd turn his eyes
For one laſt look; but knows not where it lies.
The giddy ſeas ſo whirl; ſuch pitchy clouds
Obſcure the skies: night twofold darkneſs ſhrouds.
Now over-board the whiſtling whirl-winds bore
The ſhiver'd maſt; and now the rudder tore:
A billow, with theſe ſpoils encourag'd, raves;
And, victor-like, contemns the under-waves.
Falling as *Pindus*, or as *Athos* wou'd,
Torn from their roots, and plung'd into the flood;
Sunk with the weight, and blow, the ſhip ſubſides,
And o'er her keel the ſurge in triumph rides;
Her men are ſcatter'd on the raging main,
Some ſuck'd in whirlpools, ne'er to riſe again;
Others on driving planks their floating limbs ſuſtain.
Ev'n *Ceyx* in that hand, which late did wield
A ſcepter, now a ſplinter'd fragment held;
Toſs'd on the ſurface of the ſtormy main,
His and his conſort's ſire invokes in vain;

But chiefly, as he floats, and ſtrives for life,
He names *Alcyone*, his darling wife,
And wiſh'd the waves would caſt him on the ſands
Of *Trachin*, to be buried by her hands;
Oft as the floods permit, he names the fair,
And when beneath the waves he ſighs it there.
At length, arch'd o'er his head, a gloomy wave
Breaks down, and ſinks him in the wat'ry grave.
The ſparkling *Lucifer*, that dreadful night,
Became obſcure, and veil'd his fires from ſight:
Who ſince he might not quit his deſtin'd place,
With pitchy clouds involv'd his muffled face.
Mean while *Alcyone* (his fate unknown,)
Computes how many nights he had been gone;
Now did a robe for his return prepare;
Now wove another for herſelf to wear:
Flatter'd by hope to take this pious care!
Incenſe, and pray'rs, to all the pow'rs preſents;
But moſt imperial *Juno*'s ſhrine frequents:
At her chaſte altars the fair matron pray'd
For him, who now was but a name, a ſhade.
His ſafe return ſhe begg'd, her vows to crown;
And that his heart ſhe might divide with none,
Her laſt requeſt is ratify'd alone.
The heav'nly queen, who could no longer bear
A vain devotion for the dead to hear;
Her ſhrine to reſcue from polluted pray'r;
Thus, to her faithful ſlave, her *Iris* ſpake,
Haſte, and to ſleep's dull dome thy journey take;
Bid him t' *Alcyone* a viſion ſend,
To image out her *Ceyx*' woeful end.
Scarce had the Goddeſs this injunction laid,
Iris, in robes of various dyes array'd,

Her ample bow from heav'n to earth extends;
And to the monarch's dull abode deſcends.
Near the *Cimmerians* lies a cavern deep
In hollow'd rock, the manſion of dull ſleep;
Which the ſun ſees not at his noon-tide height,
Nor chears with riſing, or deſcending light:
But gloomy miſts from humid earth ariſe,
And ſhed perpetual twilight o'er the skies.
No creſted fowls, with early crowings, dare
Proclaim the riſe of roſy morning there;
No vig'lant dogs, or yet more wakeful geeſe,
Prophane with noiſe the ſilent region's peace.
No bleats of cattle, no wind-quiv'ring boughs,
Or jarring tongues th' unactive regent rouze.
Dumb quiet reigns; yet, from the rock below,
Streams of *Lethean* water gently flow;
Purl on the pebbles, and invite to reſt:
Poppies in cluſters the dull doors inveſt:
And num'rous ſimples, from whoſe juicy veins
Night draws out ſleep, and ſheds it o'er the plains.
No irkſome doors on creeking hinges jarr'd,
Nor did the peaceful dome admit a guard.
Midſt of the cave there ſtood an ebon-bed,
Plumy, and high, with ſable cov'rings ſpread.
Here lay the ſtupid God, diſſolv'd in reſt;
Dreams, in fantaſtick forms, around him preſt;
Phantoms, than ſummers grains in number more,
Than leaves on trees, or ſands on ocean's ſhore,
The ent'ring nymph diſpels the obvious dreams,
And thro' the cavern ſheds refulgent beams.
The drowzy God but ſtruggling long disjoins,
His eyelids, and his ſleepy head declines:
Oft in his boſom ſunk his grizly beard,
At length he rouz'd, and on his elbow rear'd;

Ask'd:

Ask'd the bright virgin (for he knew her,) why
She thither came? When *Iris* made reply;
Thou reſt of things, thou mildeſt of the Gods!
Great ſleep, that driv'ſt all cares from thy abodes!
Thou peace of mind, reſtorer of decay!
Repairing limbs o'erwrought with toils of day!
Quick, ſend a dream, whoſe imitative form
May ſhew *Alcyone* a figur'd ſtorm:
And her drown'd lord's diſaſtrous fate unfold:
This great *Saturnia* bids: Her meſſage told,
Iris withdrew; who could no longer keep
Her ſenſes free from fumes of lazy ſleep;
To ſhun the lethargy, ſhe upwards flies;
And by her painted bow remounts the skies.

The ſire, among a thouſand ſons, excites
Morpheus the ſubtleſt of diſſembling ſprites.
None, of her train, could with ſuch art perform
The human geſture, viſage, voice, and form.
Uſurping habit, and peculiar phraſe;
The imitative man was all his praiſe.
One the fear'd figures of fierce monſters takes,
And flies in mimick birds, and curls like ſnakes.
This Dæmon *Icelos* the Gods have nam'd,
But men, *Phobetor*, as for terror fram'd.
A third is *Phantaſus*, of diff'rent kind;
His workings are to lifeleſs things confin'd:
He paints out verdant plains, or mighty beams,
Stupendous mountains, and wide-flowing ſtreams.
Theſe three to kings and potentates diſplay
Their forms by night; the reſt among the vulgar ſtray.
Morpheus alone, of all the airy band,
Old *Somnus* choſe for *Iris*'s command:
Then clos'd his drowzy eyes, and hung his head,
Oppreſs'd with ſleep again, and ſunk in bed.

His

His ſilent wings thro' darkneſs *Morpheus* plies,
And, ſwift as thought, to *Trachin*'s palace flies:
There laid them by, and *Ceyx*'s ſemblance took,
Bloated, and ghaſtly, with a pallid look:
Naked he ſtood, like one depriv'd of life,
Before the bed of his unhappy wife;
His beard all wet, the locks upon his head
With water clogg'd; he, leaning on the bed,
Thus ſpake, while tears from ſeeming paſſion flow;
Doſt thou, O wretched wife, thy *Ceyx* know?
Or am I chang'd in death? my form ſurvey'd
Confeſs; but know, 'tis but thy husband's ſhade.
Thy pious pray'rs no favour could obtain;
Lo! I am drown'd; no longer hope in vain.
The boiſt'rous *Southern* wind blew fierce and high;
And wreck'd our veſſel in th' *Ægean* ſea:
The floods oppreſs'd me, whilſt I breath'd thy name,
Alas! in vain: think it not idle fame,
Or doubt its author: ſee, this I relate;
I, that there periſh'd by untimely fate.
O riſe, thy tears and ſable weeds prepare;
Let me be honour'd with that pious care!
Nor let *Alcyone*, her once-lov'd lord,
Send to the *Stygian* regions undeplor'd.
Thus *Morpheus* ſpake, and gave his voice a tone
Which might by her for *Ceyx*'s be known:
Seem'd real tears to ſhed; while ev'ry look,
And ev'ry motion, the dead king beſpoke.
Mov'd with the dreadful dream, ſhe ſigh'd and wept,
Stretch'd out her arms to claſp him, as ſhe ſlept:
And claſp'd the empty air; then cry'd, O ſtay!
Ah! whither wilt thou! Let us go one way.
Wak'd with his voice and ghoſt, ſhe quakes with fear,
And looks in vain for that which was not there.

Rais'd

Rais'd with her ſhrieks, a light her ſervant brought;
She raves with grief, not finding what ſhe ſought.
Struck her fair cheeks, and did her linnen tear;
Bruis'd her ſoft breaſt; nor ſtay'd to looſe her hair;
But tugg'd it off: her nurſe the cauſe demands
Of this raſh vi'lence: ſtraight ſhe wrings her hands
And in the paſſion of her grief reply'd,
Alcyone's no more: O no! ſhe dy'd,
When *Ceyx* periſh'd in the wat'ry grave;
Speak not of comfort, I'll no comfort have:
Is he not wreck'd? Theſe eyes have view'd his face;
I ſtrove to claſp him in this ſtrict embrace;
'Twas but his ghoſt; but 'twas his ghoſt confeſs'd;
The pallid ſhade my *Ceyx* all expreſs'd.
His beauty not, as once, divinely rare!
But pale, and naked, with wet-dropping hair:
Here ſtood the dear-lov'd wretch; ev'n in this place:
(There did ſhe ſeek his airy ſteps to trace.)
'Twas this my ſad miſgiving ſoul divin'd,
When you forſook me to purſue the wind.
Would, I had gone with thee, ſince thou art dead!
Would, I with thee had ſunk this widow'd head!
Then both together, all our time aſſign'd
For life, had liv'd; nor been in death disjoyn'd!
With thee I periſh'd in the vaſt profound,
Poor I was wreck'd; yet you without me drown'd.
Let me forgive the floods, if e'er I ſtrive
To lengthen life, and ſuch a grief ſurvive!
But ſtrive I will not; nor thy fortunes leave;
O yet the partner of thy fate receive.
Tho' not one common urn contains us dead,
Our names ſhall on one monument be read:
Tho' cruel oceans part thy bones from mine,
Yet on the marble tomb our names ſhall join.

The reſt her ſorrow choak'd; ſuch ſobs ſhe gives
Twixt ev'ry word; with ſighs her boſom heaves.
The morn aroſe: the ſhore ſhe ſeeks in haſte,
Ev'n to that place from whence ſhe ſaw him laſt.
And while ſhe ſadly utter'd, here he ſtay'd;
Here parting kiſs'd me; thence he anchor weigh'd:
Whilſt ſhe ſuch ſights recalls, with ſteady eyes
Fix'd on the ſea, far off ſhe ſomething ſpies.
She thinks at firſt, yet doubts, that it muſt be
A body floating on the waving ſea.
But, nearer as it ſhore-ward drove, ſhe knew
It was a body, and her fears were true.
The coarſe unknown, yet much the object mov'd;
For mimicking the fate of him ſhe lov'd.
Poor wretch, whoe'er thou art! and ſuch, if wed,
Thy wife, ſaid ſhe, a mourning widow made!
Still leſs herſelf, with wilder grief ſhe raves;
As the known trunk floats on the nearer waves:
Now driv'n almoſt on ſhore the body lies;
When, with loud ſhrieks, 'tis he, 'tis he! ſhe cries.
She wounds her face; her hair, and habit rends;
And to her *Ceyx* her trembling arms extends.
And is it thus, O dearer than my life,
Thus thou return'ſt, ſays ſhe, to kill thy wife?
On the ſea's brim a high-wrought mole there ſtood.
To break the fierce incurſion of the flood;
Thither forthwith, with wond'rous force, ſhe ſprings;
Beating the paſſive air with ſudden wings.
The new-form'd *Halcyon* to the waters takes,
Skims o'er the ſurface, and ſad murm'rings makes.
With mournful noiſe laments her lord's divorce;
Anon ſhe reach'd his dumb and bloodleſs coarſe.
With out-ſtretch'd wings embrac'd her lifeleſs bliſs,
And printed on his lips a vain, cold kiſs.

Whether

Whether her touch to life reſtor'd the dead,
Or that the preſſing waves up-rais'd his head,
The vulgar doubted; but too ſure her breath
Inſpir'd new life, and thaw'd the ice of death.
The Gods, in kind compaſſion of their fate,
To birds of kind the am'rous pair tranſlate.
As once, they love; and nuptial fondneſs ſhew;
Begin new joys, and chearful parents grow.
Sev'n winter days, on the calm ocean's breaſt,
Halcyon ſits brooding o'er her floating neſt.
Safe are the ſeas; for careful *Æolus* binds
The boiſt'rous waves, and ſtills the raging winds.
Some aged ſire beheld their pinions move
O'er the broad ſea, and prais'd their conſtant love;
His neighbour, or perhaps himſelf, revives
Another's fate: yon ſable fowl that dives,
And skims with long ſlim feet about the flood,
(Here pointing, he a wide-mouth'd corm'rant ſhew'd:)
Boaſts his deſcent from an imperial race;
If back the royal ſtem you ſeek to trace,
Ilus, *Aſſaracus*, adorn his line,
And *Ganymede*, the youth of form divine,
Laomedon, and *Priamus*, whoſe hand
Laſt ſway'd the ſcepter of the *Trojan* land.
Brother to *Hector* was this bird of old;
And had not fate his growing might controul'd,
He would perhaps as great a name have won;
Tho' *Hector* was great *Dymas'* daughter's ſon.
Fair *Alexirhoe*, the nymph, 'twas ſaid,
Bore *Æſacus* by ſtealth in *Ida*'s ſhade.
He, hating cities, and the diſcontents
Of glitt'ring courts, the lonely woods frequents,
Seeks unambitious plains, and gloomy groves,
But rarely to the throng'd aſſemblies moves;
Yet had he not an heart, which ſoft deſire
Refus'd, or beauteous eyes could not inſpire. Oft

Oft thro' the woods, the fair *Heſperia* ſought,
On *Cebren's* banks, her river-ſire, he caught,
As in the ſun ſhe dry'd her treſſes there,
Run quick away the new-diſcover'd fair,
Swift as a hind when ſhe a wolf eſpies,
Or tim'rous dove, before the falcon flies.
Th' enamour'd youth purſues the pleaſing chace;
Fear wings her feet, and love enforc'd his pace.
Behold, a ſecret viper, in this ſtrife,
Stung her fair feet, and robb'd her of her life.
He raving claſps the virgin, as ſhe dies;
And, O! that ever I purſu'd! he cries.
Yet fear'd I not this dreadful chance of woe;
Nor was poſſeſſion worth this fatal blow:
To both our crimes doſt thou thy ruin owe.
The wound the ſerpent, I th' occaſion gave,
But thou my life ſhalt in attonement have:
He ſaid; and from a cliff, whoſe brow o'erhung
The undermining ſeas, himſelf he flung:
Tethys, concern'd, ſuſtains his falling limbs;
And clothes 'em o'er with feathers as he ſwims.
No pow'r of dying, as he wiſh'd, ſhe gives:
At life, on force prolong'd, the lover grieves:
And murmurs that his ſoul's conſtrain'd to ſtay,
Which from his body ſtrove to force its way.
Scorning his new giv'n wings, again on ſeas
His bulk he throws; the fall his feathers eaſe.
With that enrag'd, into the deep he dives;
And ſtill to drown himſelf as vainly ſtrives.
His meagre leanneſs ſhews on love he fed,
A length of neck ſuſtains his ſable head
And legs of longer joints beneath him ſpread.
Fond of the ſeas their ſurge he ne'er forſakes;
And an apt name, from frequent diving, takes.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XII.

The ARGUMENT.

Priamus, *and his ſons, all but* Paris, *mourn for the death of* Æſacus, *who they did not know was turn'd into a bird. Hence* Ovid *makes a tranſition to the ſtory of the* Trojan *war, of which he gives a ſummary account. A deſcription of the houſe of* Fame. *The fight of* Achilles *and* Cygnus, *in which the latter is ſlain, and tranſform'd by* Neptune *into a ſwan.* Neſtor *relates the ſtory of* Cæneus, *who had the experience of both ſexes; and likewiſe the fray of the* Lapithæ *and* Centaurs. *The moving paſſion of* Cyllarus *and* Hylonome,

me, *the male and female* Centaur. Cæneus, *whoſe body was impenetrable to the ſword or any other weapon, is overwhelm'd and ſuffocated by mountains thrown on him; and afterwards chang'd into a bird. The relation of* Hercules's *conteſt with* Periclymenos, *who had the power of varying his ſhape as he pleas'd.* Paris, *by* Apollo's *direction, kills* Achilles; *and the right of poſſeſſing the hero's arms cauſed a ſtrife betwixt* Ulyſſes *and* Telamonian Ajax.

FOR *Æſacus* old *Priam* mourn'd, nor knew
His ſon ſurviv'd, and cloth'd with feathers flew;
While *Hector* and his brethren pay, with tears,
Rites o'er the tomb which his inſcription bears.
But *Paris* no ſuch pious tasks employ;
Bent on the *Spartan* rape, the am'rous boy
Brought home the fatal bride, and with her war on *Troy*.
The *Grecian* ſtates their ſolemn faiths exchange;
Fit out a thouſand ſhips for their revenge.
Nor had the vow'd reprizal been delay'd,
If adverſe winds had not their paſſage ſtay'd.
But long at *Aulis*, on *Bœotia*'s ſide,
'Till weather change, the wind-bound veſſels ride.
Here, as of old, to *Jove* they ſacrifice;
And from the altar as the flames ariſe,
A blew-ſcal'd dragon, in the armies view,
Writh'd up a tree which near the altar grew.
On whoſe bough-tops a bird her neſt had made;
And twice four callow young were in it laid.

Theſe

Theſe and their dam, who, with maternal pain,
In circles flutter'd round her care in vain,
The furious reptile ſeiz'd with greedy jaws;
The frighted croud on the dire omen pauſe.
When *Calchas* cry'd, Who could the truth divine;
Rejoice, *Pelaſgians*, 'tis a happy ſign!
Proud *Troy* ſhall fall; tho', e're our toils ſhall end,
Theſe thrice three birds, thrice three years war portend.
The dragon, as ſhe twin'd around the boughs,
Becomes a ſtone, the ſtone a dragon ſhews.
Still ſtormy ſeas th' impatient fleet delay'd;
Some thought the ocean God their voyage ſtay'd
Troy to preſerve, and ſave the walls he made.
Not ſo wiſe *Calchas*, who the cauſe foreſees,
And tells the camp, they muſt heav'ns wrath appeaſe.
Diana's wrath the purpos'd war withſtood:
The virgin Goddeſs claim'd a virgin's blood.
Soon as the king the father had o'ercome,
And publick good preſcrib'd an impious doom,
The weeping prieſts chaſte *Iphigenia* lead,
At the high altar's ſide reſign'd to bleed.
Pity the Goddeſs' anger did ſubdue,
When a thick miſt before their eyes ſhe threw:
And, whilſt they proſecute her rites, and pray'd,
Produc'd a hind, to repreſent the maid.
When fitter ſacrifice had calm'd her rage,
Her fury and the ſeas at once aſſwage:
A proſp'rous gale the thouſand veſſels bore;
Which, long diſtreſs'd, now gain the *Phrygian* ſhore.
Full in earth's center, 'twixt air, earth, and ſea,
A place there is, confining on the three:
Where things, howe'er remote, are view'd around;
And winding hollows drink in ev'ry ſound.

Here

Here fame does in a lofty tow'r reſide,
Unnumber'd entries to her palace guide:
A thouſand crannies yawn: no doors block up the way,
A mart for ever full; and open night and day.
Each wall of ringing braſs throughout reſounds;
Things heard reports, and ev'ry word rebounds:
No reſt within, no ſilence, yet the noiſe
Not loud, but like the murm'rings of a voice.
Such as from far by rolling billows ſent,
Or as *Jove*'s fainting thunder almoſt ſpent;
About her courts in tides the people flow,
Hither, the buſy vulgar come and go;
And millions of wild rumours wander to and fro.
Lies, mix'd with truths, their ſubſtance vary ſtill;
Here ſome with news th' unknowing curious fill:
Some carry tales; each in the telling grows,
And ev'ry author adds to what he knows.
Raſh errors, light credulity are here,
Vain-grounded tranſports, and as empty fear:
New-rais'd ſedition, ſecret whiſp'rings blown
From unknown authors, and of things ne'er done.
She ſifts the ample world, and ſees whate'er
Befalls on earth, on ocean, or in air.
Now gave ſhe notice, that, with dreadful hoſt,
The *Grecian* fleet ſteer'd for the *Trojan* coaſt:
Nor come they unexpected; *Ilium* bends
Her pow'rs to battle, and her ſhores defends.
There thou, *Proteſilaus*, in early ſtrife,
By *Hector*'s fatal lance, did'ſt looſe thy life.
Their daring ſouls, and war but now begun,
Coſt *Grecia* dear; tho' *Hector* yet unknown.
Nor loſs of blood th' aſſailants fury drew
From *Phrygian* wounds, who felt what *Greece* could do.

The mingled gore does wide *Sigæum* ſtain,
Neptunian Cygnus had his thouſands ſlain:
Now on the foe the fierce *Achilles* flew,
And with his lance embattled ranks o'erthrew.
Thro' thickeſt hoſts th' advent'rous hero fought,
And *Cygnus* round the plains or *Hector* ſought.
Cygnus he found, as o'er the field he ſtray'd,
To the tenth year was *Hector*'s fate delay'd:
The youth ſurvey'd, the hero forwards ſtrains,
Chears his proud ſteeds, and ſtrokes their ſnowy mains.
His thund'ring car now drives againſt the foe;
Pois'd his ſtrong lance, and now prepar'd to throw:
Whoe'er thou art, O youth! rejoice; ſaid he,
That by *Achilles*' hand thou'rt doom'd to die.
He ſpoke; his jav'lin did his words purſue,
With certain aim, the whirling weapon flew:
But yet th' unerring ſteel no wound impreſt,
But with blunt force ſtruck *Cygnus* on the breaſt.
Thou Goddeſs-born, ſays *Cygnus*, (for, I know,
The current voice of fame denotes thee ſo;)
Wonder'ſt thou that thy ſpear does thus rebound,
(For much he wonder'd,) nor has giv'n a wound?
This helm with horſe-hair deck'd, this ſhield I bear,
Are not my guard: theſe I for faſhion wear.
So *Mars* his perſon arms; ſhould I diſplay
My naked breaſt, thy force could find no way.
Small honour from an ocean-nymph to ſpring!
My ſire I boaſt her's, and that ocean's king.
He ſaid; and ſtraight he at *Achilles* threw
A lance, which almoſt thro' his buckler flew.
Nine hides it pierc'd, the tenth did it reſtrain;
The hero caught it and whirl'd back again.

The darted ſteel does from his body bound,
Sent with full force again it fails to wound;
Nor, at the third eſſay, a better entrance found:
Tho' *Cygnus* in deriſion brav'd his foe,
And bar'd his boſom to th' expected blow.
The diſappointed hero burns with rage,
(Fierce as ſome bull whom circling crouds engage,
Whoſe low-bent horns the ſcarlet, which provokes
His fury, toſs with ſtill deluded ſtrokes.)
He ſearches if his lance's head were on;
Or in this hand, ſaid he, ſo feeble grown?
Is all my vigour ſpent on one? that pow'r
Wherewith I raz'd *Lyrneſſus'* haughty tow'r?
When *Tenedos* and *Thebes* I fill'd with blood,
And made their pavements bluſh with crimſon flood?
Its ſlaughter'd natives when *Caycus* dy'd;
Twice *Telephus* my pow'rful jav'lin try'd.
Behold, theſe heaps of bodies! Theſe I ſlew,
Much could my hand have done, as much can do.
This ſaid, his former deeds almoſt ſuſpects,
And at *Menœtes'* breaſt his aim directs:
A ſervile *Lycian* he. The murth'ring dart,
Quite thro' his yielding cuiraſs, pierc'd his heart.
With dying groans he proſtrate falls to ground;
Achilles draws the jav'lin from the wound:
This hand, ſaid he, this now victorious lance
Shall urge thy fate; aſſiſt me equal chance!
With that th' unerring dart at *Cygnus* flung;
Which, undeclin'd, on his left ſhoulder rung.
And, like a rock, the lance repell'd again;
Yet, where it graz'd, it left a purple ſtain.
Achilles joys the wound ſuppos'd to view,
Wound there was none; and tho' the blood was true,
'Twas what the ſteaming jav'lin from *Menœtes* drew.

Then

Then roaring, from his car he leap'd, and made
A furious onſet with his flaming blade,
He ſaw his helmet back'd, and armour bor'd;
But his firm body blunts the keen-edg'd ſword.
Cygnus unhurt the chief no longer bears;
But beats his weighty ſhield about his ears;
And with ſword-hilt, by many a fearful blow,
Bears on the cheeks of his unwounded foe.
Preſs'd on as he retir'd, purſues, infiſts,
Nor lets him breathe: his eyes now ſwim in miſts:
Cold ſweats o'er all his trembling body flow'd;
A ſtone now ſtopp'd him, as he backward trod.
Achilles ſaw, and, with a furious bound,
Threw *Cygnus* on his back along the ground.
The foe caſt down cloſe to the earth he preſt:
And ſet his ſhield and knees upon his breaſt:
Drew hard his cask-ſtrings in th' unequal ſtrife,
And ſtrangling robb'd him both of breath and life.
The hero next prepar'd to ſtrip the dead:
The vaniſh'd body from his arms was fled.
His ſea God ſire, t' immortalize his fame,
Had turn'd it to the bird that bears his name.

This toil, this fight, gave many days of reſt,
And on each ſide the dreadful battle ceas'd:
Whilſt on their walls the watchful *Phrygians* ward,
And *Greeks* as watchful did their trenches guard.
A feaſt was kept; at which *Achilles* paid
His thanks, with victims, to the blue-ey'd maid:
On flaming altars they the entrails lay;
Which grateful ſteams did to the Gods convey:
The ſolemn parts to ſacred uſe addreſt,
They load the plenteous tables with the reſt:

Th'

Th' invited chiefs, on couches ſpread around,
Feaſt on the fleſh, and the large goblets crown'd
With gen'rous wines, at once which thirſt and ſorrow
Nor ſongs, nor muſick, did their ears delight, (drown'd.
But in diſcourſe they wear the live-long night.
Of warlike deeds they talk, of valour ſhewn
By daring foes, and much they boaſt their own.
By turns they ſpeak of dreadful battles fought,
Of dangers often 'ſcap'd, yet often ſought.
What ſubject more *Achilles'* ear could joy?
What fitter theme *Achilles'* tongue employ?
His late exploit, atchiev'd in *Cygnus'* fall,
The hero tells; they, liſt'ning, wonder all;
To find a body was exempt by fate
From feeling wounds, and could ev'n ſteel rebate.
Thro' all the *Greeks* the gen'ral wonder ran,
The chief himſelf amaz'd: when *Neſtor* thus began.
Cygnus is he, who in your age alone
Baffled hard ſteel, and could be hurt by none.
I once *Perrhæbian Cæneus* ſaw endure
A thouſand ſtrokes, yet ſtand from wounds ſecure:
Perrhæbian Cæneus, whoſe immortal fame
In deeds of arms his *Othrys* does proclaim.
Yet what's more ſtrange, and all belief exceeds,
A woman born, he did theſe wond'rous deeds!
Surprize in all the prodigy begets;
And each to hear the wond'rous tale intreats.
Achilles preſſes too: ſays he, O ſage,
Thou eloquence, and wiſdom of our age!
Grant our deſire; (for all deſire the ſame;)
Of *Cæneus* tell; how he a man became;
In what contentions, in what battles known;
And, if by any, ſay, by whom o'erthrown.

Tho' years my mem'ry ſpoil, the ſire replies,
And much in youth beheld my knowledge flies,
Much I retain; and yet of all that are
Among ſo many acts of peace and war,
None deeper is imprinted in my brain;
And if the length of time, not ſpent in vain,
Can many accidents to knowledge give;
Two ages ſpent, now in the third I live.
Of all the virgins on *Theſſalia*'s coaſt,
Than *Cænis* none more fair, ſhe e'er cou'd boaſt.
From various cities bord'ring on the land,
And towns, which gladly ſtoop to thy command,
(For ſhe her birth to your *Æmonia* ow'd;)
The ripen'd maid contending lovers woo'd.
Peleus perhaps had ſought her for his bride,
Unleſs already to thy mother ty'd;
Or elſe by ſolemn vows to future match ally'd.
All nuptial tyes fair *Cænis* ſtill forbore;
But as alone ſhe trac'd the ſecret ſhore,
The ocean God ſeiz'd on the blooming fair,
And ſeizing, forc'd; for ſo did fame declare.
When, charm'd with joys, enamour'd *Neptune* cry'd,
Speak thy deſires, nor fear to be deny'd:
Wiſh what thou wilt. (So fame the ſtory told:)
My wrong, ſaid *Cænis*, makes my wiſhes bold.
That like enforcement never may befall,
Be I no woman; and thou giv'ſt me all.
Her latter words a deeper tone expreſs,
Hoarſe as a man; and now ſhe prov'd no leſs.
Neptune had giv'n beyond the maid's requeſt;
No force of ſteel ſhould pierce her alter'd breaſt;
Nor pointed weapons have the pow'r to wound:
The hero joys with theſe rare bleſſings crown'd.

In

In ev'ry manly virtue great he grows:
And ſcours the fields thro' which *Pæneus* flows.
Bold *Ixion*'s ſon, by pow'rful beauty led,
Took the fair *Hippodamia* to his bed;
The cloud-got centaurs his proud nuptials grac'd;
In ſhady bow'rs at ſundry tables plac'd.
Th' *Æmonian* peers were preſent at the feaſt;
And I was there, a glad invited gueſt.
The ecchoing courts with our loud pleaſures ring,
Whilſt each did *Hymen! Io! Hymen*, ſing.
The blazing altars upwards throw their flame:
At length the bride with nymphs attended came.
All greet *Pirithous* happy in his choice;
But hold not long the omen of that voice.
For *Eurytus*, more brutal than the reſt,
Foul rape had harbour'd in his centaur's breaſt:
By beauty fir'd, and rais'd with heat of wine,
Luſt, and ebriety, in outrage joyn.
The boards o'erturn'd a ſudden fray declare;
And the new bride's dragg'd by her lovely hair.
On her the beſtial *Eurytus* did ſeize,
The reſt, ſuch nymphs, as moſt their fancies pleaſe,
Or ſuch as beſt they could, promiſcuous took;
Sack'd towns with ſuch a face of horror look.
With female ſhrieks the dome reſounds; we riſe:
When ſtraight, Vain *Eurytus!* bold *Theſeus* cries;
Dar'ſt thou *Pirithous* thus offend, ſo long
As *Theſeus* lives, with him to feel the wrong?
Nor did the hero boaſt his rage in vain;
But, breaking thro' the throng, with high diſdain,
The centaurs thruſt aſide, and did the bride regain.
The raviſher unable to reply,
(No words ſuch horrid acts could juſtify;)

With furious blows the brave redeemer preſt;
Flew at his face, and ſtruck his gen'rous breaſt.
An ample goblet, with high figures wrought,
By chance ſtood nigh, which ſtrong *Ægides* caught:
With force the hero whirls the maſſy bowl
Full at *Eurytus*, and lets out his ſoul:
The ſtagg'ring monſter vomits forth a flood
Of wine, and mingled brains, and clotted blood.
At once he vomits from his mouth and wound;
And falling backwards ſpurns the ſanguine ground.
The double-form'd reſent their brother's death;
And call to arms, with one conſenting breath.
Wine to their courage adds: and now a flight
Of bowls, and flagons hurl'd, begins the fight.
The things, ſo uſeful to their pleaſures late,
Are made the inſtruments of blood, and fate.
Firſt *Amycus*, *Ophion*'s ſon, preſumes
For arms to ſtrip the conſecrated rooms.
An hallow'd ſconce he ſeiz'd, which hung on high
Diſpenſing light around the ſacriſty;
This, ſacrificer-like, he ſwings around,
And ſtrikes the ſturdy victim to the ground;
On *Celadon* it fell with weight, and left
His face of features, and of form, bereft.
Burſt were his eye-balls, and his noſtrils broke;
And ſplinter'd bones into his palate ſtruck:
But *Belates* from ſome ſtrong table tore
The pond'rous foot, and ſtruck the murth'rer to the floor
There as he knock'd his chin againſt his breaſt,
And blood and teeth ſpu'd on his brawny cheſt,
He urg'd his vengeance with a ſecond blow;
And ſent him murm'ring to the ſhades below.
Next him in place, *Gryneus*, his haggard eyes
Rolling about, a flaming altar ſpies;

Serves

Serves this, ſaid he, for nothing? then he rais'd
The marble pile, and whirl'd it as it blaz'd.
Amongſt the *Lapythites* the weight he threw,
Which *Broteas*, and the bold *Orion* ſlew.
Orion's mother, *Mycale*, was known
From her bright ſphere with charms to drag the moon.
Grant me but arms, that death thou ſhalt not boaſt;
Exadius cry'd, but rue it to thy coſt.
The votive antlers of a ſtag, on high
Fix'd to a pine, his want of arms ſupply.
Theſe he at *Gryneus* throws; ſo ſure they fly,
The forky antlers ſtick in either eye.
One ball with blood the falling horns beſmear'd;
The other ſtream'd all down his grizly beard.
Behold! fierce *Rhatus*, with avenging hand,
Snatch'd from the ſacred fires a flaming brand:
This at *Charaxus*' front with force he threw;
The blazing weapon at his temples flew.
With well-aim'd blow transfix'd his batter'd head;
And all its fires amidſt his yellow treſſes ſpread.
The rapid flames his ſtubborn treſſes burn,
Which crackle in the fire like ſheafs of corn.
The hiſſing blood fries in his horrid wound,
Like glowing ſteel when in the ſmithy drown'd:
From his ſing'd locks the flames *Charaxus* ſhakes,
And a huge ſtone on his broad ſhoulders takes;
So pond'rous, it a wain would load alone:
Againſt the foe too pond'rous to be thrown.
This, falling ſhort, *Cometes*' head invades;
And ſent him down to everlaſting ſhades.
Rhatus exulting, May you all abound
In ſtrength ſo try'd! cries; and renews his wound:
With flaming brand urges again his pains;
'Till the cruſh'd skull ſinks in the boiling brains.

The victor now, his triumphs to purſue,
On *Corythus*, *Evagrus*, *Dryas*, flew;
On *Corythus*, whoſe face the beard began
But now to ſhade, and ſtile him firſt a man.
What fame is purchas'd in that beardleſs prey?
Evagrus cry'd; but more he could not ſay;
For *Rhætus*, e're his jaws together came,
Drove down his throat the brand, and choak'd him
the flame.
Next, whisking it around his head, aſſails
The valiant *Dryas*; but no more prevails.
Him, who had been with frequent triumphs crown'd,
With ſharpen'd ſtake fierce *Dryas* chaſes round;
And in his ſhoulder's joint inflicts a dreadful wound.
Groaning, he tugs it out with all his might;
And, drench'd in blood, redeems himſelf by flight.
Orneus, and *Thaumas*, urg'd by equal dread,
And wounded *Medon*, and *Piſenor* fled;
And *Merm'rus* late a victor in the race,
Now, maim'd in fight, and halting, ſlacks his pace;
Pholus, and *Melaneus* and *Abas* run;
Abas, who ſcorn'd the foaming boar to ſhun:
And *Aſtylos*, who could fate's will declare,
And vainly bad his friends that fight forbear;
When *Neſſus* fled, he warn'd him, Fly not ſo;
Thou art reſerv'd for great *Alcides'* bow.
But *Areos*, *Imbreus*, *Lycidas* by flight
Could not eſcape the fate, which wrought their fright:
Nor could *Eurynomus* his death repel;
But all o'erpow'r'd by *Dryas'* valour fell.
And thee, *Crenæus*, tho' for flight addreſs'd,
Tho' turn'd thy back, a ſudden wound repreſs'd.
For looking back, a ſpear, with dreadful blow,
His forehead pierc'd, and glanc'd beneath his brow.

Une

Unwaken'd with the long tumultuous fray,
Diſſolv'd in death-like ſleep, *Aphidus* lay;
Stretch'd on a bear's rough hide, on *Oſſa* kill'd,
A goblet in his hand he, ſlumb'ring, held.
Phorbas, afar, the ſleeping drunkard ſpy'd;
And, for th' charge his arm up-rearing, cry'd,
Drink thy next draught with *Stygian* water mix'd:
This ſaid, *Aphidus* with his ſpear transfix'd.
Thro' his bare neck, as he ſupinely lay,
The ſtrong-aim'd jav'lin made its murth'ring way.
Death came unfelt; diſgorging ſtreams of blood,
The hide and bowl receiv'd the ſanguine flood.
I ſaw *Petræus*, tearing from the ground
A well-grown oak; when, whilſt he claſp'd it round,
And wrenching it, now this, now that way, ſtood;
Pirithous' jav'lin nail'd him to the wood.
Strong *Lycus* by *Pirithous'* valour fell;
Pirithous' valour *Chromis* ſunk to hell.
Theſe to the victor did leſs fame create
Than *Ælops'* death, and *Dictys'* ſtranger fate.
His eager jav'lin *Ælops'* temples cleft,
And ſtabbing his right ear pierc'd thro' the left.
But *Dictys* from a broken mountain's ſide,
To ſhun *Ixion*'s ſon, attempts to ſlide.
Whence falling headlong with his weight he tore
A mighty aſh; the ſtumps his entrails gore.
Aphareus to revenge him, with a ſtone
Torn from a rock, ruſh'd in, and would have thrown;
But, as he pois'd it, with one furious ſtroke
Theſeus the ſturdy *Centaur*'s elbow broke.
Then left him wounded in th' unequal ſtrife;
Nor cares, nor has he time, to take his life.
Thence vaulting on *Bianor*'s back he ſate,
His back, 'till then unpreſs'd by mortal weight.

With his ſtrong knees the *Centaur*'s ſides he ſqueez'd,
And by the ſhaggy locks the monſter ſeiz'd:
Then dug his eyes with club of knotty oak;
Batter'd his face, and harden'd temples broke.
With the ſame arms does he *Nedymnus* wound,
And daſh the ſtrong *Lycotas* to the ground.
And *Hippaſus*, whoſe beard his breaſt o'er-ſpread;
And *Ripheus* in bleak woods and mountains bred.
And *Tereus*, whoſe fierce ſport was once to tear
From forth her rocky den the raging bear;
Of her ſtrong hold the ſtruggling beaſt deprive,
And the ſtern ſavage drag in triumph home alive.
Demoleon could no longer brook this ſight,
But envies *Theſeus*'s ſucceſs in fight:
When high in rage, his nervous forces joyn
To root from earth a ſtately ancient pine.
That toil in vain, he ſplits the trunk in two,
And darts one limb at his too proſp'rous foe.
But *Theſeus*, by *Minerva*'s counſels taught,
Avoids the ſtroke: (So would he have it thought.)
Nor was the tree, of miſchief guiltleſs thrown;
But ſhiver'd *Crantor*'s breaſt, and ſhoulder-bone.
That man, *Achilles*, was thy father's 'ſquire,
Giv'n by ſubdu'd *Amintor* to thy ſire,
(*Amintor*, the well-train'd *Dolopians* guide,)
Pledge of their peace, and laws of hoſtage ty'd.
Him when, thus torn, and welt'ring on the ground,
Griev'd *Peleus* ſaw with that prodigious wound;
O *Crantor*, much-lov'd youth, ſaid he, receive
The victim to thy flying ſoul I give.
Then at *Demoleon* ſent a ſure-aim'd dart,
With all the might of wrathful hand and heart;
The piercing lance transfix'd the bones which join
His ſtrong-knit ribs; and quiver'd in his chine.

The

The jav'lin from the wound he ſtrove to pluck,
But ſcarce could draw; the head behind it ſtuck.
His rage with pain increas'd, his hoofs he rears,
And paws, and to the ground thy father bears;
Who with his ſhield the ſounding ſtrokes defends,
And, for his guard, his pointed lance protends.
Then, 'twixt the ſhoulders, one full thruſt he made;
And ſtabb'd the *Centaur*'s breaſts with his deep-driving blade.
Yet *Hyles*, and *Phlegræus* had he ſlain
Before, at diſtance fighting on the plain:
Hiphinous and *Clanis* had he kill'd
In cloſer conflict of the dreadful field.
Add *Dorylas* to theſe, who round his head
A grieſly wolf-skin had for terror ſpread:
And, which ſupply'd the part of arms, he wore
A bull's ſtrong horns, all dy'd with ſtreaming gore.
To him, with courage fir'd, Behold! ſaid I,
This jav'lin does thy threat'ning horns defy:
At this, I threw; which when he could not ward,
He plants his right-hand for his forehead's guard.
His hand my jav'lin faſten'd to his brows;
Loud ſhouts upon the lucky wound aroſe.
Thus while he ſtood with pain and ſhame diſtreſt,
Thy father, who was neareſt, on him preſt;
And thruſt his ſword deep in below his breaſt.
His belly ripp'd, from the wide-yawning wound
His dangling bowels dragg'd upon the ground.
Dragging, he trod them down beneath his feet;
And as he trod, the ſlimy veſſels ſplit.
Which, winding, fetter both his legs and thighs;
He falls, and with an empty belly dies.
Nor thee thy beauty, *Cyllarus*, could ſave,
If double forms, like thine, can beauty have.

His ſpringing beard ſhot out like down of gold,
And golden curls from his ſmooth ſhoulders roll'd.
Vigour and fire were in his looks expreſt,
His neck, hands, arms complete, and riſing breaſt.
Where he was man, his ſhape, in ev'ry part,
Excell'd the ſculptor's imitative art.
Nor did his beſtial limbs his human ſhame,
Their ſhape as curious, and their grace the ſame.
Add but a heroe's head and neck, and he
Had been a ſteed, O *Caſtor*, worthy thee.
So ſtrong his back, ſo level on the ſeat;
So large his cheſt; all ſhining black as jet:
Except his tail, which to the ground did flow,
And fet-locks, which were white as new-fall'n ſnow.
Numbers of his own nation ſought his love;
Him none but fair *Hylonome* could move.
Fairer then all the nymphs of double race
Who dwelt on *Othrys*, of more winning grace.
By blandiſhment of phraſe, and love confeſs'd,
She her whole *Cyllarus* alone poſſeſs'd;
For him ſhe comb'd her locks, for him ſhe dreſs'd.
Sweet chaplets wove, and would the violet wear;
And oft with lillies deck'd her auborn hair.
In limpid fountains, which their waters ſpread
O'er the broad plains from *Pegaſus*'s head,
Twice ev'ry day ſhe waſh'd her lovely face,
Bathing as oft, her curious limbs diſplays.
So nice in her attire ſhe ſcorn'd to wear
The fur of any beaſt, but what was rare.
With ſuch ſhe ſhaded o'er her iv'ry breaſt:
Both lovers were with equal flames poſſeſt.
Both o'er the mountains did together ſtray,
In woods and grotto's both together lay.

Both

Both to the nuptial feaſt did then repair,
And both with equal rage maintain the war.
Unknown from whom, was ſent a fatal dart
At *Cyllarus*, which pierc'd the *Centaur*'s heart.
The weapon drawn forth from the lurking wound,
He ſtraight grew chill, and tumbled to the ground:
His frighted nymph his ſtagg'ring limbs receives,
Would ſtop the blood; and to his lips ſhe cleaves;
Would ſtay his flying ſoul; but when ſhe found
Life's fires extinct, with words in clamour drown'd,
Ev'n on that ſteel, which thro' his boſom paſt,
She plung'd herſelf, and him in death embrac'd.
Methinks, I've ſtill *Phæocomes* in view;
Six lion's hides he o'er his body threw.
The ſhaggy skins, all o'er the *Centaur* ſpread,
Like trappings on his brutal back were laid:
A log, four oxen ſcarce could move, he found;
And heaving lanc'd, and gave a diſtant wound.
With horrid force deſcending on the foe
It cruſh'd, and ſplit his ample skull in two.
Thro' eyes, ears, mouth, and noſtrils guſh'd his brain;
Like curdled milk which thro' a ſieve we ſtrain.
He ſtooping downwards to diſarm the dead,
I paſs'd his bowels, and his life-blood ſhed.
Your father ſaw my vengeance: *Chthonius* too,
And fierce *Teleboas* with this arm I ſlew.
This bore a prong, that did a jav'lin throw;
This ancient ſcar I to his jav'lin owe.
Then was I blooming, and the time drew near
Which ask'd my vigour at the *Trojan* war.
Then I could cope with *Hector* on the plain;
And might, if not o'ercome, at leaſt reſtrain.
But *Hector* was not born, or then was young;
And now long age my ſinews has unſtrung.

Why ſhould I mention *Periphantes'* name
Or in *Pyretus'* death record his fame?
Why dwell on *Amphyx'* honours in the field,
Who with a headleſs lance *Oëclus* kill'd?
Why ſpeak of young *Macareus'* renown,
And how he bore huge *Erigdupus* down?
Or wherefore ſhould I of *Cymelus* tell,
Who by a jav'lin lanch'd by *Neſſus'* fell?
Nor think, that *Mopſus* could alone relate
The diſtant ſecrets of myſterious fate;
In valour as in knowledge great, he threw
His proſp'rous jav'lin, and *Odites* ſlew.
The victor-prophet, as the *Centaur* rail'd,
I ſew'd chin and tongue, and chin and boſom nail'd.
Five *Cæneus* ſlew; *Bromus*, *Antimachus*,
Pyracmon, *Helymus*, and *Stiphelus*.
Tho' now forgetful by what wounds they fell,
Their names, and number I remember well.
Gigantick *Latreus*, great in bulk and might,
Arm'd with *Haleſus'* ſpoils ſucceeds to fight.
Nor young, nor old, ſtill youthful was his rage,
Tho' his black locks were grizled o'er with age.
Proud of his *Macedonian* ſpear, and ſhield,
The *Centaur* prances o'er the purple field.
Claſhes his arms, and, trotting round the plain,
Thus bellow'd out in terms of loud diſdain.
And muſt I bear thee, *Cænis?* for to me
Thou ſtill ſhalt *Cænis*, and a woman, be:
Does not the native ſoftneſs of thy kind
Debaſe thy ſoul? or bear'ſt thou not in mind
For what reward thy change of ſex began?
How made a ſtrumpet, but to ſeem a man!
Thy birth remember, and thence found thy fame
On female weakneſs, and on female ſhame.

Go,

Go, draw the carded wool; the diſtaff bear;
To men reſign the province of the war.
Whilſt thus the *Centaur* boaſts, elate with pride,
Caneus a jav'lin lanc'd againſt his ſide.
Juſt where the human in the brutal ends,
The piercing jav'lin with a forces deſcends.
Fir'd with his pain, the raging monſter now
At *Caneus'* face his jav'lin aim'd to throw:
The unavailing weapon back recoils,
As pebbles dropp'd on drums, or hail on tiles.
In cloſer fight he next eſſays to wound
His harden'd ſides, the ſword no entrance found.
Tho' dull the point, the edge ſhall lanch thy throat,
Said he, nor ſhalt thou 'ſcape; with that he ſmote;
The weighty ſtroke, as if on marble, ſounds;
And from his neck the broken blade rebounds.
When *Caneus* had full long his naked ſide
Laid open to the monſter's rage, he cry'd,
Now will I try, if you my ſword can feel;
Then 'twixt his ſhoulders drove the fatal ſteel.
Thruſt to the hilt, full oft he wreaths it round
In his pierc'd breaſt, and multiplies the wound.
The furious *Centaurs* ruſh with horrid rage;
And him alone with all their ſpears engage.
Their ſpears rebated fall, but draw no blood;
For *Caneus* ſtill invulnerable ſtood.
This wonder ſtruck 'em all with new ſurprize;
When *Monychus*, O ſhame to valour! cries;
O dire diſgrace! O death to our renown!
A nation by a ſingle man born down!
Nay, not a man. Yet ſure he muſt be ſo;
And we are what he was, weak women now.
What boot our mighty limbs? The double force
Nature conjoyns in us of man, and horſe.

I ſcarce

I ſcarce can think us ſprung from ſeed divine,
Or worthy of the bold *Ixion*'s line,
Who durſt aſpire to *Juno*'s proud embrace.
This half man conquers his degen'rate race!
Stones, weighty beams, whole mountains on him roul;
And with a pile of trees cruſh out his ſoul.
Let woods oppreſs his jaws; o'er-whelm with weight,
Inſtead of wounds. The *Centaur* ſaid, and ſtraight
An oak, up-rooted by a ſouthern blaſt,
He heav'd, and on the valiant *Cæneus* caſt.
Th' example took, and ſoon ſuch havock made,
Othrys of all his trees was diſarray'd;
And gloomy *Pelion* ſtripp'd of his late ſpreading ſhade.
Preſs'd with ſo huge a burthen *Cæneus* ſweats,
And to th' o'er-whelming oaks his ſhoulders ſets.
But ſoon the pile above his head they rear;
And rob him ev'n of breath and vital air.
He faints; then ſtruggles to advance his crown
Above the weight, and ſhove the timber down.
Sometimes the burthen with his motion quakes,
As wind lock'd up in earth a mountain ſhakes.
His end was doubtful; moſt inclin'd to think,
His ſoul, cruſh'd downwards, to the ſhades did ſink.
Mopſus diſſents, who ſaw a fowl ariſe
From thence with yellow wings, and mount the skies.
I ſaw it too aloft in *Æther* ſoar;
Nor ever had beheld the like before.
When *Mopſus* firſt eſpy'd it flutt'ring round
Our hoſt, and ſending forth a dreadful ſound;
Its flight purſuing with his ſoul and eyes,
Hail! glory of the *Lapythites*, he cryes;
O *Cæneus*, late the firſt of men, but now
A fowl unmatch'd! His witneſs all allow.

Grief

Grief adds to rage: reſentment fires each breaſt
To think, that one ſhould fall by crouds oppreſt:
Nor gave we o'er, 'till part were ſlain in fight,
The reſt redeem'd by darkneſs, and by flight.
Whilſt *Neſtor* thus relates this ſcene of blood,
Betwixt the *Lapythites*, and *Centaur*-brood;
Tlepolemus his ſpleen but ill controul'd,
To find *Alcides'* glories all untold.
'Tis ſtrange, old man (ſaid he) th' *Herculean* name
Should no remembrance in your ſtory claim.
Moſt ſure, I've often heard my father tell
How by his arm ſome cloud-born *Centaurs* fell.
Why am I urg'd, with ſighs replies the ſtage,
To reap up ſorrows of a diſtant age?
Wherefore ſhould you require me to relate
Your father's injuries, and my cauſe of hate?
So great his acts they did belief tranſcend,
And made his fame o'er the wide world extend;
I wiſh the truth could be deny'd; and ſpare
To ſpread the *Trojan* heroes names in war.
On valiant *Hector* I no praiſe beſtow;
For who takes pleaſure to applaud his foe?
Meſſene's tow'rs your conqu'ring fire o'er-turn'd;
From him their fates *Pylos* and *Elis* mourn'd:
Cities, which had not e're provok'd his hate;
Or ow'd to hoſtile acts their deſp'rate fate.
With fire and ſword did he our houſe purſue;
And, to paſs others whom his fury ſlew,
Twice ſix of *Neleus*'s deſcent were we,
Twice ſix his rage deſtroy'd, excepting me.
Others defeats are eaſy; but the fate
Of *Periclymenos* is wond'rous to relate:
On him great *Neptune* had conferr'd the grace,
(*Neptune*, the founder of the *Neleids* race,)

His native form to change, and, varying ſtill,
Reſign, and other forms reſume at will.
He, when he ev'ry ſhape had try'd in vain,
Your father's fatal fury to reſtrain,
The figure of the lordly eagle wears,
Who *Jove*'s dread thunder in his talons bears.
With pinions ſtretch'd a ſtrong deſcent he made;
And did the face of *Hercules* invade;
With his fierce beak, and crooked pounces tore,
And then aloft again in air would ſoar.
But his unerring bow *Alcides* drew,
As tow'ring upwards to the clouds he flew;
The ſhaft transfix'd his wing, the wound was ſlight;
But the maim'd ſinews diſappoint his flight.
Motion, or ſtrength, no longer they retain;
And with one wing he beats the air in vain.
When, tumbling with his weight, the arrow ſtruck
Quite thro' his ſide, and in his weazon ſtuck.
Now, my brave *Rhodian* leader, ſhould the praiſe
Of *Hercules* employ my courtly praiſe?
My murther'd brothers I revenge alone,
By paſſing o'er in ſilence his renown;
And thee with love embrace, their murth'rers ſon.
His ſweet harangue old *Neſtor* finiſh'd here,
Again with wine their drooping ſouls they chear:
'Till from their ſeats at length the gueſts aroſe;
And ſpent the night's remains in due repoſe.

The God, who with his trident can controul
The ſeas, felt all the father in his ſoul;
For *Cygnus* mourn'd, and young *Achilles'* fate
Purſu'd with wrath, and more than civil hate.
Ten years now almoſt ſpent in dreadful fights,
Phœbus he thus to his revenge excites.

O deareſt offspring of my brother *Jove*,
O youth, whom more than all his ſons I love;
Thou, who with me did'ſt the vain hours employ
In rearing up the fruitleſs tow'rs of *Troy!*
Do'ſt thou not grieve to ſee, thoſe bulwarks now
To earth their high and envy'd heads muſt bow?
Nor mourn the thouſands ſlain in their defence,
And war maintain'd at ſo much blood's expence?
Or, not to dwell on any ſlighter wound,
That *Hector*'s coarſe was dragg'd thoſe walls around?
And yet the curs'd deſtroyer lives, by far
More fierce, and cruel than the rage of war.
Who, did he come but once within my pow'r,
My vengeance ſhould ſecure his fate that hour.
But ſince I cannot reach this hated foe,
Let him thy cloſe and mortal arrows know.
The *Delian* God to *Neptune*'s will reſigns;
And to his uncle's wrath his own he joyns.
Sudden to *Troy* his rapid ſteps he bends;
And in a cloud to th' *Ilian* hoſt deſcends.
There 'midſt a ſlaughter'd croud he *Paris* ſeeks,
Dealing his arrows at ignoble *Greeks*.
Straight to the youth his Godhead he confeſs'd,
And the young warrior with reproofs addreſs'd.
Why do'ſt thou on th' inglorious vulgar loſe
Thy killing ſhafts? ſome nobler objects chuſe:
If for thy ruin'd houſe thou ought do'ſt care,
Thy brethrens blood revenge on *Peleus'* heir.
He ſaid, and points where ſtern *Achilles* ſtands,
Dealing deſtruction on the *Phrygian* bands.
The bow now bent, the vengeful God aright
Directs the ſhaft, and aids its mortal flight.
If ought could comfort aged *Priam*'s heart,
'Twas *Hector*'s vengeance from that lucky dart.

He, whom ſo many thouſands ſlaughter'd crown'd,
Falls by a feeble faint adulterer's wound.
Had'ſt thou foreknown, ſo womaniſh a hand
Thy glorious fate was deſtin'd to command;
To ſhun that ſhame, thy choice had rather been
The victim of the warrior *Amazonian* queen.
He who was *Ilium*'s terror, *Greece*'s boaſt,
And the protection of their cauſe and hoſt,
Æacides! a name in war ſo great;
Who brav'd unconquer'd all the ſhocks of fate:
Now on the fun'ral pile defenceleſs burns;
The God, who arm'd him, now to aſhes turns;
And of the great *Achilles* ſcarce remains
So much, as one poor ſcanty urn contains.
Yet in his ſpreading glory he ſurvives,
There, equal to himſelf, the hero lives!
Thy fame, divine *Pelides*, ſoars as high
As thy great ſpirit, and can never die.
And ev'n his arms, to inſtance whoſe they were,
Procure a war; arms for his arms they bear.
Not he who boaſts *Oileus* for his ſire,
Not *Diomedes* to their claim aſpire:
Not *Menelaus*, nor his brother-king,
Whoſe hopes from more renown and years might ſpring;
Not others durſt demand: *Laertes'* ſon
And *Telamonian Ajax* claim alone.
Royal *Atrides* prudently withdraws
From th' envy of the high-diſputed cauſe:
His ſentence to the rival chiefs denies,
And leaves the gen'ral hoſt to judge the prize.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XIII.

The ARGUMENT.

Ajax *and* Ulyſſes, *before the chiefs of the army, diſpute their pretenſions to the arms of* Achilles; *which being adjudg'd to* Ulyſſes, Ajax, *inrag'd, ſtabs himſelf; and his blood produces* Hyacinths. *A ſhort deſcription of the miſeries of* Troy, *when taken;* Polyxena *is ſacrificed to* Achilles's *Ghoſt;* Hecuba *laments her murther'd family, and herſelf made a ſlave. She revenges on* Polymneſtor *his treachery in killing her ſon* Polydorus: *and is turn'd into a bitch.* Aurora *mourns for the death of her ſon* Memnon, *from whoſe funeral pile ariſe certain birds call'd* Memnonides, *which fighting kill'd*

kill'd each other. Æneas's *departure from* Troy *with his father* Anchiſes, *and their reception at* Delos *with* Anius; *who relates the transformation of his daughters into doves.* Æneas's *voyage further continued to* Italy; *a ſhort deſcription of* Scylla *and* Charybdis. *The loves of* Polyphemus *and* Acis *to* Galatea; *the* Cyclop *overwhelms* Acis *with a mountain, who is afterwards turn'd into a river of his own name.* Glaucus *falls in love with* Scylla, *and relates to her his metamorphoſis; ſhe repulſing him, he betakes himſelf to the palace of* Circe.

THE princes ſat, the chiefs of ev'ry band;
Around in rings the liſt'ning ſouldiers ſtand:
When the ſtern maſter of the ſev'n-fold ſhield
Aroſe, conſpicuous in the crouded field:
Inrag'd, with gloomy eye-balls ſcowling o'er
The ſtranded veſſels, and *Sigæan* ſhore,
O *Jove!* cry'd he, and there his arms he ſpread,
Before the fleet muſt we our title plead?
And am I rivall'd by *Ulyſſes'* claim,
Who ſcrupled not to run from *Hector's* flame:
That I ſuſtain'd, its headſtrong courſe did ſtem,
And from its rage the blazing fleet redeem.
So much 'tis ſafer at the council-board
To play the ſophiſter, than wield the ſword.
But I in language am as much unskill'd,
As he is in the buſineſs of the field;
And he in artful phraſe excels as far,
As I in combats, and the active war.
Nor need I, *Greeks*, diſplay the pageant ſcene
Of acts, of which you've all ſpectators been.

His

His let *Ulyſſes* boaſt, in private done,
Without one witneſs, but the conſcious moon.
Great is the prize diſputed, I confeſs;
But he that rivals *Ajax*, makes it leſs.
Small were my pride ſhould I the prize obtain,
Tho' great, whatever he but hop'd to gain;
And he in this is honour'd, who can boaſt
He ſtrove with me, when he the palm has loſt!
But were my brav'ry queſtion'd, yet my blood,
And high deſcent, ſhould make my title good.
My ſire was *Telamon*, whoſe arms employ'd,
With *Hercules*, theſe conquer'd tow'rs deſtroy'd:
And who in *Argo*, with the flow'r of *Greece*,
For *Colchos* ſail'd to fetch the golden fleece.
My ſire his birth to *Æacus* did owe,
The judge of mortals in the realms below:
In realms where guilty *Siſyphus* is known,
And ſwears beneath the ſtill deſcending ſtone!
That *Æacus* the king of Gods above
Begot: ſo *Ajax* is the third from *Jove*.
Nor let this pedigree aſſiſt my claim,
If great *Achilles* join'd not in the ſame:
I was his brother, and as ſuch demand
A brother's arms, to grace this kindred hand.
Why ſhould this heir to *Siſyphus*'s ſhame
And blood, in theſts and fraud ſo much the ſame,
On great *Achilles*' line ingraft a foreign name?
Was it that I unſummon'd came, nor ſtay'd
Ignobly, to the war to be betray'd;
Therefore am I deny'd theſe arms? and he,
Who laſt came in, ſhall be preferr'd to me?
Who, to decline the war, did madneſs feign;
'Till *Palamedes*, with a ſubtler brain,

Tho'

Tho' fatal to himſelf, the cheat explor'd;
And to the battle dragg'd the coward lord?
Let him, who ſhunn'd all arms, a hero's bear;
And ſhew the merit of his backward fear:
Whilſt I'm diſhonour'd, barr'd a kinſman's right,
Becauſe I firſt ſucceeded to the fight.
Would heav'n his madneſs had but real been,
Or he 'till now permitted ſo to feign;
That this curs'd counſellor of crimes had ne'er
Been made a partner in this ſocial war!
Then had our ſhame been ſpar'd; nor *Pæan*'s ſon
On deſart rocks of *Lemnos*' iſle been thrown.
Where, as 'tis ſaid, with never-ending groans,
His fate he to the woods and winds bemoans,
And wiſhes *Ithacus* may feel the woe
He merits; which, ye righteous Gods, beſtow!
There he, a brother of the war, and ſworn
With us, againſt that *Troy*, his arms to turn:
Of *Hercules*'s fated hafts poſſeſs'd,
At once with famine, and with wounds is preſs'd:
And for his food thoſe arrows muſt employ,
Doom'd to contribute to the fall of *Troy*.
Yet, wretched as he is, he ſtill ſurvives;
And, ſafe from *Ithacus*'s treach'ry, lives.
Poor *Palamede*, wou'd too have wiſh'd to be
Left in ſome deſart iſle, ſecure from thee.
If live he could not in the lonely clime;
He had not dy'd for an imputed crime.
But *Ithacus*, to dire revenge inclin'd,
Bore his convicted malice in his mind;
Charg'd him with treaſons, plots againſt the ſtate,
And forg'd deſigns, the coinage of his hate!
Then ſhew'd the golden bribe, his charge to aid,
Which he before into the tent convey'd.

Thus

Thus of our heroes he the hoſt depriv'd,
By exile counſell'd, or by death contriv'd.
Theſe are *Ulyſſes'* conqueſts, this his fame,
And formidable only to his ſhame!
Yet did he in the force of words exceed
Good *Neſtor*, he would all his rhetorick need,
His fears to varniſh, and wipe off the ſtain
Of *Neſtor* left defenceleſs on the plain:
Old, and retreating on a wounded ſteed,
He begg'd *Ulyſſes'* ſuccour in his need.
But in his hop'd aſſiſtance was betray'd;
Ulyſſes' friendſhip durſt not give him aid.
But left the ſenior to ſuperior foes,
And that I forge not this, *Tydides* knows;
Who vainly call'd his trembling friend to fight,
And would have ſham'd him from his coward flight.
The Gods with righteous eyes view mortals deeds;
Who would not late aſſiſt, aſſiſtance needs;
And who forſook, himſelf forſaken ſaw:
His own example had preſcrib'd the law.
He cry'd for ſuccour in the ill-fought field;
I found him trembling, pale, about to yield
His life in fear; and interpos'd my ſhield,
Beſtrid him as he lay: redeem'd his life,
(My leaſt of praiſe!) and ſav'd him in the ſtrife.
If *Ithacus* will ſtill contend, again
Let him return to that diſaſtrous plain:
Recal the foe, his wounds, and wonted fear;
Behind my target skulk, and plead his title there.
Reſcu'd, this man, late ſo diſtreſs'd in fight,
That with his wounds he could not ſtand upright,
Now labour'd not with one, which could retard his flight.
Hector then came, and brought the Gods along;
Swift terror ſeiz'd the valiant, and the ſtrong:

Where-

Where-e'er he ruſh'd, all like *Ulyſſes* fled;
His ſword procur'd ſuch univerſal dread.
Him, fluſh'd with conqueſt, with a pond'rous ſtone
I fell'd to earth: him I ſuſtain'd alone;
When to our hoſt he his bold challenge made;
And that to me the lot might fall, you pray'd.
Nor were your pray'rs unheard: on me it fell:
Muſt I the iſſue of that combat tell?
Unvanquiſh'd I return'd. With aiding *Jove*,
With fire, and ſword, the *Trojans* on us drove:
Our ſhips invaded: Where was then this friend,
Renown'd to talk, what ſuccour did he lend?
By me alone their hoſtile force was born,
Your thouſand ſhips preſerv'd; the hopes of your return!
For ſuch a fleet redeem'd theſe arms beſtow;
If you this truth will from my mouth allow,
Your grant will more their worth, than mine, declare;
And on each ſide we ſhall the glory ſhare.
Theſe arms want *Ajax* more their worth to grace,
Than *Ajax* them, to crown his well-known praiſe.
Let *Ithacus* compare his *Rheſus* ſlain,
Dolon ſurpriz'd, and weak *Helenus* ta'ne;
The ſto'n *Palladium*; nothing done by day;
And his no worth, take *Diomede* away.
If to ſuch mean deſerts theſe arms accrue,
Divide them; to *Tydides* moſt is due.
Why asks he theſe, who ſtill unarmed goes,
Still skulks, and ſteals upon th' unguarded foes?
This radiant cask, that gleams with burniſh'd gold,
Will his deceit, and lurking ſteps unfold.
Nor can his head *Achilles'* helmet bear;
Or brandiſh with that feeble arm his ſpear.
His ſhield, whoſe orb the figur'd world adorns,
A coward arm, inur'd to thieving, ſcorns:

Why,

Why, forward fool, doſt thou perſiſt to claim
What, gain'd, will aid thy ruine, not thy fame?
Should erring *Greece* on thee the prize beſtow,
Thou might'ſt invite, but ne'er deter the foe.
Beſides, thy chiefeſt excellence, thy flight
Will be retarded by th' unwieldy weight.
Add that, ſo rarely practis'd to the field,
Thine yet is new and an undamag'd ſhield.
Mine batter'd, torn, and hack'd by many a ſword,
Demands a ſucceſſor to guard its lord.
But what are words to vindicate our right?
Pronounce our certain merit in the fight.
Theſe arms amidſt th' embattled *Trojans* throw;
And let him wear, who wins them from the foe.
Here *Ajax* ends; a murmur of applauſe
Crowns his laſt words; the croud approve his cauſe:
'Till the *Laertian* hero, from his ſeat,
Roſe with ſlow grace, and venerably great:
Fix'd on the earth a-while his eyes appear'd,
Which now he to th' expecting princes rear'd:
Prepar'd attention with each artful look;
And won 'em with his carriage e're he ſpoke;
At length with ſober grace he loos'd his tongue,
And eloquence on ev'ry accent hung.
Grecians, if heav'n with yours had heard my pray'r,
Theſe arms had needed now no doubtful heir:
Still had *Achilles* theſe his arms poſſeſs'd,
And ſtill had we been with *Achilles* bleſs'd?
But ſince ſtern fate, and the ſevere decree
Of heav'n, at once averſe to you and me,
This mighty bleſſing to our vows denies;
(And here he ſeems to weep, and wipes his eyes)
Who great *Achilles* with more right ſucceeds,
Than him, to whom you owe *Achilles'* deeds?

Nor let it aid him, that he ſeems to be,
And is that ſtupid thing; nor injure me,
That I ſome uſeful ſenſe have ſtill enjoy'd,
Which has been in the common cauſe employ'd:
Or now at leaſt that in my own defence
I uſe, ſuch as it is, my eloquence;
The talents heav'n beſtows, and juſt renown,
The purchaſe of deſert, let none diſown.
A long deſcent, and boaſted anceſtors,
And acts not done by us, I count not ours.
Yet in that, *Ajax* vaunts himſelf to be
Great grandchild unto *Jove*; nor leſs are we;
Ally'd like him, and in the ſame degree.
My ſire *Laertes* from *Arceſius* roſe,
His greater birth, to *Jove*, *Arceſius* owes:
No man condemn'd, or baniſh'd, does diſgrace,
Or ſtain the honours of our noble race.
To *Hermes* by my mother too ally'd,
I boaſt a kindred God on either ſide.
Not that I make my mother's birth a plea;
Or, that my ſire from brother's blood was free,
Count I deſert, or ſtrive to puſh my claim;
Weigh both our worths: let worth our rights proclaim:
So it in *Ajax* no deſert appear,
That *Telamon* and *Peleus* brothers were.
Our rank in birth and blood be laid aſide,
And by our glory let our right be try'd;
Or if proximity in blood have place,
And you will ſcan the honours of our race:
His ſire was *Peleus*, *Pyrrhus* is his ſon:
What right remains for th' heir of *Telamon*?
Theſe arms to *Phthia* then, or *Scyros* bear,
And let 'em grace the warrior's legal heir.

Teucer with thee might his demand defend:
But does he hope this prize, or ev'n contend?
Since then our merit in our actions lies,
Tho' mine are more than I can well comprize;
And tho' on ev'ry act I cannot dwell,
Some I'll recount in order as they fell.
Thetis, to whom *Achilles'* fate was known,
In female garb conceal'd her youthful ſon.
The latent heroe like a virgin dreſt.
Deceiv'd each eye, and *Ajax* with the reſt.
When, mix'd with female toys, my art to blind,
Bright arms I brought to tempt a manly mind;
When yet the chief was virgin-like array'd,
Gaz'd on the ſhield, and the long jav'lin weigh'd;
I, by his choice, the heroe's ſex betray'd.
O Goddeſs-born! ſaid I, 'Tis fate's decree
That *Ilium*'s fall ſhould be reſerv'd for thee.
Why do'ſt thou ceaſe the deſtin'd walls to raze?
I ſeiz'd, and ſent him forth to works of praiſe.
The mighty youth to acts of might ſucceeds;
Owing to me, mine then are all his deeds.
Bold *Telephus*, upon the *Phrygian* plain,
By me was wounded, and was cur'd again.
That *Thebes*'s tow'rs were raz'd, is my renown:
My pow'rful arms reduc'd the *Lesbian* town.
Chryſe, and *Tenedos*, and *Cylla* owe,
And *Syros'* iſle, to me their overthrow.
And, not on meaner acts of fame do dwell.
By this right hand the ſtrong *Lyrneſſus* fell.
I gave the man who *Hector* could ſubdue;
That *Hector* then was ſlain, to me is due.
For th' arms which found *Achilles*, theſe I crave;
He dead, I ask but what, alive, I gave.

When *Sparta*'s prince was wrong'd, united *Greece*
Combin'd the private inj'ry to redreſs:
A thouſand ſhips at *Aulis* lay, confin'd
To the calm ſeas, and waited for a wind;
No wind, tho' long expected, rocks the main;
Or adverſe blaſts our purpos'd courſe reſtrain.
When fate commands our monarch to aſſwage,
With *Iphigenia*'s death, *Diana*'s rage:
But he, refuſing, of the Gods complains;
And in the monarch all the father reigns.
I to the publick welfare mov'd his ſoul,
And did the parent in his breaſt controul.
Yet I muſt own, (but with *Atrides*' leave
And ſure *Atrides* will the truth forgive:)
The common cauſe mov'd me to proſecute,
Before a partial judge, a hateful ſuit;
Yet him his brother's wrong, his people's good,
The ſcepter by the gen'ral voice beſtow'd,
O'erſway'd to purchaſe fame tho' with a daughter's blood.
Next 'twas my task the mother's mind t' aſſail;
With her not words, but wiles were to prevail.
Thither had *Ajax* gone, the courted gales
Had ſtill been wanting to our unſwoln ſails.
That toil o'ercome, to *Troy's* proud court I went;
On your demands, a fearleſs envoy, ſent;
The hoſtile tow'rs I view'd, and paſs'd; tho' then
The haughty town was full of warlike men.
Undaunted I went on, and urg'd at large
The common cauſe committed to my charge.
Falſe *Paris* I accuſe, and re-demand
Helen, and all the ſpoils of *Sparta*'s land:
Old *Priam*, and the wiſe *Antenor* heard
My well-urg'd charge, and hearing it rever'd:

But *Paris*, and his brothers, and his train
Of lawleſs rioters, could ſcarce reſtrain
Their impious hands from ſacrilegious blows;
Such was their rage: this *Menelaus* knows;
Who was that day expos'd with me to ſhare
The earlieſt dangers of the op'ning war.
But how, by ſword or skill, I ſerv'd the ſtate
In that long war were tedious to relate.
The firſt great battle fought, our wary foes
Skulk'd in their town, nor durſt their pow'rs expoſe.
Nine years expir'd, war did again affright
The plains; 'till when, what deeds perform'd your (might,
But barely uſeful in the hours of fight?
What then avail'd thy proweſs? Would'ſt thou know
Wherein I ſerv'd our hoſt, or hurt the foe?
I fortify'd our lines, in ambuſh laid,
And to deſtruction *Phrygia*'s troops betray'd;
With fair expectance did the ſoldier chear,
To brook the long fatigue of ling'ring war.
Employ'd at ev'ry need, did I provide
Freſh forage, and our failing arms ſupply'd.
Our monarch, cheated in a dream by *Jove*,
Bids us the care of future war remove:
The God s commands excuſe the guiltleſs king,
And warrant what did from that viſion ſpring;
But *Ajax* ſhould tame thoughts have diſavow'd,
Have urg'd the ſiege of *Troy*, and fight withſtood:
He ſhould have put the heroe forth, and fought:
Why was the nobler ſiege by him unſought?
Why arm'd he not? Why no oration made,
Which might the wav'ring populace have ſtay'd?
Could this to him a task of hardſhip be,
Whoſe ſpeeches all are boaſts, and pageantry?

But what if this great man, who looks ſo high,
And ſpeaks ſo big, himſelf did foremoſt fly?
I ſaw, and bluſh'd to ſee, this valiant lord
Hoiſt all his ſails, and haſte to go aboard:
When, inſtant, I the flying band reclaim,
What mean you, friends, why ruin you your fame?
What madneſs urges you to leave the town,
Which, vanquiſh'd, does your proſp'rous valour own?
Will you, at length, your ten years toil defame,
And bear back nought but infamy and ſhame?
With words like theſe the ſhrinking hoſt I fir'd,
For grief with eloquence my tongue inſpir'd,
Their wav'ring ſouls turn'd from intended flight,
And brought 'em to ſupport the future fight.
The king a council call'd; the doubting board
Had fears; nor durſt this *Telamonian* lord
Breathe in that needful hour, one aiding word.
When baſe *Therſites* there preſum'd aloud
To tax the royal conduct to the croud;
Enrag'd to hear him uſe our ruler wrong,
I check'd his babbling inſolence of tongue.
And then our ſoldiers urg'd to war and fame,
And did with rage renew'd their gen'rous ſouls inflame.
Since when, what he hath nobly done in fight
Is my juſt praiſe, who thus reſtrain'd his flight.
Now tell me, which of all the wiſer *Greeks*
Applauds thy ſervice, or thy friendſhip ſeeks?
Me *Diomede* approves, and deigns to ſhare
With me the glorious hazards of the war.
Nor trivial is the grace, for me to boaſt
Myſelf by him pick'd out from ſuch an hoſt.
With him I freely trod, without affright,
And dar'd the danger of the foe and night.

Dolon

Dolon ſurpriz'd, and ſlew; the man whom *Troy*,
As *Greece* had us, did for a ſpy employ;
Nor, 'till I had explor'd his boſom, ſlew;
And learn'd whate'er the treach'rous town would do,
All known, and nothing left to be enquir'd,
I, with that praiſe content, might have retir'd:
But, eager of renown, I forward went:
Surpriz'd the *Thracian* monarch in his tent,
And, down to *Pluto*'s realm, him and his warriors ſent.
Then, on his car, triumphant back I rode;
Crown'd with ſucceſs, and glorious as a God,
Refuſe me now the heroe's arms, whoſe ſteeds
Were promis'd *Dolon* for leſs vent'rous deeds:
Refuſe them now, and *Ajax*' ſelf, more kind,
Will own they ought to be to me aſſign'd.
Why ſhould I of ſtill larger glory boaſt
Gain'd o'er *Sarpedon*, and his ſlaughter'd hoſt?
Why of ſtrong *Caranus*, or *Cromius* tell,
Or how *Alcander*, and *Alaſtor* fell?
Why talk of *Halius*, and *Noemon* ſlain?
Or *Charopes* left breathleſs on the plain?
Coerſidamas, in vain, my arm withſtood;
To me his death illuſtrious *Choon* ow'd.
With *Ennomus*'s gore the ground I dy'd,
And *Prytanis* o'erthrew, with five beſide,
Warriors of meaner rank, but all of courage try'd.
Nor have I wanted wounds obtain'd in fight,
In bold exchange receiv'd, and fair to ſight:
Nor credit empty words, but honeſt ſcars;
Behold! (ſays he, and here his boſom bares;)
This breaſt, ſtill exercis'd in your affairs.
No blood in all this ſpace has *Ajax* loſt,
Or of a ſingle wound for *Greece* can boaſt.

But this is nought, if his vain-glory prove,
That for our fleet he fought with *Troy* and *Jove*?
I grant, he did; nor will I e'er detract,
Meanly thro' envy, from a noble act:
So he ingroſs not to himſelf alone
A common praiſe, but render us our own.
Patroclus, in *Achilles'* armour dreſs'd,
And for the hero, which he ſeem'd, confeſs'd,
Troy's flames from our invaded ſhips repell'd,
And drove their boaſted champion from the field.
But *Ajax* boaſts, that he alone in fight
Durſt cope with *Hector*, and oppoſe his might;
Forgetful of the king, theſe chiefs, and me;
Who wiſh'd the combat ours as much as he.
By no election he the preference got,
The ninth in choice, and but preferr'd by lot.
But what ſucceſs, O mighty hero, crown'd
This fight, for *Hector* then receiv'd no wound
O, with what grief I call to mind that day,
Which ſnatch'd the pride, and ſtrength of *Greece* away!
I ſaw *Pelides* fall; and undiſmay'd
By thought of danger, or by ſorrow ſtay'd,
Ran in, his coarſe redeem'd, and on theſe ſhoulders lay'd.
Theſe, ev'n theſe ſhoulders the dead chief did bear,
Cas'd in thoſe arms; which I contend to wear.
From proof, my nerves can ſuch a weight ſuſtain;
And I've a ſoul, where grateful notions reign,
To weigh your honour'd gift, and prize the noble gain.
Did *Thetis* then, with ſuch ambitious care
Theſe arms ſo labour'd for her ſon prepare,
That, after Him, this ſtupid *thing* ſhould claim
The work divine which would his ign'rance ſhame?
Knows he thoſe various ſculptures of the ſhield,
Thoſe burning planets, and that wat'ry field,

The

The *Pleiads*, *Hyads*, and the northern *Bear*,
That ne'er in ocean dips his frozen ſtar;
Thoſe cities grav'd, and fierce *Orion*'s ſword,
Or half the wonders its broad skirts afford?
Yet proudly, as his right, does he demand,
To wear that ſhield he cannot underſtand.
Upbraids he me, that I this war did ſhun,
And came not in, 'till others had begun?
Perceives he not, in this his argument
Is moſt againſt the great *Achilles*' bent?
If to diſſemble muſt a crime be thought,
We both diſſembled; then the ſame's our fault:
If late acceſſion to the field you blame,
Yet ſtill I earlier than *Achilles* came;
Me a fond wife, a mother him withdrew,
But our life's bloom has been reſerv'd for you.
Nor need I dread, ſhould I but ill defend
This crime, to ſhare the guilt with ſuch a friend.
My wit the hero from diſguiſe did free;
I caught *Achilles*, but not *Ajax* me.
Nor need I wonder, ſince he taxes you,
That he at me ſuch foul aſperſions threw.
If *Palamede* accus'd muſt brand my name;
Muſt you, that ſentenc'd him, be free from blame?
Nor could the youth, with artifice of tongue,
Evade a crime ſo evident, and ſtrong;
No dubious charge his treaſon did maintain;
The hire diſcover'd made the treach'ry plain.
Nor ought it be a blur on my renown,
That *Philoctetes* was on *Lemnos* thrown;
You, that agreed, defend a fact which was your own.
Not but I counſell'd him, indeed, to ſpare
Himſelf the labour of the diſtant war:

Decline the voyage, and to eaſe give way,
Which might the poiſon of his wound allay.
He took th' advice, and lives; and muſt confeſs
It was not only good, but found ſucceſs;
Tho' faith is all we can in counſels give;
In fate is all the merit when they thrive.
Now ſince he's deſtin'd for the fall of *Troy*,
Spare me, and *Ajax*'s addreſs employ;
Let him be ſent to ſoothe in artful ſtrains,
One ſtung with anger, and ſubdu'd by pains.
Better will *Ajax* with perſuaſive ſenſe
Or wiles allure the man, and draw him thence.
But firſt ſhall *Simois*' waters backward flow,
And not a leaf be ſeen on *Ida*'s brow,
Firſt ſhall *Achaia* th' *Ilian* tow'rs befriend,
Prevent her fate, and promis'd ſuccours lend;
E're, when my counſels in your ſervice fail,
The wit of ſtupid *Ajax* ſhall prevail.
Tho' ſtern and ſavage *Philoctetes* be,
And rave againſt the kin, theſe lords, and me;
Tho' he inceſſantly devote my head;
Thirſt for my blood, and wiſh to hear me dead;
Yet I the dang'rous task will undertake,
Strive to appeaſe, and with me bring him back.
His ſhafts I will poſſeſs, (ſo fate but ſmile!)
Sure as the *Phrygian* ſeer I did beguile:
Made him the dark decrees of heav'n declare,
The doom of *Ilium*, and th' events of war:
Ev'n as the image of the blue-ey'd maid
I, from amidſt the hoſtile guard, convey'd:
Vies *Ajax* then with me, when, that unta'en,
His proweſs, and our ſiege had both been vain.
Where then was *Ajax?* where the glorious boaſt
Of this great ſoldier, why in terror loſt?

And

And durſt *Ulyſſes* truſt himſelf to night,
Paſs thro' the watch, and their drawn weapons ſlight?
Nor ſcale their walls alone, but inmoſt tow'r;
And from her ſhrine bear off the virgin-pow'r?
Then tempt my fate again, and with that prey
Repaſs the dangers of the horrid way?
Which had I not atchiev'd, in vain the field
Had gliſten'd with this champion's ſev'nfold ſhield.
That glorious night, by me was *Troy* o'erthrown;
Then when I made it that it might be won.
Why do'ſt thou thus on my *Tydides* glare,
Why nod? he does with me thoſe praiſes ſhare.
Nor did'ſt thou for the navy fight alone:
Thou by an hoſt aſſiſted, I by one!
And he, but that he knows the fighting part
Should yield to conduct, and give way to art,
Had join'd in this debate; thoſe trophies ſought;
And urg'd as good a right as thou haſt brought.
So might the brave *Euripylus* have done,
Thy modeſt brother, or *Andremon*'s ſon;
Nor had *Idomeneus* a weaker claim,
Or *Meriones*, another *Cretan* name;
Or the king's brother, high, as thou can'ſt boaſt in fame.
Yet theſe, who all of worth and valiant are,
Nor ſecond any ways to thee in war.
Theſe did to me their rival claims reſign,
Wav'd their pretenſions, and gave way to mine.
Thy nerves and hand are uſeful in the fight,
But need my conduct to direct thy might:
All bulk and brawn a brainleſs head you bear,
Th' events of future actions are thy care:
True, thou can'ſt fight; but then the king with me
Conſults in what fit hour the fight ſhall be.

No conduct with thy ſtupid ſtrength is join'd;
Thou ſerv'ſt but with the body, I the mind.
Far as the pilot holds his rank before
The drudging ſlave, who tugs the labour'd oar;
Far as the chief does larger praiſe demand
Than the mean ſoldier's executing hand;
So much my merit greater is than thine:
Who only can'ſt perform, when I deſign.
Above the ſtrength of hand, I boaſt a brain,
And vig'rous mind: there all the man does reign.
But you, my lords, and partners in the war,
Reward my ſervices, and watchful care:
For all theſe years in anxious labours ſpent,
Let this one *Præmium* meet your free aſſent.
Fate yields, our toils are o'er, and *Troy* o'erthrown,
I made it practicable, it's our own.
By our joint hopes then, and her tott'ring tow'rs,
And by thoſe raviſh'd Gods which now are ours;
By all my future ſervices may gain,
(If any task of honour yet remain;
Or ought be wanting to the *Trojan* doom;
Which courage, or which counſel may o'ercome;)
Eſteem my future merits by my paſt,
And let theſe arms to that account be plac'd.
To me deny'd, to this be they allow'd:
And then the ſtatue of the Goddeſs ſhow'd.

The chiefs were mov'd; here words approv'd their charms.
And eloquence from valour gain'd the arms.
He who ſo oft and ſingle did approve
Himſelf a match for *Hector*, and for *Jove*;
Who could the rage of ſword and fire ſuſtain,
Now ſtood not proof againſt his own diſdain.
Grief maſter'd him whom nought could elſe ſubdue;
Straight his keen ſword he from the ſcabbard drew;

And,

And, This good blade is ſurely mine, he cry'd;
Or ſeeks *Ulyſſes* this to grace his ſide?
Againſt my ſelf this ſteel I muſt employ,
So often purpl'd with the blood of *Troy*;
In thy lord's gore I will thy point imbrue;
That *Ajax* only *Ajax* may ſubdue.
He ſaid; and gave that breaſt a mortal wound,
To which, 'till then, no ſword had entrance found.
To force it thence by ſtrength he ſtrove in vain:
But the blood guſhing drove it out again.
A purple flow'r roſe on the blood-ſtain'd ground,
Such as firſt ſprang from *Hyacinthus'* wound.
Inſcrib'd on both, the letters are the ſame:
Thoſe mark'd the Godhead's groans, but theſe the hero's name.
Crown'd in his hopes, *Ulyſſes* now doth ſtand
With ſwelling ſails full for the *Lemnian* land,
(The land which female rage did once prophane:)
With purpoſe the *Herculean* ſhafts to gain.
The tedious war was ended, when their lord
With them was to the *Grecian* hoſt reſtor'd.
Troy and her king in common ruins lie;
His queen, unhappy that ſhe muſt not dye.
Robb'd of all elſe, her human form ſhe loſt;
And with ſtrange barkings vex'd a foreign coaſt.
The flames of *Ilium* ſtretch their hungry fire
To narrow *Helleſpont*; nor there expire.
The little blood which flow'd from *Priam's* veins,
The purple foot of *Jove's* bleſs'd altar ſtains.
They drag *Caſſandra* by the ſacred hairs,
Vain are her lifted hands, and vain her pray'rs.
Clinging to ſhrines now ſinking down in flames,
Claſping their country's Gods, the *Trojan* dames

Th'

Th' unſparing victor-party force away,
Reſolv'd to bear to *Greece* th' invidious prey.
From that ſame tow'r *Aſtyanax* is thrown,
Whence oft he'd ſeen his ſire, by's mother ſhown,
Fight for his country's ſafety, and his own.
The winds invite to ſea; the proſp'rous gales
Sing in the ſhrowds, and court the looſen'd ſails.
Farewel, dear ſoil! the *Trojan* matrons cry,
We're hurry'd hence to loath'd captivity:
Proſtrate they fall, and kiſs the darling ground;
Then leave the domes, which ſmoke, and whirling flames
ſurround.
The laſt aboard, the hapleſs mourning queen
Amidſt her ſlaughter'd childrens graves is ſeen;
Graſping the tombs and kiſſing their remains,
Ulyſſes her departure thence conſtrains.
A handful, ſnatch'd in haſte, of *Hector*'s duſt,
With her ſhe bore, and in her boſom thruſt;
And on his tomb ſhe left her hoary hairs,
(A poor oblation!) mingled with her tears.
Oppos'd to *Ilium*'s ruines lies a land,
Subject to *Thracian* culture and command,
There *Polymneſtor* rul'd: and *Priam* there
Has lodg'd his *Polydore* with pious care,
Hoping his royal aid would ſave the boy,
And rear him to ſurvive the ſinking *Troy*.
Wiſe caution! had he not withal conſign'd
Gold to betray the monarch's greedy mind.
But ſoon his charge, when lingring *Ilium* drew
To her laſt date, the *Thracian* monarch ſlew.
Whoſe coarſe, as if his guilt he with the ſlain
Could caſt away, he caſts into the main.
Now rode *Atrides* by the *Thracian* ſhore,
Till winds forbore to ſtorm, and ſeas to roar.

When

When from the yawning earth *Achilles* roſe;
A gloomy diſcontent his eyes diſcloſe:
Th' indignant ſhadow, mighty as the life,
And ſtern as then, when in a lawleſs ſtrife,
Th' impatient hero his broad ſabre drew;
And did the royal brother's blood purſue.
Ungrateful *Greeks*, ſays he, and can you thus
Depart? and are our deeds inurn'd with us?
For ſhame, *Achaians*, let it not be ſaid;
That you diſhonour'd your *Achilles* dead.
But that ſome rites at leaſt my tomb may gain,
To charm my ghoſt *Polyxena* be ſlain.
He ſaid; when they th' ungentle ghoſt obey'd,
And from her mother forc'd th' imperial maid:
The laſt ſurviving comfort of her grief,
Her age's darling, and her ſoul's relief.
High-ſoul'd, and brave above her ſex, they lead
The virgin-victim o'er his tomb to bleed.
When at the ſcene of death, ſhe look'd around,
And ſaw the knives, and bloody altar crown'd;
Saw the fierce *Pyrrhus* with reſentment ſwell,
Indignant glare, and graſp the murth'ring ſteel,
Mindful of what ſhe was, untouch'd with dread,
My gen'rous blood, ſaid ſhe, this inſtant ſhed.
Behold, in throat, or breaſt (I am prepar'd;)
Your weapon ſheathe; (with that her boſom bar'd.
Polyxena doth ſervitude deſpiſe;
And yet no God affects ſuch ſacrifice.
But that my death may reſt a woe unknown
To my ſad mother, this I wiſh alone.
That thought allays the pleaſure of my death:
And with reluctance I reſign my breath;
Tho' *Priam*'s widow, wretched queen! ſhould more.
Her own ſad ſlav'ry than my death deplore.

But let no touch of man pollute a maid;
I'll go untainted to the *Stygian* ſhade:
If that the grace I aſk be juſt, remove
Your hands, the victim will more grateful prove
Or to the God or ghoſt, whate'er he be,
To whom I'm offer'd, if my blood be free.
And if my dying accents you will hear;
If hearing grant this laſt, this little pray'r.
No ſlave, but *Priam*'s daughter, I implore
You to my mother my dead coarſe reſtore.
Freely reſtore, and let me not be ſold,
Or rites of burial be exchang'd for gold.
Gold ſhe had once; but ſunk in ſtate, as years,
Now poor, accept my ranſom in her tears.
Here ceas'd the maid; nor could th' attending train
Thoſe tears, which ſhe diſdain'd to ſhed, reſtrain.
Th' unwilling prieſt himſelf, with weeping eyes,
And pitying, ſtrikes the mournful ſacrifice.
Bent on her falt'ring knees, ſhe yields her breath;
Calm, and intrepid in the pangs of death.
Ev'n when ſhe fell, ſhe had a care to hide
What ſhould be hid; and chaſtely decent dy'd.
Her lifeleſs coarſe the *Trojan* dames embrace,
And count the ſorrows of old *Priam*'s race;
His houſe's ruins, and its ſtreaming gore,
And thee, O maid, in ſolemn dirge deplore:
And thee, O royal wife, intitled late
The mother-queen, and glory of the ſtate.
A captive now, and on *Ulyſſes* thrown!
Refus'd ev'n there, but for thy gallant ſon:
So ſcorn'd thy age, that *Hector*, ſo renown'd,
A maſter hardly for his mother found!
In her old arms her lifeleſs child ſhe ſtrain'd,
And claſp'd, what only now a coarſe remain'd;

Then

Then ſhed thoſe tears ſhe did ſo oft afford
Her country, children, and her murther'd lord.
O'er her pale lips ſhe hung, and hanging preſt;
Then bathes her wounds with tears, and bruis'd her breaſt:
Beſmears her hoary head with clotted gore,
And mourning, vented theſe complaints and more.
O child! thy mother's utmoſt cauſe of woe!
(What more remains for fortune's ſpite to do?)
Lifeleſs thou lieſt; and in thy wounds I ſee,
All plagues that have inflicted wounds on me.
That none of all my race in peace might dye,
Yon to the fated ſword a victim lye.
Thee in thy ſex ſecure I hop'd, in vain;
For thou, a woman, by the ſword art ſlain.
The curs'd *Pelides*, who did late deſtroy
Thy princely brothers, and yon blazing *Troy*,
Has ſlain thee too. When *Paris* ſent the dart,
And *Phœbus* drove it to his murth'ring heart.
I ſaid, we will *Achilles* fear no more;
Yet dead, he's now as dreadful as before:
Againſt my race his aſhes riſe; his tomb
Preſents a foe, and urges on our doom.
Did I ſo oft endure a mother's throws,
To glut *Pelides'* rage, and ſerve our foes;
Their ſpires to earth the tow'rs of *Ilium* bend;
And in deep woe the publick ruines end.
If yet they're ended: for to me alone
Troy ſtill ſurvives, nor are my ſorrows done.'
I, who but now a life ſo glorious led,
Bleſs'd in my race, and partner of my bed,
Now ſcorn'd, inſulted, am to exile born;
And from my childrens tombs by vi'lence torn.
Condemn'd *Penelope*'s commands to know;
Who, whilſt ſhe ſhall my daily task beſtow,

Will

Will ſhew me to her train, and boaſting ſay,
Lo! *Hector*'s mother, *Priam*'s *Hecuba*!
My ſorrow's ſole relief, ſo many loſt,
Is offer'd to appeaſe an hoſtile ghoſt.
Hard heart, why break'ſt thou not? This womb hath bred
Deaths for thy foes, and victims for them dead.
What views of hope to longer life engage?
To what am I reſerv'd, too cruel age!
New fun'rals to behold, ye rigid pow'rs,
Why lengthen you a poor old woman's hours?
O *Priam*! thee I may moſt happy call,
For not ſurviving of thy *Ilium*'s fall.
Happy in death, thou ſaw'ſt not this ſad fate,
But loſt thy life together with thy ſtate.
In pomp ſhalt thou be bury'd, royal maid!
And with thy noble anceſtors be laid!
O, no! thy mother's tears, and ſprinkled ſand
Muſt now content thee in a foreign land.
All now is loſt; yet lives there ſtill a boy
Of *Priam*'s race, my laſt and youngeſt joy;
My *Polydore*, to *Thrace* for ſafety ſent:
For him I'll bear with life and diſcontent.
But why delay we, in the cleanſing flood,
To waſh her wounds, and cheeks beſmear'd with blood?
She ſaid; and pauſing rends her hoary hairs;
And to the ocean, in ſlow pace, repairs.
Juſt had ſhe ſaid, Ye *Trojan* matrons, give
An urn, which may this briny ſtream receive;
When ſhe beholds the coarſe of *Polydore*
All ſtuck with wounds, and floating to the ſhore.
The matrons ſhriek; ſhe dumb with ſorrow ſtood;
Grief ſtops at once her voice, her tears, her blood.
Now to the earth ſhe turns her gloomy eyes;
Their glaring balls now raiſes to the skies:

His

His viſage oft, and oft his wounds ſurveys;
But on his yawning wounds does chiefly gaze:
As ſtill ſhe were a queen, on vengeance bent,
She meditates the murth'rer's puniſhment.
Wild as a yelling lioneſs ſhe flies,
When her loſt whelp inflames the mother's cries.
Swift ſhoots the thief unſeen, ſhe marks the trace,
And by the footſteps ſhapes her anxious chace.
So *Hecuba*, when ſorrow with her rage
Had join'd its pow'rs, unmindful of her age,
Tho' not of her reſentments, hies with ſpeed
To the curs'd author of that bloody deed:
And, craving conference, the tyrant told
She would diſcloſe a maſs of hidden gold.
A future treaſure for that ſon deſign'd,
Who in the *Thracian* court did refuge find.
The greedy monarch held the fiction true;
And, eager for the prize, with her withdrew.
To ſooth her ſoul with artful phraſe begun,
And cry'd, Delay not, queen, to bleſs thy ſon.
By all the Gods, we juſtly will reſtore
What now thou giv'ſt, and what thou gav'ſt before.
With fierce, indignant aſpect ſhe beheld
Th'unrighteous prince, and with reſentment ſwell'd:
Calls forth her latent train, upon him flies,
And digs her fingers in his perjur'd eyes:
Tears out their bleeding orbs; whilſt ſenſe of wrong,
And thirſt of vengeance make her hands ſo ſtrong,
That ſhe not only robb'd him of the day,
But tore the very ſeats of ſight away:
The *Thracian* croud reſenting for their king,
Vollies of ſtones and weapons at her fling.
She with extended jaws, and alter'd tone,
Snarles, and purſues, and bites the weapons thrown:

No

No longer human, or in voice, or frame;
She barks, and does in all the dog proclaim.
Noted the place of this her change remains,
And from the miracle a name obtains:
She, mindful of her griefs, howls o'er the *Thracian* plains.
The relicks of loſt *Troy*, the *Greeks* her foes,
And all the Gods compaſſionate her woes;
Ev'n wrathful *Juno* did herſelf abate
Her ancient grudge; and own, in ſpight of hate,
That *Hecuba* deſerv'd a gentler fate.
No tears, for *Troy*'s proud tow'rs in ruins laid,
Or its poor queen, could bright *Aurora* ſhed;
Tho' ſtill the Goddeſs, thro' the war, was known
A fav'rer of the *Ilian* arms and throne.
Her eyes alone for *Memnon*'s death did flow;
A nearer ſorrow, and domeſtick woe!
The bluſhing mother had beheld him ſlain
By fierce *Pelides*, on the *Phrygian* plain.
This when ſhe ſaw, pale grew the roſie dye
Which deck'd the morn, and clouds involv'd the ſky.
Nor could her ſoul ſupport to view him dead,
Rais'd on the pile, and for the fun'ral ſpread:
Wild in attire, and with diſhevell'd hair,
The mourning mother does to *Jove* repair;
Kneels at his feet, and weeps, and thus unfolds her care.
To all the happy pow'rs inferior I
Who tread the golden pavement of the ſkie;
(For to my name few temples mortals rear;)
Yet ſtill the rank I of a Goddeſs bear:
But to your throne I come not to deſire
Shrines, feſtivals, or altars bright with fire:
Tho' ſhould you weigh what I, a woman, do;
Who night confine, and ſacred day renew;

I merit

I merit ſuch: but no regards of ſtate,
Or honours claim'd, now ſuit *Aurora*'s fate.
Robb'd of my *Memnon*, I a ſuppliant come,
Who fought in vain, to ſtay old *Priam*'s doom;
Who did by ſtern *Achilles*' jav'lin bleed,
In pride of youth: ſo fate, and you decreed!
On his dead coarſe ſome honours yet beſtow,
Great king of Gods, to calm a mother's woe:
And recompenſe at leaſt his loſs with fame.
Jove grants her ſuit: ſtraight roſe the fun'ral flame:
The greedy fires on *Memnon*'s body prey;
And curling ſmoke o'ercaſts the low'ring day.
As when thick vapours from the waters riſe,
And intercept the ſun, and cloud the skies:
Black ſparks fly up, and in one body roul,
And gather heat, and kindle to a ſoul.
Their lightneſs gives them wings; and firſt they ſhew,
Moſt like to birds, then real birds they grow.
Thouſands, and thouſands of the kind appear,
And flap their ſounding pinions in the air.
Three times their flight the fun'ral pile around
They take; and thrice they give a choral ſound.
In two battalions then divide their flight,
And like two potent nations fiercely fight:
Their oppoſites with beak and talons wound,
And ſtrike with wings each other to the ground.
Down fall they victims in the fun'ral flame,
Burnt by the kindred fires from which they came.
Mindful from whom they did their ſoul poſſeſs;
In death their mighty origin confeſs.
Theſe birds old time, to raiſe them high in fame,
Memnonides did from their author name.
Strange to relate! oft as the glorious ſun
His annual courſe did thro' the *Zodiack* run,

New

New honours they conferr'd on *Memnon* dead:
Ruſh'd to the war, and by each other bled.
Whilſt others then th' imperial dame deplore,
Who bark'd in woods, and rang'd the deſarts o'er;
Aurora, to a private grief reſign'd,
Still bore her gallant ſon's deceaſe in mind:
Conſtant in ſorrow ſhe her tears renews,
And rains o'er all the world her ſilent dews.
Yet fate permits not, with the walls of *Troy*,
That war ſhould all that nation's hopes deſtroy.
The good *Æneas*, with his houſhold Gods
And aged ſire, his pious ſhoulders loads.
Them, and *Aſcanius* to preſerve he choſe;
His other wealth reſign'd to *Grecian* foes.
Straight he embarks content with ſuch a prize,
Leaves *Ida*'s coaſt, and from *Antandros* flies:
Sailing he ſhuns the curs'd *Hæmonian* ſhore,
Stain'd with the blood of murther'd *Polydore*.
Aided by fav'ring winds, he lands his train
At *Delos'* iſle, where *Anius* then did reign.
Anius, who did the ſhrines of *Phœbus* tend,
The patron God, who did the iſle befriend.
The good old prieſt his landed gueſts receives,
And in his ample dome their welcome gives.
The town, the ſacred groves, the temples ſhews,
The trees, *Latona* graſp'd when in her throws.
The incenſe burnt, and victims rightly ſlain,
He to his palace leads the friendly train:
Sets 'em on thrones with coſtly carpets ſpread,
With gen'rous wines regal'd, with dainties fed.
When thus *Anchiſes* to his hoſt begun,
Thou choſen prieſt, and fav'rite of the ſun?
Am I deceiv'd, or did not then appear,
(When firſt we *Trojan* ſailors landed here;)

Four virgin daughters, and one darling boy
To bleſs thee with a happy parent's joy?
The rev'rend *Anius* ſhook his hoary head
With ſnowy fillets bound, and ſighing ſaid:
Thou'rt not deceiv'd, O moſt renown'd of men!
I was the ſire of five fair children then:
But (ſuch th' unconſtant ſtate of things below!
Thou ſee'ſt me robb'd of all, and childleſs now;
For, ah! what comfort can an abſent ſon beſtow?
In ſea-girt *Andros* he my viceroy reigns,
An iſland which from him its name retains.
Him *Delius* honour'd with prophetick skill;
And did with fate and future knowledge fill.
My girls from *Bacchus* did a grant receive,
Beyond what they deſir'd, or could believe:
Whate'er they touch'd, (ſuch power he did beſtow;)
Would corn, and wine, and olives, inſtant grow.
So rich their uſe, that when old *Atreus'* heir,
Troy's ravager, did of their virtues hear;
(Leſt you ſhould think, that *Anius* has not too
Been wrong'd, and bore a ſhare in *Ilium*'s woe;)
The tyrant lawleſs violence apply'd,
And forc'd the virgins from their father's ſide;
Strictly commands they ſhould their pow'r employ
To feed his hoſt, and aid the foes of *Troy*.
Each, as they can, their jailor's care beguile;
Two fled t' *Eubœa*, two to *Andros'* iſle.
The *Greeks* with arms purſue them, and declare,
Unleſs ſurrender'd to denounce a war.
Nature againſt ſtrong terrors pleads in vain,
My ſon reſigns them to the *Greeks* again,
But think how hard the threatned war might drive,
And, as you may, a brother's fears forgive.

There no *Æneas*, no *Hectorean* friend,
Were found his menac'd *Andros* to defend:
No hands who could the victor's rage reſtrain,
And drive off ruin to the tenth campaign.
Cords now were for their captive arms prepar'd;
Whilſt to the heav'ns their unchain'd hands they rear'd:
And, *Bacchus*, help! they cry'd; and whilſt they pray'd,
The ſupplicated God preſents his aid.
(If change of form may be accounted ſo:)
Yet how their forms were chang'd I ne'er could know:
Not yet can tell: the ſequel only proves,
On ſudden wings they roſe, like ſnowy doves;
The birds which thy celeſtial conſort loves.

Thus, in diſcourſe, the jocund hours they ſpend;
And to the noon of night their feaſt extend!
The board then mov'd, the bowl no longer flows,
But ev'ry gueſt is fond to ſeek repoſe.
With riſing morn they *Phœbus'* will explore,
Who bids 'em ſeek their ancient mother's ſhore,
Thoſe kindred ſhores, and that indulgent earth
From which their ſires deriv'd their names and birth.
The good old *Anius* to the beach attends,
And loads with preſents his departing friends:
A robe, and quiver to *Aſcanius* gives;
Anchiſes from his hands a ſtaff receives:
A maſſy bowl the *Dardan* prince does bear,
The gift of *Theban Therſes* to the *Seer*.
Alcon of *Myla* did the goblet frame,
And carv'd thereon this ample tale of fame.
A city ſtood, with ſev'n fair gates renown'd;
The city from her gates her title found.
Before its walls, tombs, piles, and blazing fire,
Virgins with flowing hair, and torn attire,

Sad

Sad obſequies with pomp perform'd, which ſhew
The flagrant tokens of uncommon woe.
The nymphs, to ſee their wat'ry ſources dry,
Weep, as they would the failing ſprings ſupply.
The blaſted trees ſhoot out their leafleſs boughs;
The goats on flints for want of herbage browze.
'Midſt of their dying *Thebes*, (a gen'rous pair!)
Orion's daughters ſtand, with boſoms bare:
Her martial breaſt this yields to dreadful fate;
That gives the wound herſelf to ſave the ſtate.
The reſcu'd crowd their noble courage mourn;
And, high in pomp, their bleeding bodies burn.
Yet leſt the world ſhould ſuch a lineage loſe,
Two ſtriplings from their virgin-aſhes roſe.
The new-ſprung orphans fame *Coronæ* calls,
Who celebrate their mother's funerals.
With all theſe figures the chas'd goblet ſhin'd;
And round its brim did gilt *Acanthus* wind.
Nor meaner preſents do the *Trojans* make;
The ſeer does from the prince a cenſer take;
An ample chalice of a curious mold,
And a rich crown, that blaz'd with gems and gold.
When now rememb'ring that the *Trojan* race
Its firſt great ſire did back to *Teucer* trace;
For *Crete* they ſail; but long they could not bear
Th'inclement ſeaſon, and unwholeſome air.
Its hundred cities left behind, they ſtand
Direct for fair *Auſonia*'s deſtin'd land.
Toſt by rough winter, and the high-ſwoln ſeas,
They anchor at the faithleſs *Strophades*.
There *Harpyes* with prophetick threats affright,
And to new toils the ſtorm-driv'n mates incite.
From ſteep *Dulichium*, and the *Samian* ſhore,
From *Ithaca*, and *Leucas* now they bore,

All iſles, incircled by the raging main;
And ſubject all to ſly *Ulyſſes'* reign.
Thence to th' *Ambracian* land their courſe they bend,
For which ev'n rival Godheads did contend:
There they the partial umpire's form were ſhown,
No longer human, but a pile of ſtone.
But late the place more famous is become
From *Actium*'s battle, and *Apollo*'s dome.
There they *Dodona*'s babbling oaks ſurvey,
The vocal foreſt, and *Chaonia*'s bay:
To which *Moloſſus'* royal iſſue came
On new-ſprung wings to ſhun a fruitleſs flame.
Next ſail they to *Phæacia*'s happy ſhore,
Fam'd for her orchards, and autumnal ſtore;
Epirus paſt, they at *Buthrotos* ſtay'd,
Whoſe ſcepter now the *Phrygian* prophet ſway'd;
Reviving *Ilium*'s tow'rs, and ſunk renown,
In a ſmall model of that glorious town.
Thence, taught the ſure events of future time
By *Priam*'s ſon, they ſeek *Sicania*'s clime.
High promontories o'er each angle bend,
And to the ſea their triple rocks extend.
Waſh'd by the waves, the ſteep *Pachynos* ſtands
Oppos'd to hazy winds, and ſouthern lands.
Soft zephyrs from the weſtern quarter blow,
And fan the *Lilybæans* tow'ring brow.
But northern winds on bleak *Pelorus'* head
Their gelid rains, and freezing influence ſhed.
Hither they ſteer; and favour'd by the tide
At night in *Zancle*'s crooked harbour ride.
Dangers, to right and left, infeſt the ſhores:
Here *Scylla* ſwells, and there *Charybdis* roars.
So ſwift and ſtrong the circling eddies flow,
This ſucks up ſhips, and ſpouts 'em from below.

Fierce

Fierce dogs the other's nether parts embrace;
Yet fair above, ſhe ſhews a virgin's face.
And (if the poet's ſong the truth declares;)
She was the virgin once whoſe face ſhe bears.
Full many a youth her blooming charms deſir'd;
Full many courted, and in vain admir'd:
Oft to the ocean-nymphs ſhe would repair,
None to the ocean-nymphs than ſhe more dear,
To them would oft relate her own diſdain;
Oft laugh at her deluded lovers pain.
To whom, the ſea-born maid whilſt *Scylla* dreſs'd,
Bright *Galatea* thus her griefs confeſs'd.
Mild human lovers ſeek your charms, whom you
With ſafety may refuſe, as now you do.
But I who boaſt myſelf of *Nereus'* blood,
Whoſe ocean-mother rules the verdant flood,
Who can ſo many ſiſters aid command,
Was forc'd, to 'ſcape the *Cyclop's* ſavage hand
And ruder love, my native ſtreams to keep;
And ſink for ſafety to the wat'ry deep.
Here burſting tears forbid her more to ſay;
Th'attending virgin wipes her tears away:
Prepares kind comfort to aſſwage her woe,
And ſooths, and begs her tears may ceaſe to flow.
Relate, O moſt ador'd, nor from me keep
The cauſe, ſays ſhe, that makes a Goddeſs weep:
You know my faith. The *Nereid* ſtraight conſents;
And thus to *Scylla* her whole ſorrows vents.
From *Faunus*, and *Symæthis* roſe a boy,
Acis by name; his ſire's, and mother's joy.
But yet their tranſports could not equal mine:
I ſaw, and doated on the youth divine.
His blooming charms did twice eight ſummers crown,
And ſhade his cheeks with graceful ſpringing down.

As I the boy, the *Cyclop* me admir'd;
And ſtill purſu'd me with a zeal untir'd.
Whether my love to *Acis*, or my hate
To him prevail'd, I hardly can relate.
Both infinite! O gentle queen of love,
How ſtrong thy pow'r! What conflicts doſt thou move!
This ſtern *Barbarian*, whoſe deteſted ſight
Did the wild inmates of the woods affright;
He, from whoſe rage, and horrid thirſt of prey,
No wretches e'er eſcap'd that croſs'd his way;
Who all things ſacred, who the Gods above
And their *Olympus* ſcorn'd, now ſtoops to love.
Forgetful of his flocks, and caves, a fire
Feeds in his breaſt, and burns with ſtrong deſire.
His form, and how to pleaſe becomes his care;
And now with rakes he combs his ſtubborn hair:
With ſcythes his briſtles trims; conſults the brooks,
And in their mirror calms his dreadful looks.
His thirſt of blood, and love of ſlaughter ceaſe;
Ships ſafely touch his ſhore, and leave in peace.
Mean-while, moſt learned in the fate's decrees,
An *Augur* croſſes the *Sicilian* ſeas;
On *Ætna*'s skirts arrives, and boldly greets
Huge *Polyphemus* in his dire retreats.
That ſingle eye, ſaid he, which gives thee ſight
Shall by *Ulyſſes* be depriv'd of light.
The *Cyclop* laughs aloud, and thus replies,
Thou doating wizard, ſtupid, and unwiſe!
Thy art's a cheat, and thou do'ſt fate belye!
A female hath already ſtole this eye!
The prophet's cautions all are lent in vain;
He meets the true prediction with diſdain.
Now ſtalks he croſs the ſhores; now quits the waves,
And weary ſeeks his dark and diſtant caves.

An

An high-arch'd hill thruſts forward to the main;
Whoſe cliffy ſides the breaking ſeas reſtrain.
Hither the *Cyclop* bends; his num'rous flock
Uncall'd purſue his ſteps, and mount the rock.
Seated, his ſtaff before his feet he caſt,
A well-grown pine, ſufficient for a maſt:
He blows his hundred reeds, whoſe whiſtling fills
The far-reſounding ſeas, and ecchoing hills.
Safe in a grot, and by my *Acis* lay'd,
I heard the tuneleſs airs the monſter play'd:
Heard him, with awkard melody, repeat
A ſong like this; for I retain it yet.
O *Galatea*, more than lillies white,
Freſher than flow'ry meads, than glaſs more bright,
Tall as the alder, and than kids more gay,
Smoother than ſhells o'er which the ſurges play;
More wiſh'd than winter's ſun, or ſummer's air,
Sweeter than ripen'd grapes, than apples far more fair.
Clearer than ice, more ſtately than the planes,
Softer than curds of milk, or down of ſwans.
More beautiful, if fix'd, than plants that grow
In grounds thro' which ſmooth gliding riv'lets flow.
Yet thus whilſt all theſe praiſes are thy due,
Still *Galatea*, art thou cruel too:
Fiercer than ſavage bulls, that know no yoak;
Giddier than waves, more ſtubborn than the oak:
Than vines, or willows bent with greater eaſe,
Stiffer than rocks, more fierce than ſtormy ſeas,
Prouder than peacocks prais'd, more raſh than fire,
More fell than bears, and ſharper than the brier,
Deafer than ſtorms, more fell than trampled ſnake,
And, if I could, what I would from thee take,
More ſwift in running than the hound-chas'd hind,
Than clouds when driv'n, or than the driving wind.

Knew'ſt thou my worth, thou'd'ſt curſe this dull delay;
Repent thy flight, and ſue to me to ſtay.
For I have caves within the living ſtone,
To ſummer's heat and winter's cold unknown,
Trees charg'd with apples, ſpreading vines that hold
A purple grape, and grapes reſembling gold.
Both ſhall for thee be kept, too lovely maid;
Thyſelf ſhalt pluck the ſtrawberry in the ſhade,
Th' autumnal cornel, plumb of purple hue,
And the more gen'rous ſort, the waxen too.
Nor cheſnuts ſhalt thou want, if mine thou'lt be,
Nor wildings; ev'ry branch ſhall bear for thee.
Theſe flocks are mine; in valleys many ſtray,
More in the woods, in ſtalls as many ſtay.
Nor could I, ſhould you ask, their numbers tell:
Poor is the ſwain, who knows his numbers well.
Nor take their worth from me, but truſt your eyes;
Survey their ſwelling dugs, and ſtraggling thighs.
I have in ſheep-coats young and tender lambs;
In others, kids late taken from their dams.
New milk each morn ſhall yield, thy thirſt t' appeaſe;
The reſt ſhall ſtand to cream, or preſs to cheeſe.
Nor will we gifts for thy delight prepare
Of eaſy purchaſe, or which are not rare:
Deer, red and fallow, roes, and nimble hares,
Or neſts from mountains ſcal'd, or doves in pairs.
A bear's twin-cubs I lately did ſurprize;
Moſt like the two, in colour, face, and ſize:
With theſe, ſaid I, ſhall *Galatea* play,
Theſe ſhall my miſtreſs and her will obey.
Come, *Galatea*, from the ſurges riſe;
Diſplay thy beauties, nor our gifts deſpiſe.
I know myſelf; for lately did I look,
And lik'd my form reflected in the brook.

View

View me, how great, how equal to your *Jove!*
(He, who, you vainly boaſt, rules all above;)
Behold, what curls are round my front diſplay'd;
See, how they, like a grove, my ſhoulders ſhade.
Nor let it your eſteem of me impair,
That I all o'er am ſtuck with briſtly hair.
Fair is the tree, whoſe leaves luxuriant grow,
The ſteed, whoſe main does his arch'd neck o'erflow;
Fair is the bird, whom thickeſt plumes adorn,
The ſheep, from whom the nobler wool is ſhorn:
A plenteous beard becomes a manly face,
And curling briſtles do the body grace.
'Midſt of my forehead ſhines one only light,
But mighty as a ſhield, and dazzling bright.
The ſun all objects views beneath the skie,
And yet the ſun boaſts but a ſingle eye.
Beſides, your ſeas obey my father's throne;
You ſhall my father for his daughter own:
But grant me pity, and your ſuppliant hear;
To you alone I bow; you only fear.
Heav'n, *Jove*, and his keen light'nings I deſpiſe;
Much more I dread the light'ning of your eyes.
And yet your ſcorn would leſs my patience move,
Did you, with mine, contemn ſmooth *Acis'* love:
Wherefore ſhould you the boy prefer to me?
Altho' himſelf he pleaſe, and pleaſes thee,
(Which grieves me moſt;) could I the minion get,
In ſtrength, as ſtature, ſhould he find me great.
His entrails would I tear, cruſh out his brains,
And ſtrew his mangled limbs about the plains.
Nay more, (if mix you muſt,) his flowing blood
I'll ſprinkle o'er your ſtreams, and tinge your flood.
For oh! I rage; deſpis'd affection burns
With double force; my bulk to *Ætna* turns:

Flames, hot as his, are in my boſom pent;
Yet wilt thou not, obdurate maid, relent?
This ſaid, he roſe; (for I beheld him well;)
Saw him ſtalk wide, and with reſentment ſwell.
Wild as a bull that has his heifer loſt,
He ſcours a-croſs the woods, and well-known coaſt.
Acis and me at length the monſter 'ſpy'd;
(Safe as we thought) and ſtraight exulting cry'd,
My rival's found, and ſhall my victim die,
At laſt, I ſhall this lover's knot untie!
As raging *Cyclops* can, he loudly roars;
And *Ætna* trembles, and the neighbour ſhores.
Beneath my native ſtreams I ſhrunk my head;
And the *Symæthian* youth affrighted fled.
Help, *Galatea*, help! e're I am ſlain,
Cry'd he; and you, my parents, entertain
Your iſſue in the empire where you reign.
The *Cyclop* hard purſues, a mountain rends;
And the huge weight at flying *Acis* ſends:
One rocky skirt juſt reach'd him, as he fled;
But reaching, murther'd, and o'erwhelm'd him dead.
We did, as much as granted us by fate;
Reſuming *Acis* to his grandſire's ſtate:
The purple blood from his cruſh'd body fled,
But, bubbling out, ſoon pal'd its florid red.
Firſt, like a rain-diſcolour'd ſtream, it flows,
And then refines, and then more limpid grows.
Th' o'erwhelming earth now moulders, and divides;
And cluſt'ring reeds ſhoot thro' its porous ſides.
Straight from the yawning rock, their roots around,
Crouding for vent new rapid waters ſound.
Conſpicuous to the waſte a youth aroſe,
And quiv'ring ruſhes load his horned brows.

'Twas

'Twas wondrous ſtrange; but that his looks appear
More blue, and he more large, it *Acis* were.
And *Acis* 'twas, altho' he now became
A living ſtream, which ſtill preſerves his name.
Here *Galatea* ends; the train divide;
And the young *Nereids* float it down the tide:
Scylla returns, but dares not truſt the deeps;
But, naked, near the yielding gravel keeps.
Or, tir'd, in ſhallow, but ſequeſter'd ſtreams
Bathes, and refreſhes her alluring limbs.
Lo! *Glaucus* on the wat'ry ſurface rode;
New to the ſeas, and late inſtall'd a God.
He, raviſh'd with the beauteous virgin's ſight,
Said all he could invent, to ſtay her flight.
She faſter flies, and ſwift with fear aſcends
A lofty rock, which towards the ſhore extends:
It's head, on which no leafy honours grow,
Dreadful o'erhung the ſurge that ſwell'd below.
Safe in the place, ſhe ſtops; and reſts her there;
Nor knew if he a God or monſter were.
His rank unknown ſhe will his perſon view,
And gazing on his form admires his hue;
His ſpreading locks which o'er his ſhoulders flow;
He ſeem'd a man above, a fiſh below.
He mark'd her well, and on a dam reclin'd,
Think not, ſays he, I'm of the beſtial kind,
Nor, with ſuch wild conceits, eſtrange thy mind.
I am a God, and equal in renown
To *Triton*, *Proteus*, or to *Ino*'s ſon.
Yet mortal was I once; and then beſtow'd
Each vacant hour in ſporting on the flood.
Oft did in nets the twinkling fiſh betray;
Oft with a line deceiv'd the little prey.

There is a ſhore, which does a mead divide;
Along whoſe skirts here wanton waters glide,
And, oppoſite, high graſs hems in the verdant ſide.
No low'ring herds e'er on its herbage fed;
Nor harmleſs ſheep, nor goats on mountains bred:
No bees from thence their thighs with honey load:
Its flow'rs no wreaths for nuptial pomps beſtow'd:
No ſcythe its growth reſtrain'd; of mortals I
Firſt preſs'd its verdant bed my nets to dry.
Whilſt there the fiſh I did in order ſpread,
Which chance had to the ſtrict incloſures led:
Or which unwary hunger did provoke
To ſnap the bait, and gorge the latent hook.
(What would an idle fictious tale behove?
Yet ſuch this ſeems:) my prey began to move,
Diſplay'd their fins, and ſwam as on the flood;
And whilſt I motionleſs, and wond'ring ſtood,
Their flight they to their native waters take;
And their new maſter and the ſhore forſake.
Amaz'd, and doubting long, the cauſe I ſought;
If, or a God, or herb, this wonder wrought.
What herb can ſuch a pow'r pretend, I cry'd;
And cropp'd the paſture, and its reliſh try'd.
Scarce had I taſted, but my entrails ſhook:
And I myſelf a diff'rent nature took.
I, now, no longer in the mead could ſtay,
But, mov'd by inſtinct, haſten'd to the ſea:
O earth, ſaid I, my laſt farewel receive,
And, plunging in the waves, the land I leave.
The hoſpitable Gods of ſtreams below
Greet my deſcent, and ſocial honours ſhow:
Old *Ocean* and his bride implore, that they
Would take, whatever mortal was, away.

With

With nine times o'er repeated potent ſtrains
They purge, and cleanſe me from all human ſtains.
They charge me dive an hundred ſtreams below;
From various ſprings the crouding waters flow.
The tow'ring ſurge foams o'er my bending head,
And ev'n whole ſeas their billows o'er me ſhed.
Thus far, I can the wond'rous truth relate;
The reſt was dark, the myſtick work of fate:
But ſoon as ſenſe return'd, I found my frame
Chang'd, as you ſee; nor was my mind the ſame.
Then firſt of all, this ſea-green beard I ſaw;
Theſe dangling locks, which thro' the deep I draw:
Theſe arms and ſhoulders of ſuch ſtrength and ſize;
This double nature, and theſe ſcaly thighs:
But what avails it, that this form I wear,
What, that I am to ocean Godheads dear;
What, that myſelf I boaſt a God to be,
If thou, relentleſs maid, affect not me?
Thus *Glaucus* ſpoke, and more he would have ſaid,
When *Scylla* his unfiniſh'd courtſhip fled.
With ſlighted love oppreſs'd, a gloom he wears;
And for redreſs to *Circe*'s court repairs.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XIV.

The ARGUMENT.

Glaucus *applies to* Circe *for a remedy againſt* Scylla's *diſdain*; Circe *reſenting it, that* Scylla *is preferr'd to her, reſolves to be reveng'd on her rival, and by an incantation and poiſonous mixture cauſes furious dogs and other monſters to grow around her waſte. A geographical continuation of* Æneas's *voyage.* Jove, *angry at the* Cercopians, *transforms them to apes.* Æneas *deſcends to hell with the* Cumæan Sybil, *who relates to him* Apollo's *paſſion for her, and his grant of an exceeding old age. A deſcription of* Polyphemus's *devouring human*

man bodies: as likewiſe of the Læſtrygons. Ulyſſes's *companions turn'd to ſwine by* Circe. *She, falling in love with* Picus *king of* Auſonia, *who ſlighted her court-ſhip, in revenge transforms him to a wood-pecker: and* Canens, *whom he lov'd, deploring his loſs, melts into air.* Diomede *relates how thro'* Venus's *reſentment,* Agmon *and others of his train are turn'd into herons:* Appulus *is chang'd to a wild olive.* Cybele, *that the* Trojan *ſhips might eſcape burning, turns them to ſea-nymphs.* Venus *procures her ſon* Æneas's *Deification.* Vertumnus's *love of* Pomona; *who relates to her the death of* Iphis, *and converſion of* Anaxarete *into a ſtone. The* Apotheoſis *of* Romulus: *his queen* Herſilia *is made a Goddeſs, by the name of* Ora.

NOW *Glaucus Ætna*, and that clime had paſt,
Which *Jove* did o'er the rebel giants caſt;
The *Cyclop*'s fields, which ne'er did tillage know;
Or felt the preſſure of the furrowing plow;
Sail'd by the ſhores which *Zancle*'s bounds inclos'd,
And *Rhegium*'s walls to *Zancle*'s ſhore oppos'd;
And the rough ſtreights, which from *Trinacria*'s ſtrand
Divide the confines of th' *Auſonian* land.
Thro' the wide *Tuſcan* ſeas he forward drives,
And at the Goddeſs' verdant hills arrives;
Where *Circe* did her aweful court maintain,
And 'midſt a croud of various monſters reign.
The magick queen no ſooner *Glaucus* ey'd,
But, ſalutations paſt on either ſide,
O nymph divine, the ſuppliant lover ſaid,
Aſſiſt a God, whom only you can aid.
If my deſert ſo high a grace may find,
Aſſwage the ſorrows of a love-ſick mind.

None

None better knows the pow'r of herbs, than me:
I was by herbs transform'd to what you ſee.
But that you may the charming object know,
Who fir'd my ſoul, and gives me all this woe;
Againſt *Meſſana*, late I did explore
The beauteous *Scylla* on th' *Italick* ſhore.
I ſhame to tell what tender things I ſaid,
How much I promis'd, and how warmly pray'd;
Yet what returns of ſcorn the virgin made.
If charms avail, thoſe aiding charms, O try;
If herbs more potent, then thoſe herbs apply:
Not that I wiſh my paſſion to remove;
But wiſh the nymph a mutual flame might prove.
But *Circe* (none to warm deſires more prone;
Whether the cauſe were in herſelf alone;
Or that the queen of love this curſe had ſent,
And did her father's crime on her reſent.)
Better, ſays ſhe, the willing nymph purſue,
Whoſe wiſh the ſame, whom equal flames ſubdue;
For thou, O well deſerv'ſt to be purſu'd;
Give hopes, and credit me, thou ſhalt be woo'd.
Know then thy pow'r, and what thy form has done;
A Goddeſs I, and daughter to the ſun,
In herbs ſo potent, and no leſs in charms,
Proffer myſelf, and court thy circling arms,
Scorn her that ſcorns thee; her, who ſeeks, purſue;
And in one act revenge thyſelf of two.
This *Glaucus* heard, but, with a gloomy brow,
Firſt ſhady groves ſhall on the billows grow,
Sea-weeds to mountain tops (ſays he,) remove;
E're I, whilſt *Scylla* lives, will change my love.
The Goddeſs frets; and ſince ſhe neither could
Deſtroy a Deity, nor loving, would:

She on her rival all her anger turns,
And fiercely with neglected paſſion burns.
Then quick from earth infectious roots ſhe tears,
And grinds; and *Hecateian* charms prepares.
A ſable robe puts on, her court forſakes;
Thro' throngs of crouching beaſts her journey takes:
To *Rhegium* bends, oppos'd to *Zancle*'s ſhore;
Where billows foam, and conſtant tempeſts roar.
With unwet feet ſhe o'er the ſurge does bound,
And treads the mounting waves like ſolid ground.
Fenc'd o'er with rocks a ſmall arch'd bay there lies,
Where *Scylla* often for refreſhment flies,
Safe from wild tempeſts, or inclement skies.
Here cool, ev'n whilſt the mid-day ſun invades
The world with hotteſt beams, and ſhorteſt ſhades.
This *Circe* does with monſter-breeding bane,
And rankeſt weed-extracted juices, ſtain;
Thrice nine times o'er repeats a myſtick ſpell,
And mutters out the deadly notes of hell.
Now *Scylla* came, and wading to the waſte,
Beheld her womb with barking dogs embrac'd;
Starts at the ſight, nor thinking that they were
Parts of herſelf, ſhe chides them, but with fear:
Dreads their wide jaws, and fain would from them run,
But with her drags the beaſts ſhe ſtrives to ſhun:
Looks downward for her thighs, her legs, and feet;
For them, her eyes *Cerberean* yawnings meet.
Her groin's inviron'd round with rav'ning beaſts,
And on the backs of dogs her belly reſts.
The lover wept, and *Circe*'s bed refus'd;
Who had ſo cruelly her art abus'd.
Still in the venom'd waters *Scylla* ſate,
And exercis'd on *Circe* all her hate:

For this *Ulyſſes*, whom th' enchantreſs lov'd,
In his loſt friends her thirſt of vengeance prov'd.
Nor leſs her rage the *Trojan* fleet had mourn'd,
Had ſhe not early to a rock been turn'd:
Its craggy ſtones are ſeen ſtill hanging o'er;
And cautious ſailors ſhun the dreadful ſhore.
The *Trojan* fleet had now *Charybdis'* ſand
Sail'd o'er, and almoſt made th' *Italian* land:
When adverſe winds their out-ſtretch'd canvas ſwell'd;
And on the *Lybian* coaſt their ſhips impell'd.
There *Dido* takes the proſp'rous wand'rer's part,
And entertains him in her houſe and heart.
His ſudden flight a deep reſentment bred,
Whom ſhe had honour'd with her throne and bed.
Forthwith a pile, as for ſome rites deſign'd,
She rears, but cloaks the purpoſe of her mind.
She mounts it, and with fatal anguiſh preſt,
The murth'ring ſteel ſhe plunges in her breaſt.
Her of her life the well-aim'd wound bereaves;
Deceiv'd herſelf, ſhe all her court deceives.
Mean-while the *Dardans* ply the labour'd oar,
And make from *Carthage*, and the *Lybian* ſhore.
Soon they *Sicilian Eryx'* ſoil regain'd;
O'er which the faithful, good *Aceſtes* reign'd.
His annual off'rings here *Æneas* paid,
And reverenc'd his Godlike father's ſhade.
His ſhips from *Iris'* flames redeem'd, again
He courts the winds, and ploughs the rugged main;
And now beyond th' *Æolian* iſles he flies,
And ſees the *Sirens* rocks behind him riſe;
Her pilot loſt, his driving veſſel bore
To *Prochytas* and high *Ænaria's* ſhore:
Along the *Pithecuſan* hills he runs,
The town derives her titles from her ſons.

For

For righteous *Jove* who did with hate of old
The ſly *Cercopians* perjuries behold,
In vengeance of their crimes the guilty race
Transforms to brutes, of hideous mien, and face.
So ſtrangely fram'd, you might their ſpecies find
At once unlike, yet like to human kind.
Their bodies he contracts, and from the brows
Their noſtrils flats, their cheeks with wrinkles plows:
With yellow hairs their ſhaggy limbs o'erſpread;
And to that ſoil confin'd the monſter-breed.
But firſt the organs of their ſpeech confounds;
Nor grants the pow'r of words, or vocal ſounds.
They, who had words abus'd to groſs deceit,
In jabb'rings indiſtinct now mourn their fate.
Thence coaſting on, he with a ſtar-board wind
Leaves the *Parthenopeian* tow'rs behind.
Then to the left he tack'd, and croſſing o'er
Approach'd *Miſenus'* tomb, and *Cuma'* ſhore.
There to the long-liv'd *Sybil's* dome did go,
And begg'd an entrance to the realms below:
His pious ſoul is urg'd with ſtrong deſire,
To ſeek the *Manes* of his much-lov'd ſire.
Long-while with downward eyes the matron ſtood,
And penſive waited for the coming God.
At length with ſacred rage he ſwells her breaſt,
When ſhe, in words, th' enquiring chief addreſt.
O prince, whoſe piety thro' mounting flames,
Whoſe courage try'd, thy gen'rous ſoul proclaims.
Great and important things you ask of fate;
Your ſuit important, but your virtues great!
Diſcard thy doubts, and no refuſal dread,
Thro' all the waſte dominions of the dead,
To thy ſire's ghoſt I will thy perſon guide;
No way to conqu'ring virtue is deny'd.

This

This ſaid, a golden bough the prophet ſhows,
Which in th' infernal *Juno*'s foreſt grows;
Upward ſhe points, and, Stretch thy hand, ſays ſhe,
And bids him pluck it from the ſacred tree.
The *Dardan* prince the *Sybil*'s words obey'd;
And all th' infernal monarch's wealth ſurvey'd;
His predeceſſors and *Anchiſes'* ſhade.
Thence learns the cuſtoms of the *Latian* ſtates;
The toils of future war, and diſtant fates.
Inform'd, he now reſumes the horrid way;
And treads the path which leads to upper day.
Still as he labours thro' the dreary plains,
His aged guide with talk he entertains:
Whether thou art a Goddeſs born, ſaid he,
Or only boaſt a mortal lot with me,
I ſtill will view thee as a thing divine;
And count the life I hold a gift of thine.
Since thou haſt thro' the realms of night convey'd,
And ſafe return'd me, from th' infernal glade.
Reſtor'd to day, I will an altar raiſe,
And incenſe burn, and celebrate thy praiſe.
The *Sybil* backward turns her aweful eyes;
And, I no Goddeſs am, with ſighs replies:
Your incenſe ſpare and attributes of praiſe;
Nor to the rank of Gods a mortal raiſe.
Yet know that I like Gods had never dy'd,
Would I with *Phœbus'* paſſion have comply'd.
Who, while he woo'd me to his ſcorn'd embrace,
And offer'd high to tempt me to diſgrace;
Ask what thou wilt, *Cumæan* fair, ſaid he;
Thou ſhalt enjoy thy wiſh, whate'er it be:
I ſnatch'd a heap of ſand, and wiſh'd to bear,
For ev'ry numbred grain I graſp'd, a year.

For-

Forgetful that I was, to wiſh not too,
That I my youth might ev'ry year renew!
Perpetual youth, and ſtill unfading charms
The God had giv'n, would I have fill'd his arms.
His gifts deſpis'd a ſingle life I led,
And ſcorn'd the God the honour of my bed.
But now, thoſe happy blooming days are gone,
And craſy age with trembling ſteps comes on:
Sev'n ages have I liv'd, and live I muſt,
'Till I in years can ſcore thoſe grains of duſt.
Three hundred circling ſprings, and autumns ſtill
Remain behind, the vaſt amount to fill.
The time ſhall come, when age and long decay
Will ſhrink the ſubſtance of this mouldring clay:
Then none ſhall think, I e'er had charms to fire
A God, or be an object of deſire.
Such change ſhall I endure, he will not know,
Or will deny that once he lov'd me ſo!
No eye ſhall ſee me; yet a voice alone
The fates will grant, by which I ſhall be known.
While *Sybil* thus beguiles their toil and time,
As they the ſteep and craggy paſſage climb,
From *Stygian* glooms return'd, they view the skies,
And *Cuma*'s grateful tow'rs before them riſe.
His ſacrifices paid, the *Trojan* came
To ſhores which after took *Cajeta*'s name.
Here *Macareus*, the wiſe *Ulyſſes*' friend,
Made the long wand'rings of his travels end.
Here calls a partner of his toils to mind,
A wretch long ſince on *Ætna* left behind:
Joy and ſurprize in his old boſom ſtrive
To view his *Achæmenides* alive.
What chance, or what indulgent God, ſays he,
Preſerv'd my friend from death, and ſet thee free?

That

That thou a *Greek* in *Trojan* bark art found,
Explain, and to what climes thou now art bound.
Not wild in his attire, as when redeem'd,
Or wrapp'd in veſts with thorns and brambles ſeam'd,
To his enquiring *Grecian* friend's ſurprize,
The reſcued *Achæmenides* replies;
The horrid *Cyclop* may I view again,
Whoſe jaws run o'er with blood of ſtrangers ſlain,
If I that friendly veſſel prize not more
Than *Ithaca*, my once lov'd native ſhore;
Or if I do not equally admire,
And rev'rence this *Æneas* as my ſire.
What tho' I render all that man can do,
The recompence were poor, ſo much I owe.
That now I live and ſpeak, and view the ſun,
And thoſe bright orbs thro' which the planets run;
That from the *Cyclop*'s ſavage rage I'm free,
(Can I forget it, or ungrateful be?)
That now I may be buried, when I dye?
And not intomb'd in his curs'd entrails lie.
All this to that great *Trojan*'s gift I owe;
Heav'n, that cold ſweats did my limbs o'erflow;
How all my ſenſes were o'erpow'r'd with fright,
When I was left behind, and ſaw your flight!
Saw your ſwoln ſails, and would have outcries made,
But fear'd that cries would have my life betray'd.
Scarce could your bark the monſter's fury ſhun,
Almoſt by raſh *Ulyſſes'* ſhouts undone:
I ſaw when from its roots a rock he tore,
And whirl'd it at you from the diſtant ſhore.
Then pond'rous ſtones with giant ſtrength he flung,
Which flew as ſwift as from an engine ſlung;
Long fear'd I, leſt th' o'erwhelming rocks ſhould ſink
Your veſſel, or tempeſtuous ſurges drink:

So

So ſtrong for your diſtreſs my terrors were;
I e'en forgot me, that I was not there.
But when that diſtance you from death had ſav'd,
He travers'd *Ætna* o'er, and loudly rav'd;
Grop'd thro' the foreſts, and bereft of ſight,
Stumbled on rocks, and gnaſh'd his teeth for ſpight.
His bloody arms he ſtretches o'er the ſeas,
And roaring execrates the ſons of *Greece*.
Would chance, ſays he, ſo far my rage befriend,
As hither hated *Ithacus* to ſend,
Or ſome of his curs'd crew into my ſnare;
How ſhould this vengeful hand their entrails tear!
How grind their bones, their breathing limbs devour,
And with full draughts drink down their reeking gore!
With ſuch a grateful feaſt reveng'd, how light
A loſs, or none, were then my loſs of ſight!
Thus whilſt he rag'd, my limbs with horror ſhook;
To view his hideous form and bloody look:
His crimſon hands and eyeleſs head to view,
Vaſt limbs, and beard that dropp'd with gory dew.
A hideous ſcene of death before me lay;
But certain dying gave me leaſt diſmay:
I thought myſelf ſurpriz'd, each horrid hour;
That now he ſought my entrails to devour.
That fatal moment I to mem'ry call,
When whirl'd around, and daſh'd againſt his wall,
Two of our train he ſlew; a mingled flood
Of brains guſh'd out, and ſtreams of ſprouting blood.
When, like a lion, eager of the prey,
He o'er their panting bodies growling lay;
With their torn limbs, did glut his rav'nous maw,
And from the bones the life-warm marrow draw.
Horror and trembling did my nature ſhake,
To ſee him ſuch a barb'rous banquet make:

To ſee him ſurfeit on the horrid food,
And throw up lumps of fleſh and clotted blood.
Tortur'd with thought, I fear'd ſome diſmal day
Would to his ſavage hunger me betray;
In caves I lurk'd, of ev'ry ſound afraid,
Trembling at death, yet wiſhing they were dead;
Long time the falling maſt, and ſpringing weed
I gather'd up my famiſh'd ſoul to feed:
Hopeleſs, forlorn, with fears and pain ſubdu'd,
I cheriſh'd life, tho' to deſpair renew'd.
At length, yon welcome bark I did explore,
And ran, and kneel'd, and wafted her to ſhore.
And begg'd, nor begg'd to be receiv'd in vain;
The *Trojan* bark a *Greek* dar'd entertain.
Now, my lov'd friend, your own adventures tell;
And what, ſince firſt you put to ſea, befel.
He told how *Æolus* rul'd the *Tuſcan* main;
And did in caves the ſtruggling winds reſtrain:
In oxen's hide, does he, a wind incloſe,
And nobly on *Dulichium*'s prince beſtows:
Nine days we coaſted with ſucceſsful gales,
The tenth, prepar'd t' unfurl the ſwelling ſails;
Eager of prey our mates, who thought to find
A treaſure there, unbound th' impriſon'd wind.
Straight backward driv'n, our fleet reploughs the main,
And at th' *Æolian* port arrives again.
Thence came we to that town, whoſe ſtate, of old,
Lamus, the *Laſtrygonian* prince, did hold.
Now fierce *Antiphates*, ſevere and proud,
The ſcepter ſway'd, and aw'd the ſervile croud:
Two more, and I, were to his palace ſent;
Two of us, ſcarce, by flight our deaths prevent.
The third the ſavage *Laſtrygonians* ſeiz'd,
And with his blood their impious thirſt appeas'd.

The

The barb'rous king, himſelf, purſues our flight,
And does to ſlaughter his curs'd hoſt incite.
Rocks, trunks of trees are in an inſtant thrown,
Which ſink our veſſels, and our ſoldiers drown.
One only bark, which griev'd *Ulyſſes* bore,
And me, in ſafety ſcap'd the hoſtile ſhore.
Mourning our ſlain companions loſt eſtate,
And anxious for the hardſhips of our fate,
We to yon iſle, its ills unknowing, fly;
For hence you may the diſtant iſle deſcry.
And thou that ſoil beware, O Goddeſs' ſon,
Moſt gallant *Trojan!* for now war is done,
I'll learn to count thee as a foe no more;
Therefore, avoid the curs'd *Circæan* ſhore.
Mindful of dangers we did late engage
From the curs'd *Cyclops*, and their tyrant's rage,
We anchor'd long before the dreaded ſtrand,
And fear'd on the ſuſpected ſoil to land.
But lots were caſt, whoſe fortune it ſhould be
To ſound the danger, and fate deſtin'd me:
My partner in the task *Polites* went,
And with us, ſage *Eurylochus* was ſent;
And good *Elpenor*, but too much inclin'd
To that rich juice which hurts the noble mind.
Theſe all by lots ordain'd, and eighteen more,
We viſit *Circe* on the ſtranger ſhore.
Soon as we to the walls arrive, and tread
The outward court which to the palace led,
A thouſand wolves, and bears, and lyons riſe;
And, meeting, chill our hearts with dread ſurprize:
Yet them, in form alone, we dreadful found;
For none ſeem ſavage, or prepare to wound:
But courteous wag their tails, and fawning greet;
And, tame and gentle, follow at our feet.

'Till

'Till a bright train of ſhe-attendants come
And lead us up the lofty marble dome:
High on her purple throne their miſtreſs ſate
In deep receſs, and form of aweful ſtate.
Rich in their dye, her coſtly veſtures ſhone,
And o'er her robe a veil of gold was thrown.
Nereids, and nymphs attend, who ne'er were bred
To card the wool, or draw the flowing thread;
But who in baskets ſort the mingled flow'rs,
And herbs of various hues, and various pow'rs.
Their ſubtle miſtreſs, who the virtue knew
Of ev'ry ſimple, and of compounds too,
The ſegregated herbs with care inſpects;
Preſcribes the mixture, and the weight directs.
Plac'd in her ſight, we bend our bodies low,
She from the throne returns a graceful bow.
A friendly ſmile glow'd on her blooming cheek,
She grants our ſuit, almoſt, before we ſpeak.
Then ſhe commands, with ſpeed, her ready train
To bring the honey, curds, and barley-grain;
Th' ingredients all infus'd in gen'rous wines,
She to the potion ſecret juices joyns.
With her own execrable hands ſhe crown'd,
And dealt the unſuſpected goblet round.
Whilſt gladly we, with heat and travel dry,
To our parch'd lips the magick draught apply.
The Goddeſs then her ſecret charms prepares,
And o'er us waves her wand, and ſtrokes our hairs.
(I bluſh, and yet the ſequel muſt be told;)
Soon roughening briſtles all my form infold.
I ſtrove to ſpeak, and would have fain complain'd,
But grunts were all the language now remain'd,
Prone to the earth my alter'd aſpect bends;
And a ſtrange ſnout my widen'd jaws extends:

New

New ſinews ſwell my ſtrong and harden'd cheſt.
The beſtial nature was all o'er impreſt:
Thoſe hands which did the goblet late ſurround,
The work of feet perform, and preſs the ground.
Driv'n with the partners of my alter'd ſtate,
(The pow'r of magick potions is ſo great!)
We in a ſty were lodg'd in filth to roll,
And grunt in conſort, and our lot condole.
Eurylochus, alone, his form retain'd;
Alone, he from th' invenom'd cup refrain'd;
Which had he not rejected, with the reſt
Himſelf had been transform'd, a fellow-beaſt.
Nor ſhould *Ulyſſes* our miſhaps have known,
Or forc'd th' enchantreſs for the wrong t' attone.
Hermes on him beſtow'd a milk-white flow'r,
Call'd *Moly* by the Gods, of wond'rous pow'r:
From a black root, its pointed fibres ſpread
Thro' chaſms of rocks, it rears its potent head.
Safe in this gift, and the conducting Gods,
The hero enters *Circe's* dire abodes;
Again ſhe does th' enchanted bowl demand,
Again, prepares to wave her magick wand.
But he her charms prevents, his ſabre draws,
And brandiſhing aloft, th' enchantreſs awes.
Struck with amaze her hand and faith ſhe plights,
And to her bed the victor-chief invites.
E're he'll ſubmit, the terms of peace he names,
And his chang'd friends reſtor'd in dow'ry claims.
Soon healing herbs are brought; and o'er our heads
Their ſafe and inoffenſive juice ſhe ſheds:
Her potent wand a diff'rent way ſhe throws;
And charms, with contradictive charms, undoes.
The more ſhe charms, we grow the more upright;
Our briſtles ſhed, our cloven feet unite:

Our arms and ſhoulders take their former grace,
And, weeping, we our weeping prince embrace.
Each hangs about his neck; nor ſcarce a word
Breaks thro' our lips, but ſuch as thanks afford.
Thence was our paſs, for one whole year deferr'd;
In which ſtrange things I ſaw, and ſtranger heard.
A fav'rite nymph did to my truſt and ear,
The following tale of ſtrange event declare:
(A nymph to whom th' enchantreſs did impart
The deareſt ſecrets of her myſtick art.)
She, whilſt our prince in ſecret did employ
The hours with *Circe*, wrapp'd in floods of joy,
Of human figure did an image ſhow,
Like marble to the eye, and white as ſnow;
Clos'd in a ſhrine, fair wreaths his temples grac'd;
And on his head a wood-pecker was plac'd.
Whoſe form it was, I ask'd, and wherefore, there
Inſhrin'd, it o'er his head that bird did bear:
Macareus, hence, the courteous nymph replies,
Let *Circe*'s pow'r your wond'ring ſoul ſurprize:
Hear, and attend; whilſt I a tale diſcloſe
Of changes which from ſlighted love aroſe.
Saturnian Picus in *Auſonia* reign'd,
And gen'rous courſers to the battle train'd:
Such as you ſee, his form: Behold his face,
And in that ſemblance read his real grace.
In mind, as form, all beauteous and ſerene;
Nor had he yet full four *Olympiads* ſeen.
The *Latian Dryads* his ſtrong charms adore,
Nor leſs the river-nymphs confeſs his pow'r.
Not *Anio*, nor *Numicus*' ſtreams could ſhow
One nymph, but did the monarch's form allow,
Almo, and *Albula*, and *Nar* who laves
The *Umbrian* confines with his rapid waves,

Not

Not *Farfarus* who throws his eaſy flood
O'er *Sabine* fields, and feeds the thriving wood,
Not *Cynthia*'s ſtreams, or bord'ring lakes could boaſt
A nymph, whoſe heart was not to *Picus* loſt.
The blooming king the large admiring train
Did, for one nymph, reject with fierce diſdain.
Her, on *Palatium*'s mount, *Venilia* fair
Did, as fame ſays, to ancient *Janus* bear.
When ripe for nuptial joys, the blooming maid
Was deſtin'd to *Laurentian Picus*' bed:
For beauty much, but more for ſinging fam'd:
And thence the warbling nymph was *Canens* nam'd.
Her voice the woods and rocks to paſſion ſooths,
Tames ſavage beaſts, and ſwelling waters ſmooths;
Detains their raging courſe, and, whilſt ſhe ſings,
The liſt'ning birds would ſtop, and drop their wings.
Whilſt her ſweet voice cœleſtial muſick yields,
The youthful monarch, o'er *Laurentian* fields,
In gold and purple clad, *Phœnicia*'s pride,
With lances arm'd, his fiery ſteed did guide:
Eager of ſport, he cours'd the mountains o'er,
And from her holds forc'd down the foaming boar.
To the ſame plains *Hyperion*'s daughter came,
Leaving the fields that bore from her their name
Ranges the new and unfrequented hills,
And culls freſh ſimples from the fertil rills.
Seeing, unſeen, his ſight her ſenſe amaz'd;
The gather'd herbs fell from her as ſhe gaz'd.
She by a ſingle view to love is won,
And raging flames thro' all her marrow run.
Soon as ſhe could the quick ſprung fire controul,
And to her aid recal her wand'ring ſoul;
She ſtrove to tell her wiſh, the crowding preſs,
And fleetneſs of his ſteed forbid acceſs.

But yet, ſaid ſhe, thou ſhalt not 'ſcape me ſo,
Tho' winds ſhould wing thee, if myſelf I know,
If ſtill theſe herbs their wonted pow'r retain,
If magick ought can do, nor charms are vain.
Th' enamour'd Goddeſs ſpake, and ſpeaking ſtraight,
Does an aërial empty boar create.
She bids th' unbodied beaſt its courſe to take
Before the king, and leap into a brake:
Where thick-ſet trees their twiſting branches joyn,
And from purſuit the horſeman's ſpeed confine.
The royal youth diſmounts, on foot to trace
The ſeeming ſavage thro' the woody chace.
With groundleſs hopes to ſtrike th' impaſſive prey,
He thro' the foreſt takes his deſart way.
New vows ſhe ſoon conceives, new aid implores;
And unknown Gods, with unknown charms adores.
Such as were wont t' eclipſe the ſilver moon,
And cloud her father's beams at height of noon.
With pitchy vapours ſhe obſcures the day;
Loſt in the gloom the guards miſtake their way
The deſart ſoil, and ſudden night combine
To favour the inchanting nymph's deſign.
By thoſe fair eyes, ſays ſhe, and all the grace
Of that bewitching form, and lovely face,
Which makes a Goddeſs ſue; allay thoſe fires
Thy love has rais'd, and eaſe my fierce deſires.
Let pity of my flame thy breaſt inſpire,
And boaſt with me th' all ſeeing ſun thy ſire.
Her, and her pray'rs he ſcorns; whate'er thou art,
Another holds, ſays he, my captive heart.
Long may ſhe there th' unrival'd miſtreſs reign,
Nor will I e'er my nuptial faith prophane:
Or wrong her love, ſo long as nature gives
Life to this frame, and charming *Canens* lives.

Again

Again ſhe tries him, and her pray'rs again
Renews, but ſtill the pray'rs renew'd are vain:
Yet ſhalt thou not my vengeance 'ſcape, ſaid ſhe,
Or ever more thy darling *Canens* ſee.
Too raſhly faithful! what the wrong'd can do,
An injur'd lover, and a woman too,
Thou ſhalt, fond prince, by ſad experience prove;
At leaſt, what *Circe* wrong'd, and wrong'd in love.
Twice turns ſhe to the eaſt, and twice to weſt;
Thrice touch'd him with her wand, and charms expreſt.
He flies, and wond'ring why ſo faſt he fled,
He ſees his limbs with light'ning plumes o'erſpread.
Forthwith he ſeeks the woods, and angry ſtill
Hard oaks aſſails, and wounds them with his bill.
Wings from his robes their purple hue aſſume,
The gold that claſp'd his robes becomes a plume:
And now his neck with golden circle chains,
Nor ought of *Picus* but his name remains.
Mean while his buſy train, the woods around,
Their monarch ſeek, who could no more be found.
Circe they find, for now the day grew fair,
And the freed ſun broke thro' the dusky air.
They charge her with true crimes, their king demand
And threat, and poiſe the jav'lin in their hand.
The guilty Goddeſs noxious juices ſheds,
And ſprinkles baleful venom o'er their heads;
From *Erebus*, and *Chaos'* dire abodes,
Conjures old night, and all th' infernal Gods.
With magick howlings *Hecate's* aid intreats;
Woods, (wondrous to relate!) forſake their ſeats;
Their leaves turn pale; herbs bluſh with drops of gore;
Earth hoarſly groans, and dogs tremendous roar.
O'er all the tainted ſoil black ſerpents ſlide;
And thro' the air unbodied monſters glide;

Grown dumb with terror as they trembling ſtand,
She ſtrokes their faces with her venom'd wand.
Forthwith the ſhapes of various beaſts inveſt
Their alter'd forms; nor one his own poſſeſt.
Phœbus had ſunk into the weſtern main,
Canens expects her lord's return in vain.
With blazing lights the careful ſervants fly,
And ſearch the woods, and every thicket try;
Nor ſhe content to weep and rend her hair,
And bruiſe her breaſt, and rage with wild deſpair,
The palace keeps; but thro' the foreſt ſtrays;
For ſix deſcending nights and riſing days,
Careleſs of ſleep, or ſuſtinence, ſhe fled
O'er hills and dales, where chance and ſorrow led.
Now ſpent with toil, and harraſs'd out with woe,
The wand'rer comes where *Tyber*'s waters flow.
Stretch'd on his banks, ſhe wept; and weeping ſung
Her ſorrows with a ſoftly warbling tongue.
As dying ſwans with ſoft melodious breath,
Sing their own *Requiem*, and prelude their death.
At length her marrow melts with long deſpair,
And by degrees ſhe waſtes to liquid air:
Yet ſtill the place records the mourner's fame,
Which from the nymph, the muſes, *Canens* name.
Wonders like theſe, in that revolving year,
I ſaw, beſides what I from her did hear.
Ruſty with ſloth, and long habitual eaſe,
Again we're charg'd to try the doubtful ſeas.
With lengths of ocean, and with future toil.
Did *Circe* much our fainting ſouls imbroil.
I own, I did the threat'ned dangers fear;
And to prevent new perils, ſettled here.
Macareus ends: *Cajeta*'s urn inclos'd,
This verſe had on her marble tomb impos'd;

" Freed from *Troy*'s fires, the pious prince I rear'd,
" Here with due fire my cold dead limbs rever'd.
They looſe their cables from the graſſy ſtrand,
And make with ſpeed from guileful *Circe*'s land.
Thence ſeek the groves, where *Tyber*, dark with ſhades,
In *Tyrrhen* ſeas his ſandy ſtreams unlades;
The great *Latinus*' throne, and brighter heir
Æneas gains, but not without a war.
With furious nations is the battle try'd,
And *Turnus* rages for his promis'd bride.
To *Latium*'s ſuccour all *Hetruria* ſwarms,
And conqueſt long is ſought with doubtful arms.
To get recruits from foreign ſtates they try;
Nor *Trojans*, nor *Rutilians* want ſupply.
Aid from *Evander* did *Æneas* gain,
Which *Venulus* from *Diomede* ſought in vain.
Tho' forts well ſtor'd, and many a ſpreading field,
With *Daunus*' heir in dower, the *Grecian* held.
But ſoon as th' envoy had from *Turnus* done
His embaſſy to *Tydeus*' warlike ſon,
Th' *Ætolian* from the threatn'd war withdraws;
As loath to raiſe his father in the cauſe;
Pleads in excuſe, that his ſmall realms will yield
No vacant troops to croud th' imbattled field.
But leſt you ſhould ſuppoſe I feign, ſays he,
And make a ſpecious want of men my plea;
(Tho' repetition calls up woes anew;)
Yet I the fatal ſtory will purſue.
Soon as the *Ilian* tow'rs our prey became,
And the proud town ſunk in the *Grecian* flame;
The virgin Goddeſs, for an injur'd maid,
Did our whole hoſt with hotteſt wrath invade.
The ſhipwreck'd fleet her vengeful rage attone,
Which *Locrian Ajax* had incurr'd alone.

By furious tempeſts were our veſſels driv'n,
Expos'd to raging ſeas, and angry heav'n:
The threat'ning skies with dreadful light'nings glow,
And dire *Caphareau* rocks afflict below.
To dwell no longer on that ſcene of fate,
Priam would then have pitied *Grecia*'s ſtate.
But *Pallas* ſnatch'd me from the ſwallowing main;
From native *Argos* thence I'm chas'd again:
Venus ſtill bears her ancient wound in mind,
And for the long paſt crime new toils aſſign'd.
So much by ſtorms I on the ocean bore,
So much by conflicts on th' ungentle ſhore;
That oft, ſubdu'd by fate, I call'd them bleſt,
Who in the common tempeſt ſunk to reſt;
Envy'd the wretches that on rocks were thrown,
And wiſh'd my death might angry heav'n attone.
My fainting men, with ſeas and battles tir'd,
Some reſpite from renewing toils requir'd:
But *Agmon*, full of fire, and fiercer grown,
With combating that rage the pow'rs had ſhown,
What can remain, ye partners of my toil,
From which your long-try'd virtue dares recoil?
Or what, tho' willing, can the Goddeſs do,
More than ſhe has, her future ſpleen to ſhew?
Pray'rs may avail, whilſt greater ills affright,
But when we've felt the worſt of fortune's ſpight,
Fears and ſubmiſſion are no more of uſe;
But ills at height, ſecurity produce.
What, tho' ſhe hear, and hate us all, ſays he,
(As ſhe does all, who *Diomede* obey,)
Yet let us all deſpiſe her empty hate;
And boaſt we've ſouls, as her reſentments, great.
Inſults like theſe th' unwilling Goddeſs ſtung;
Revenge revives at his opprobrious tongue.

Few

Few can approve the boldneſs of his theme;
And moſt the raſhneſs of his words condemn.
Fierce *Agmon* does our vain reproofs defy,
But whilſt he frets, and labours to reply,
His organs and his voice, at once grow ſmall;
His curling locks in ſtreight long feathers fall:
Plumes hide his trunk; a larger pinion ſprings
From his rough arms, his arms now ſpread to wings.
To claws his feet divide, hard horn extends
His alter'd face, and in a bill deſcends.
Nycteus, *Rhetenor*, *Lycus*, all the band,
Viewing the change, in admiration ſtand;
Not long they wonder, and at *Agmon* ſtare,
E're they transform'd, the ſelf-ſame figure wear.
In crouds my men on ſudden pinions riſe,
And flap their ſounding wings, and mount the ſkies.
If you the form of theſe new fowl would know;
Moſt like to ſwans they ſeem'd, yet were not ſo.
Such numbers loſt, my now diminiſh'd train,
Scarce guard the limits of my narrow reign.
Here ends the hero; when, without ſupplies,
The unſucceſsful envoy homeward hies;
The *Calydonian* prince's realms forſakes;
And thro' *Meſſapia*'s plains his journey takes.
There in his march he gloomy caves ſurvey'd,
Water'd with ſprings, and rounded with a ſhade:
The mountain *Pan* theſe grotto's now poſſeſs'd,
Which once the wood-nymphs with their beauties bleſs'd.
But *Appulus*, a rough, unmanner'd ſwain,
With ſudden fright diſlodg'd the tim'rous train.
Yet ſcorning his purſuit, and leſs afraid,
The nymphs return'd, and tripp'd it o'er the glade.
The ſawcy clown the ſportive nymphs provokes,
Mimicks their motions, and obſcenely jokes.

Nor ceaſes, 'till a tree inveſts his throat;
A tree, whoſe fruits and juice his manners note.
Loſt to himſelf, an olive wild he grows,
And his tongue's rancour in his berries flows.
The ſuppliants, now return'd, acquaint their lord,
Th' *Ætolian* prince denies the aid implor'd,
The hot *Rutilians* their whole force unite;
And now without th' intreated ſuccours fight.
Mars does the undetermin'd field divide,
And ſtreams of blood are drawn on either ſide.
Turnus to burn the *Trojan* fleet prepar'd;
And flames purſue thoſe barks which tempeſts ſpar'd.
O'er the pitch'd decks the running flame prevails,
Mounts to the maſts, and ſpreads amongſt the ſails.
The canvas blazes, whilſt the fire below,
Lurks in the ſeams, and ſmould'ring burns more ſlow.
When ſacred *Cybele* from the skies beheld
Thoſe pines on fire, which were from *Ida* fell'd:
Inſtant ſhe bids the brazen cymbal ſound,
And ſhriller pipes are heard the *Æther* round.
She mounts her car, th' obedient lyons fly,
And whirl her downward thro' the liquid sky.
Thy impious hands, ſays ſhe, to ſmall effect,
O *Turnus!* violate what I protect,
Nor ſhall the greedy flames, a part of thoſe
Lov'd-woods devour, which ſhelter'd my repoſe.
With that ſhe thunders, and pours down amain,
Thick ſtorms of hail, and clouds of daſhing rain.
Diſcordant winds ruſh thro' th' whiſtling sky,
And ſweep the main, and ſwell the billows high.
One blaſt the reſt in ſtrength and ſpeed outſtrips,
And breaks the cables of the *Phrygian* ſhips:
The driving barks are hurried down the flood;
Their timber ſoftens, fleſh proceeds from wood:

The

The crooked ſtems to heads and faces grow;
Oars, legs become, which the ſwoln billows plow:
What once were holds, now ſlender ſides are grown,
And the long keel ſupplies the ſpinal bone.
The ſail-yards, arms: and hair the tackling grew;
As e'er the change, ſo ſtill, their colour blue.
The new-made nymphs, late of the floods afraid,
Now in thoſe floods, with wanton paſtime play'd.
On mountains born on liquid ſtreams they glide,
Forgetful of their birth, and foreſt pride:
Yet mindful, what themſelves ſo oft endur'd,
On the rough ſurge they ſinking ſhips ſecur'd.
Yet mindful too of *Ilium*'s ruin'd ſtate,
They aid not *Grecian* barks, but view with hate.
With pleaſure they *Ulyſſes*' fleet beheld,
Wreck'd with rude tempeſts, and on rocks impell'd:
With pleaſure ſaw the bark *Alcinous* gave,
Turn'd to a rock, and laſh'd by ev'ry wave.
'Twas hop'd, this wond'rous prodigy would fright,
The young *Rutilian* from th' unequal fight;
Both ſides perſiſt; both have their Gods to friend:
Both with unconquer'd God-like ſouls contend.
Not for *Lavinia*, or *Latinus*' throne,
And realms in dower they fight, but for renown;
Reſolv'd the quarrel ſhall to death be try'd,
They bluſh to lay th' unconqu'ring arms aſide.
Love's queen at length on the conteſted plain,
Sees her ſon victor, and his rival ſlain:
With *Turnus* fall'n proud *Ardea*'s tow'rs ſubſide;
Which, whilſt he liv'd, ſtood fair, and flouriſh'd wide.
But ſoon as the devouring flames had ſpread,
O'er her high domes, and all in aſhes laid.
An unknown fowl from the hot embers ſprings,
And fans the ruins with her hov'ring wings.

Its leanneſs, pallid hue, and ſhrieks of woe,
The image of a captive city ſhow;
The kindred-city's name the fowl retains:
And of its fate with flapping wings complains.
Æneas' virtues now had gain'd on fate,
Won all the Gods, and ſoften'd *Juno*'s hate;
For young *Iulus* a firm throne acquir'd,
The *Cythereïan* prince at heav'n aſpir'd;
His mother-Goddeſs, the fair queen of love,
The pow'rs ſollicits, and embraces *Jove:*
Great ſire, ſays ſhe, ne'er yet to us unkind,
O now enlarge the bounty of thy mind:
My lov'd *Æneas* with thy heav'n requite,
Who calls thee grand-ſire in his mother's right.
Some Godhead on the virtuous chief beſtow,
A Godhead, tho' in rank and honour low:
Let it ſuffice the hero once has known,
The *Stygian* lake, and ſeen th' infernal throne
The Gods conſent, nor *Juno* diſallows,
The grace implor'd, but nods her awful brows.
You both a Godhead's rank deſerve, ſays *Jove,*
You who requeſt, and he whoſe ſuit you move.
Fair daughter, have thy wiſh. Th' immortal ſaid;
The Goddeſs ſmil'd, and bow'd her grateful head:
Mounts her light car, and thro' the *Æther* ſoars,
And guides her doves to the *Laurentian* ſhores:
Lights on the ſtrand, where ſmooth *Numicius* creeps,
Thro' whiſp'ring reeds into the neighbour deeps.
She bids him from *Æneas* purge away,
The mortal droſs, and down his ſtreams convey.
The horned God *Idalia*'s words obeys,
And dips *Æneas* in the cleanſing ſeas:
A due luſtration o'er the body makes,
And all the mortal ſubſtance from it takes.

The

The *Cyprian* Goddeſs now reſumes her ſon,
Purg'd from all filth, and crimes in nature done.
Immortal odours ſcatter'd round his head,
And on his lips ambroſial juices ſhed.
Rome, *Indiges* the new-made Godhead ſtil'd;
And temples rear, and frequent altars build.
Alba, and *Latium* now t' *Aſcanius'* hand
Submit their ſcepter, and ſupreme command;
Silvius, when he reſign'd, the crown obtain'd;
Then, third of *Alba*'s kings, *Latinus* reign'd:
Proud of his old imperial grandſire's name,
He mounts to pow'r, and fills the throne with fame.
Bold *Epitus* aſſumes, *Latinus* dead;
Then *Capys'* rule the *Latian* realms obey'd.
From *Capys*, *Capetus* the purple gains;
Then, the ninth monarch, *Tiberinus* reigns;
This monarch to a death ill-fated came;
Drown'd in the ſtreams, which after bore his name.
Fierce *Remulus*, and *Acrota* ſucceed;
Both of the royal predeceſſor's breed.
But *Remulus*, who durſt the thund'rs feign,
Was for his crime with real thunder ſlain.
Not ſo his brother rul'd, of better mind;
To *Aventinus* he the throne reſign'd.
Who bury'd in the mountain where he reigns,
The mountain from his tomb his name retains.
Procas, from him, with regal honours grac'd
The ſeat of empire on *Palatium* plac'd.
The fair *Pomona* flouriſh'd in his reign;
Of all the virgins of the *Sylvan* train,
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
To her the ſhady grove, the flow'ry field,
The ſtreams and fountains no delights could yield:

'Twas

'Twas all her joy the rip'ning fruits to tend,
And view the boughs with happy burthens bend.
No dart she wielded but a hook did bear,
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,
To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,
And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.
Now the cleft rind inserted grafts receives,
And yields an offspring more than nature gives,
Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew;
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.
These cares alone her virgin breast employ,
Averse from *Venus*, and the nuptial joy;
Her private orchards wall'd on ev'ry side,
To lawless *Sylvans* all access deny'd.
How oft the satyres and the wanton fawns,
Who haunt the forests, or frequent the lawns,
The God, whose ensign scares the bird of prey,
And old *Silenus*, youthful in decay;
Employ'd with wiles, and unavailing care,
To pass the fences, and surprize the fair?
But most *Vertumnus* did his love profess,
With greater passion, but with like success:
To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears,
And first a reaper from the field appears:
Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain,
O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.
Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,
And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temples shade;
Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears;
Like one who late unyoak'd the sweating steers.
Sometimes the pruning hook corrects the vines,
And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines.
Now gath'ring what the bounteous year allows,
He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs;

A Sol-

A ſoldier now he with his ſword appears,
A fiſher next his trembling angle bears;
Each ſhape he varies, and each art he tries,
On her bright charms to feaſt his longing eyes.
A female form at laſt *Vertumnus* wears,
With all the marks of rev'rend age appears,
His temples thinly ſpread with ſilver hairs.
Propp'd on his ſtaff, and ſtooping as he goes,
A painted mitre ſhades his furrow'd brows.
The God, in his decrepid form array'd,
The gardens enter'd, and the fruits ſurvey'd,
And, happy you! (he thus addreſs'd the maid;)
Whoſe charms as far all other nymphs outſhine,
As other gardens are excell'd by thine!
He kiſs'd the fair: his kiſſes warmer grow
Than ſuch as women on their ſex beſtow;
Then plac'd beſide her on the flow'ry ground,
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd;
An elm was near, to whoſe embraces led
The curling vine her ſwelling cluſters ſpread;
He view'd their twining branches with delight,
And prais'd the beauty of the pleaſing ſight.
Yet this tall elm but for his vine, he ſaid,
Had ſtood neglected, and a barren ſhade;
And this fair vine, but that her arms ſurround,
Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.
Ah! beauteous maid, let this example move
Your mind, averſe from all the joys of love.
Deign to be lov'd, and ev'ry heart ſubdue,
What nymph could e'er attract ſuch crouds as you?
Not ſhe, whoſe beauty urg'd the *Centaur*'s arms,
Ulyſſes' queen, nor *Helen*'s fatal charms.
Ev'n now, when ſilent ſcorn is all thy gain,
A thouſand court you, tho' they court in vain;

A thouſand ſylvans, demi-Gods, and Gods,
That haunt our mountains, and our *Alban* woods;
But if you'll proſper, mark what I adviſe,
Whom age and long experience render wiſe.
And one whoſe tender care is far above,
All that theſe lovers ever felt of love.
(Far more than e'er can by yourſelf be gueſs'd,)
Fix on *Vertumnus*, and reject the reſt.
For his firm faith I dare engage my own,
Scarce to himſelf, himſelf is better known;
To diſtant land *Vertumnus* never roves;
Like you contented with his naked groves:
Nor at firſt ſight, like moſt, admires the fair;
For you he lives; and you alone ſhall ſhare
His laſt affection, as his early care.
Beſides he's lovely far above the reſt,
With youth immortal, and with beauty bleſt;
Add, that he varies ev'ry ſhape with eaſe,
And tries all forms that may *Pomona* pleaſe.
But what ſhould moſt excite a mutual flame,
Your rural cares, and pleaſures are the ſame.
To him your orchard's early fruits are due;
(A pleaſing off'ring, when 'tis made by you!)
He values theſe; but yet, alas, complains,
That ſtill the beſt and deareſt gift remains.
Not the fair fruit, that on yon branches glows,
With that ripe red th' autumnal ſun beſtows.
Nor taſteful herbs, that in theſe gardens riſe,
Which the kind ſoil with milky ſap ſupplies;
You, only you can move the God's deſire:
Oh crown ſo conſtant, and ſo pure a fire!
Let ſoft compaſſion touch your gentle mind:
Think, 'tis *Vertumnus* begs you to be kind!

The

The vengeful Gods, and *Venus* ſtill ſevere
To ſuch as ſlight her; and *Rammuſia* fear;
To ſcare you more, I will a tale unfold,
(For much I've learn'd that's ſtrange by being old;)
T' inculcate love, and cure your ſtern diſdain:
The fact is known o'er all the *Cyprian* plain.
Bright *Anaxarete*, of form divine.
Who drew from *Teucer*'s blood her gen'rous line,
Iphis, an humble and *Plebeian* ſwain,
Beheld, and languiſh'd with a love-ſick pain.
Long ſtruggling, when no reaſon could reclaim
His paſſion, to her houſe the ſuppliant came.
Now to her nurſe his wretched love diſplay'd,
And woo'd the beldam and implor'd her aid.
To ev'ry ſlave who had the virgin's ear,
Th' induſtrious lover did his ſuit prefer.
Oft he his pains on yielding wax impreſt,
And pleads to ſoften her obdurate breaſt.
Oft on the columns wreaths of flow'rs he ties,
Bedew'd, and dropping with the rain of eyes.
Oft proſtrate he, on the hard threſhold laid,
And did with ſighs th' ungentle doors upbraid.
The nymph, more deaf than ſeas when tempeſts roar,
And foaming ſurges daſh the whiten'd ſhore;
Harder than burniſh'd ſteel, or rooted rocks,
Diſdains the lover, and his paſſion mocks.
With ſcornful terms adds to her fix'd diſdain;
And will not leave him hopes, to ſooth her pain.
Impatient of his torment, and her hate
Theſe his laſt words he utters at her gate:
Relentleſs maid! the painful conteſt's o'er,
With hated love I'll teize thee now no more.
Triumph, O *Anaxarete*, unkind!
Sing *Pæans*, and thy brows with laurel bind!

Thou

Thou ha'ſt o'ercome; lo! willingly I die,
Enjoy the fruits of ſcornful cruelty!
Yet this you muſt, too ſtubborn charmer, own,
And with unwilling praiſe my mem'ry crown:
That whilſt I liv'd, I did indulge deſire;
At once extinguiſh'd life's, and paſſion's fire;
Nor will I truſt report my death to ſpread,
Your ſelf ſhall ſee it, and behold me dead.
My wretched life I'll end before your gate,
To pleaſe your cruel pride, and glut your hate.
But, oh! you Gods, if you our actions ſee,
This only I implore, remember me:
Let after-ages celebrate my name,
And what you take from life, afford to fame.
The mourning *Iphis* ſaid, and upwards bends,
His wat'ry eyes, and his pale arms extends;
Thoſe poſts, he had ſo oft with chaplets crown'd.
A fatal and deteſted cord now bound.
Such wreaths beſt pleaſe thy rigid ſoul, he ſaid;
O too hard-hearted, and inhuman maid!
He ſaid, and claſp'd the nooſe, and forward ſprung,
And with his face turn'd tow'rds her, ſtruggling hung.
Struck with his trembling feet, the ſtarting door
Seem'd as it groan'd, and did ſome loſs deplore.
The ſervants ſhriek to view th' expiring ſwain,
And, all too late, prepare to eaſe his pain.
Breathleſs and pale they to his mother bore,
Her ſtrangled ſon: (his ſire was then no more.)
The lifeleſs coarſe ſhe in her boſom plac'd,
And in her arms his cold, dead limbs embrac'd.
Lamenting long as woeful parents uſe,
And paying all a woeful mother's dues.
The fun'ral pomp ſhe thro' the city led,
And tow'rds his pile bore the lamented dead.

It chanc'd the cruel virgin's dwelling lay,
Juſt where the mourners took their ſolemn way.
The ſad proceſſion did her ears invade,
And vengeful Gods now urg'd the ruin'd maid.
The ſad ſolemnities, ſaid ſhe, we'll view;
Straight, as poſſeſs'd, ſhe to the window flew.
Thence ſeeing *Iphis* on the fatal bed,
Her eyeballs ſtiffen'd, and her colour fled.
Strives to retire, and yet is forc'd to ſtay;
Wou'd fain, yet cannot turn her eyes away.
Rooted to earth, the hardneſs of her heart
Dilates itſelf to ev'ry vital part.
Leſt you ſuppoſe, I feign this tale of dread.
At *Salamis* they keep the marble-maid;
In *Venus* the *Proſpicient*'s dome; the fane,
Its name did from the gazing nymph retain.
Let this example, lovely fair, remove
Scorn from your breaſt, and turn your heart to love.
So may no froſt, when early buds appear,
Deſtroy the promiſe of the youthful year;
Nor winds, when firſt your florid orchard blows,
Shake the light bloſſoms from their boaſted boughs!
This when the various God had urg'd in vain,
He ſtraight aſſum'd his native form again;
Such, and ſo bright an aſpect now he bears,
As when thro' clouds th' emerging ſun appears.
And, thence exerting his refulgent ray,
Diſpels the darkneſs, and reveals the day.
Force he prepar'd, but check'd the raſh deſign;
For when, appearing in a form divine,
The nymph ſurvey'd him, and beheld the grace
Of charming features, and a youthful face.
A ſudden paſſion in her breaſt did move;
And the warm maid confeſs'd a mutual love.

Procas

Procas deceas'd, by force *Amulius* reigns,
And, ſtrong in arms, uſurps th' *Auſonian* plains.
Old *Numitor*, th' invader cruſh'd, once more
From his ſons' hands receives the regal pow'r.
At *Pales'* feaſt, the youthful heroes lay
The firſt foundations of their future ſway.
Then *Tatius* leads the *Sabine* fires to war,
Tarpeia's hands her father's gates unbar.
O'erwhelm'd with ſhields, the traytreſs juſtly falls;
The *Sabines* pour their troops upon the walls.
Silent as wolves, who round a midnight fold,
Steal on the guard whom death-like ſlumbers hold.
Thence to ſurprize th' oppoſing gates prepare
Which *Ilia*'s ſon ſecur'd with prudent care.
Yet one *Saturnia*'s reſtleſs ſpight unbars;
Silent it ope's, nor on the hinges jars.
Venus alone perceiv'd the ſecret aid,
(The falling chain the treach'rous work betray'd:)
Who had the gate re-ſhut, but that ſhe knew
That Gods may not, what Gods have done, undo.
Th' *Auſonian Naiads*, near to *Janus'* fane,
With cooling ſprings bedew'd poſſeſs the plain:
Their aid ſhe begs; the nymphs could not deny
A ſuit ſo juſt, and all their floods untie.
As yet the fane of *Janus* open ſtood,
Nor was the way precluded by the flood.
Beneath the fruitful ſprings they ſulphur turn,
Whoſe hollow veins with black bitumen burn.
With theſe the vapours penetrate below,
And waters, late as cold as *Alpine* ſnow,
The fire itſelf in fervour dare provoke;
Old *Janus'* poſts with the hot moiſture ſmoke.
Theſe new-rais'd ſtreams the *Sabine* pow'rs reſtrain
'Till *Romulus* could arm his martial train.

The

The hero ſets the battle in array,
And ſlaughter'd *Sabines* ſpread the purple way.
Fathers and ſons the horrid cauſe decide,
And kindred blood guſh'd out on either ſide.
But rage at length to terms of peace did yield
E're ſlaughter had engroſs'd the horrid field.
To *Tatius* now are equal honours ſhown,
Who jointly ſits on the diſputed throne.
But the brave *Sabine* at *Lavinium* ſlain,
Both nations under *Romulus* remain.
When *Mars* depos'd his cask and awful creſt,
And thus the ſire of Gods and men addreſt.
The time is come, great ſire, (ſince *Rome* is grown
Strong by her conqueſts, and has fix'd her throne:
Since factious pow'rs their fruitleſs efforts end,
Nor does ſhe on a ſingle God depend;)
Now to confer on me the promis'd grace,
And to the skies tranſlate my honour'd race.
For in this awful ſynod you profeſt,
(I wear the promiſe in my grateful breaſt:)
That one of mine (let now the grace be giv'n!)
Should as a fellow-God poſſeſs your heav'n.
Th' Almighty nods, of clouds a thund'ring peal,
Affright the city, and the promiſe ſeal.
Propp'd on his lance, the mighty God of war
The ſignal owns, and vaults his dreadful car;
Rates his hot ſteeds, the ſounding whip applies,
Drives down the region of the ſtormy skies,
On the *Palatium*'s mount his ſpeed he ſtay'd,
Wrapp'd in the gloom, and dark with native ſhade.
Thence dealing regal juſtice from the throne,
The God aſſumes his own and *Ilia*'s ſon.
Wrapp'd thro' the air his mortal members waſte
Like melting bullets from an engine caſt.
More heav'nly fair, more fit for heav'nly ſhrines
Above the ſcarlet-rob'd *Quirinus* ſhines.

Loſt

Loſt *Romulus* his royal bride deplor'd,
And wept, and mourn'd her now tranſlated lord:
When *Juno* bids her various *Iris* wind
Down her bright bow, and griev'd *Herſilia* find:
From me the ſolitary mourner greet,
And thus to ſtop her flowing tears intreat.
Star of the *Latian*, of the *Sabine* land!
Thy ſex's glory! hear the Gods command.
O matron, once moſt worthy of the vow,
Of ſuch a lord, but of *Quirinus* now!
Suppreſs thoſe tears, and if you long to ſee,
Your once-lov'd *Romulus*, retire with me,
To thoſe dark groves, which on *Quirinus* ſpring
And ſhade the temple of the *Roman* king.
Iris obeys, her gliſt'ning bow prepares,
And *Juno*'s orders to *Herſilia* bears:
The widow'd queen ſcarce rears her modeſt eyes
Aw'd with uncommon light, and ſtrong ſurprize;
O Goddeſs! tho' I know not now, ſays ſhe,
How call'd, yet know thou muſt a Goddeſs be:
Lead me, O lead me to that charming grove;
Where I may view the object of my love.
Whoſe face if once th' indulgent fates ſhall ſhow,
In that one glimpſe they will all heav'n beſtow.
Inſtant ſhe follows where *Thaumantias* led,
Together the *Romulean* hills they tread:
The grove they enter, and aſcending high,
A ſweeping ſtar ſhot from the burning ſky:
Its golden beams inflame *Herſilia*'s hair,
When both together mount th' enlighten'd air.
Her Godlike lord receives her in his arms
And breathes new beauties, and improves her charms:
Her form is alter'd, and her name aſſign'd;
And *ORA* is to her *QUIRINUS* join'd.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

Book XV.

By Captain *MORRICE.*

The Argument.

Numa *ſucceeds* Romulus, *who repairing to* Crotona, *in queſt of knowledge, and enquiring concerning the original of that city, hears a relation of black ſtones having been converted into white: and of* Pythagoras *diſputing of the tranſmigration of the ſoul, and various tranſmutations of things. Afterwards* Ægeria (*lamenting the death of* Numa, *and receiving no conſolation from the nymphs, nor from* Hippolytus's *account of his own misfortunes and change) is by the power of* Cynthia *turn'd*

turn'd into an over-flowing ſpring: which Ovid *accounts to be as ſurprizing as a clod of earth's becoming ſuddenly a prophet, or* Romulus's *lance a tree, or the* Roman *general* Cippus *finding horns ſhoot inſtantly from his head.* Æſculapius, *for the ſake of the afflicted* Romans, *aſſumes the ſhape of a ſerpent; and* Julius Cæſar, *after his death, becomes a blazing ſtar —— The book ends with* Ovid's *prediction of his own immortal fame.*

MEanwhile, a king they ſeek who might ſuſtain,
That weight of empire, and with glory reign.
Truth-telling fame foretold the deſtin'd way
For godlike *Numa* to imperial ſway.
He long unſatisfy'd, with what he knew,
The rites that from his *Sabine* race he drew,
A more exalted ſcheme of ſcience draws,
And ſtudied nature much, and nature's laws;
His country left, thus fir'd with curious cares,
He to *Crotona*'s antient walls repairs.
There ask'd what famous *Grecian* hand before
Had rais'd that city on the *Latian* ſhore:
To whom an antient, to the place ally'd,
In this traditionary tale reply'd.
Alcides rich in his *Iberian* prey,
To fair *Lacinia* held his proſp'rous way
There landed, as his herds for paſture roam,
He enter'd *Croto*'s hoſpitable dome,
Ask'd reſpite from fatigue, and found,
And parted thus —— ſurveying of the ground,
A future age ſhall here a city view,
A future age beheld his promiſe true.

Alemon's

Alemon's ſon fulfill'd the deſtin'd claim,
A *Greek* by birth, and *Myſcelos* his name,
Much was he favour'd by the pow'rs above,
And in a viſion ſaw the ſon of *Jove*,
Who ſaid —— Forſake thy native land, and go
Where *Æſaris*'s ſtony waters flow;
His diſobedience he with threats denies,
Then with the flying night the viſion flies.
He riſes, thoughtful what the dream deſign'd,
And much he doubts, and reaſons with his mind;
The God enjoins, his country's law denies,
Threatning with death who voluntary flies.
The radiant ſun in ocean ſinks his head,
And night appears, with glitt'ring ſtars o'erſpread,
When the ſame God with ſleep returns again,
And with the ſame command, and threatning ſtrain,
And now more ſtrongly he enforc'd, and now diſmay'd
He yields, and is prepar'd to be convey'd
To foreign lands, and leave his native ſhore:
This news by rumour ſpread the city o'er.
Accus'd for breach of law, arraign'd and try'd,
They prove the fact, not by himſelf deny'd.
His hands, and eyes, then lifting to the sky,
Oh thou, whom twice ſix labours deify!
Thou, for whoſe ſake alone I ſtand accus'd,
Aſſiſt he cry'd — White ſtones and black they us'd.
In former times the black the priſoner caſt,
The white abſolv'd: And now they ſentence paſs'd,
By throwing black into the fatal urn;
Which back to white of equal number turn.
Thus by the favouring God the dire decree
Was ſtrangely chang'd, and *Myſcelos* ſet free;
Who thanks to *Hercules* now humbly pays,
And o'er th' *Ionian* ſeas himſelf conveys,

With proſp'rous gales. —— *Tarentum* quickly croſs'd,
And *Sybaris*, and the *Noæthan* coaſt,
And *Salentum* and *Thurin*'s ſpacious bay,
And *Temeſes* and fair *Japygia*,
Scarce paſſing all that ſhore's ſea-beaten bound,
The mouth of deſtin'd *Æſarus* he found,
That, at ſmall diſtance, to the view expos'd
The tomb that *Croto*'s ſacred bones incloſ'd.
Here has the God ordain'd, he builds theſe walls,
And from the hero's name *Crotona* calls.
Of this original this city boaſts,
Rais'd by a *Grecian* on th' *Italian* coaſts.
Here dwelt a *Samian* ſage of mighty fame,
Who thence a voluntary exile came,
Becauſe he tyrants ſcorn'd, and dar'd refuſe
That yoke which none but ſervile ſpirits chuſe.
He tho' to earth confin'd, yet mounted high,
Roſe in his ſoul, and travel'd thro' the ſky,
What nature to his mortal ſight deny'd,
The eye of reaſon to his mind ſupply'd;
And all that lodg'd in his capacious breaſt,
To ſilent and admiring men expreſs'd.
He taught, from whence this world's firſt being ſprings,
What God? what nature? what the cauſe of things?
Whence falls the feather'd ſnow? whence ligh nings fly?
Whence dreadful thunders tear the parted ſky?
If the loud voice of *Jove* in anger ſpoke,
Or looſen'd winds from clouds impriſon'd broke?
Whence earthquakes riſe? what courſe the ſtars purſue?
Myſterious all, and hid from vulgar view.
He firſt forbad the luxury of blood,
And uſe of animals in human food,
His words, tho' then not credited by man,
In this perſuaſive flow of language ran:

From

From things unfit, oh mortals! ſtill abſtain,
Nor with unhallow'd food your ſelves prophane;
For corn, and pulſe ſelf-willing nature lends,
Beneath its load the planted orchard bends,
Gardens yield herbs of every taſte and ſmell,
And cluſtring grapes the teeming vintage ſwell.
The fruits of cruder kind by fire refine;
Milk flows in ſtreams from the diſtended kine;
The bee unloads his flow'ry fragrant thighs,
And bounteous nature every want ſupplies;
Nor wants alone, but various in her food,
Gives feaſts without the cruelty of blood.
The *beaſt* alone with fleſh his hunger ſtays,
And yet not all, the horſe in meadows ſtays,
And herds, and bleating flocks contented graze.
Wolves, tygers, lions, and the ſavage bear,
All who the marks of fiercer nature wear,
Theſe, only theſe, their purple food enjoy,
Riot in blood, or live but end deſtroy.
How impious! how to nature's laws oppos'd,
Where bowels are in other bowels clos'd;
Whoſe bodies by their fellows fat ſuſtain'd,
To murder ſtrive, and are by death maintain'd.
Vainly does nature her abundance pour,
If nought can pleaſe you from the various ſtore;
If thou the breathing bread alone muſt chew,
And barb'rouſly *Cyclopean* ban renew.
Will nothing then thy hunger's want ſupply,
But to feed that another life muſt dye?
That early age, that innocent eſtate,
How aptly golden call'd? how fortunate!
Then on the field's (delicious eaſy ſpoil!)
Alone they liv'd, nor did with blood defile

Their lips; then birds in air ſecurely flew,
The hare on plains no perſecution knew,
Nor hooks th' unwary fiſh from rivers drew;
By treach'rous baits all then from miſchief clear'd,
And conſcious of no guilt, no danger fear'd.
That wretch who envied firſt this harmleſs fair,
Who'er the monſter was, who firſt could dare
Himſelf with fleſh more ſavagely to fill,
He, he explor'd the way to all that's ill!
Yet was it juſt to pave the murd'ring way
On noxious animals, and beaſts of prey.
Nature's juſt plea excuſes (ſelf-defence)
But to devour them afrer no pretence ——
The licence grew apace, the delving ſow,
The firſt offender felt the fatal blow,
For ſpoiling of the crop to death decreed,
Murd'ring the harveſt in the new ſown ſeed.
The browzing goat the freſh-cropp'd vineyard flew,
A victim to the ſwain, and *Bacchus* too.
Ye harmleſs ſheep that milk and wool afford,
How injur'd you, your hard ungrateful lord?
To cure his wants you food and raiment ſpare,
And are alive, than dead, more uſeful far!
Or what the ox? a creature void of guile,
So innocent! ſo ſimple! born for toil!
How barb'rous he! deſerving ſurely ill
The good he reaps, whoſe cruel hand could kill,
His painful lab'rour, ſubject to the ſtroke
That neck, which for his ſake endur'd the yoke:
That for his ſake had plow'd the ſtubborn ground,
From which ſo bleſt a ſtore he oft had found:
Yet not content with this, aſcribe the guilt
To heav'n? In blood thus inoffenſive ſpilt,

Can

Can the juſt Gods delight? —— The ſacrifice
Richly adorn'd, and pleaſing to the eyes
(Pernicious beauty!) now in pomp appears
Before the altar, unknown pray'rs he hears:
He ſees the meal upon his forehead ſtrew'd,
Which his too faithful labour once beſtow'd;
The fatal blade, now reeking with his gore,
Which haply in the water ſeen before,
And now to know what things the Gods declare,
They the warm entrails from the body tear.
Whence, mortals! ſprings ſo dire an appetite.
Why will ye in forbidden food delight?
Henceforth forbear, I piouſly intreat,
Think when the ſlaughter'd ox becomes your meat,
You your own friendly helpful ſervant eat!
Phœbus inſpires his ſacred heat, I feel
My oracles, myſterious truths I will reveal,
And (yielding to the pow'r that moves me) ſhow
What long lay hid, what none of old could know,
None apprehend —— I leave the world below.
Now mount the flying clouds, and *Atlas'* crown,
And, from thoſe hights, on erring men look down,
Depriv'd of reaſon, and of death afraid,
(By vain imaginary doubts betray'd,)
Their ſouls to faſhion to a better ſtate,
I boldly will uncloſe the book of fate.
Oh ye whom horrors of cold death affright!
Why dread ye *Styx* —— vain dreams of endleſs night?
The poets fiction? ——fancy'd miſeries
Of a forg'd hell —— for neither flames ſurprize,
Or ſlow conſuming time our bodies wear
Depriv'd of ſenſe, nor pain nor grief they bear;
Souls are immortal, and but one forſake,
And then another ſeat of life and manſion take.

In *Trojan* wars, (for I the fact retain!)
Euphorbus, I, *Panthous* ſon, was ſlain
By *Menelaus*—— at *Argos*, I beheld
In *Juno*'s fane, and knew my former ſhield.
All change, but nothing finally decays,
From ſeat to ſeat the wandring ſpirit ſtrays.
From man to beaſt at certain times it roams,
Thence back to man, its former manſion, comes.
Nor dies it ſelf, but as the yielding wax
Fixt to no form, each new impreſſion takes,
And all its former figure then forſakes,
Nor is like what it was, yet is the ſame;
Such is the ſoul in ev'ry various frame.
Oh! then, leſt thro' thy belly's curſt deſire,
Neglected piety ſhou'd quite expire,
Oh ſpare to force thy kindred ſouls for food,
And feeding thus to nouriſh blood by blood!
And now ſince on ſo vaſt a ſea my ſail
Expanded ſwells with ſuch a riſing gale.
Nought in the univerſe is ſtedfaſt found,
But all things march in change's various round:
All forms are alter'd, hurrying to and fro,
And like th' unſettled waters ebb and flow;
Time haſtes it ſelf perpetually away,
Nor more the fleeting hours than tides can ſtay;
But as as one billow the preceding drives,
And as, ſucceeding that, a third arrives,
So fly the rolling years, and ſo purſue
Each other; ever changing, ever new!
What once was manifeſt no more we ſee,
Nor what is preſent ſhall hereafter be.
Each moment is renew'd, mark how the day
To night's ſad gloom converts its chearful ray.

The night to day —— one colour paints the sky,
When we reclin'd in rest and slumber lie;
Another, when the morning star retires,
Still changing at the sun's approaching fires.
The welkin blushes as his orb appears,
And as he leaves us, the same colour wears;
But is most clear when his meridian seat
He gains, and thence bestows his gen'rous heat;
Because th' incircling *Æthers* there are pure,
From vapours of contagious earth secure.
Nor ever can the pale nocturnal moon
Be fix'd to one peculiar shape alone,
Her silver horns enlarging, smaller light
She yields in this, than the succeeding night,
But as they lessen, she becomes more bright.
Does not the semblance of our age appear
In the successive quarters of the year?
First blooming spring, like infancy, its head
Advances, tender, wanting to be fed;
Then all things smile, the trees with leaves are crown'd,
And a fresh rising verdure cloaths the ground;
The blade sprouts high, and flowers adorn the fields,
Hope to the lab'ring swain this season yields,
But little solid gives; then summer runs,
Blest with abundance, and prolifick suns;
Resembling youth, with all its vigorous heat,
In strength mature, and substance more compleat;
Like autumn's falling leaves we lose our prime,
And waste, as we descend the hill of time.
Tho' fertile, yet more temperate and fixt,
When with the mingl'd gray our hairs are mixt,
Then aged winter comes with trembling pace,
Depriv'd of strength, despoil'd of ev'ry grace,
And bald, or white as snow, concludes the race.

Our bodies change inceſſantly, nor are
This day, what they the laſt preceding were;
To morrow will ſome alteration ſhow,
Which we till that's approach could never know.
E'er from the pregnant womb's dark priſon freed,
We were of men alone the hopeful ſeed.
Nature in our behalf appearing kind,
Gave a determin'd ſpace to be confin'd,
But would not that the load ſhould long become
The painful burthen of the mother's womb,
But ſtretching by degrees from thence repair,
To taſte the bleſſings of a freer air.
Weak at the firſt, our piteous ſtate we weep,
And trembling on the brink with pain we creep;
Then ſtand, (our ſtrength increaſing by degrees)
And by ſome aid ſupport our quiv'ring knees;
Now ſtrong and luſty grown, awhile we run,
But youth and hearty vigour fails us ſoon,
Succeeding age does all our ſtrength devour,
And we ſubmit to his deſtructive power.
Milo lamented when his arms he view'd,
That once were with *Herculean* force endew'd,
That beaſts cou'd quell, and limbs of trees divide,
Now ſlack and uſeleſs hanging by his ſide.
Her once victorious charms, by time decay'd,
Hellen too wept, when ſhe her form ſurvey'd,
And wonder'd why ſhe twice a prey was made.
Encroaching time, and age deſtructive! you
All mortal things demoliſh and ſubdue:
What e'er has life, death's boundleſs power conſtrains,
And over all the mighty tyrant reigns.
Nor can thoſe things which elements we call
Be fixt, but change their various figures all.

Four bodies this eternal world compoſe,
Which all the ſev'ral ſeeds of things encloſe.
Of theſe, two by their native weight deſcend,
Water and earth! theſe ever downwards bend;
An equal number uncompell'd aſpire,
(Devoid of weight) pure air, and purer fire,
And all things, (that awhile diſtinct remain)
From theſe proceed, to theſe return again.
Earth water's nature, when diſſolv'd, aſſumes,
Water extenuated air becomes.
Air, when its ſubtle nature more refines,
To radiant flame converted glorious ſhines.
Returning they this order ſtill renew,
And endleſs change eternally purſue.
The groſſer fire the form of air aſſumes,
And air condens'd a liquid dew becomes;
The liquid dew conſolidated grows,
Thick earth; nor then its wonted clearneſs ſhows.
Nothing does ever the ſame ſpecies hold,
By nature, who delights in change, controul'd,
And with new figures ſtill ſupplants the old.
Then to be born is ſomething new t' explore,
Is to be ſomething we were not before;
And whenſoever death approaches, we
But what we are at preſent ceaſe to be.
For tho' our body's ſlight and brittle frame
Is broke, the ſubſtance ſtill remains the ſame.
Nothing does long one conſtant ſtation hold,
The ages ſoon to iron fell from gold.
Ev'n places alter——— with uncertain gales
Where once was land the bounding veſſel ſails;
And where the ſea once ſpread———on ſteady land,
Now houſes, trees, and men, ſecurely ſtand!

Shells far from ſea remov'd are often found,
And anchors buried in the mountain ground.
Torrents a valley of a plain have made,
And mountains headlong to the ſea convey'd.
Vaſt briny lakes the thirſty ſands have drunk,
And deep beneath the failing waters ſunk.
Oft lakes again their ample face have rear'd,
Where once the dry and thirſty land appear'd.
Nature in changes ſhews her various pow'rs,
Here ope's new ſprings, and there the old devours.
In former times the trembling earth has pour'd
Streams forth that with tremendous fury roar'd.
Back to her womb again have divers crept,
And there in ſilence ever hidden ſlept.
So *Lycus*, ſwallow'd by the yawning earth,
Takes in another place his ſecond birth:
Great *Eriſinus* now ſeems loſt, but yields
His riſing waters to the *Arcadian* fields:
And *Myſius*, his firſt name and banks diſclaim'd,
Elſewhere aſcends, and is *Caicus* nam'd.
And *Amaſenus* in *Sicilian* grounds,
Oft dry, yet oft o'erflows his loftieſt bounds.
Oft old men drank of fam'd *Anigrus* ſtream,
(If ought that poets tell a truth we deem)
But pois'nous now, ſince in the changeful wave
The *Centaurs* waſh'd the wounds *Alcides* gave.
And does not *Hyppanis* (whoſe liquid ſeat
In *Scythia* lies) th' offended palate greet
With bitter waters now, that once were ſweet?
Antiſſa, *Tyre*, and *Pharos*, once embrac'd
By ſeas, now far from circling ſeas are plac'd;
Lucadia once to the main land ally'd,
Now breaking billows laſh on ev'ry ſide:

Zanole once fix'd to th' *Italian* ground,
The ſea dividing ſince does now ſurround.
For *Bute* or *Helice* would you now enquire?
Above their turrets the big waves aſpire,
Once *Grecian* towns, now deep immers'd they lie,
And ſcarce their ſunk remains the ſailors ſpy.
A mountain is by *Pythian Traſes* plac'd,
(Its barren top with *Sylvan* ſhades ungrac'd;)
Once a ſmooth plain, until a boiſt'rous gale
Up rais'd its bulk, (a ſad ſtupendous tale!)
Enrag'd and lab'ring hard a vent to find
To freer air, like bladders ſwell'd with wind;
Puff'd up the ground; the wond'rous tumour ſtill
Remains, grown ſolid, to a lofty hill.
To ſpeak of things now not ſo ſtrange as known,
Ev'n ſundry ſprings have ſundry habits ſhown:
At ſev'ral times, horn'd *Ammon*, thy cool ſtreams
Refreſh, when from his higheſt courſe, his beams
The ſun exalted darts; ——— with warmth ſurprize,
When he declines, or firſt aſcends the skies.
They ſay, that *Athamas* does wood inflame,
If brought too near when *Cynthia*'s in the wane,
Whatever in *Cynonian* ſtreams is caſt
Is petrifed, and if we hap to taſte
Of its pernicious food, with horror fill'd,
Our hardned entrails are to ſtone congeal'd.
Cratis, and *Sybaris*, that near us join,
Make the waſh'd hair like gold or amber ſhine.
Some fountains of a more prodigious kind,
Not only change the body, but the mind!
Of obſcene *Salmacis* who has not known?
Or of the lake that *Æthiopians* own?
Who taſte of this, their ſenſe no longer keep,
Or quickly fall oppreſs'd by death-like ſleep.

Thoſe

Thoſe that for thirſt, *Clitorian* waters uſe,
Abſtemious ever grow, and wine refuſe,
Whether the ſpring a ſecret force contains?
And love of wine b' antipathy reſtrains?
Or as the people of the land aſſure,
When here *Melampus* work'd a wond'rous cure
On *Prætus'* daughters, he the ſimples caſt
Into the ſpring; where ſtill their virtues laſt.
A nature in his ſtreams *Lynceſſias* ſhows
Quite oppoſite —— who drinks too deep of thoſe
With tripping heels to ſtumble does incline,
And reels like one oppreſs'd with fumes of wine.
A lake there is in fair *Arcadia*'s plains,
(Of old call'd *Pheneos*) which they ſay contains
Two diff'rent tempers, in the night they bear
A deadly taſte, by day no danger fear.
So the clear river, and the ſtanding lake,
Now of this nature, now of that partake.
Once ſwam *Ortygia* in the doubtful waves,
Now firm, the winds and tides ſecurely braves.
Th' unſtable *Cyanes* (once cauſe of dread
To *Argos*) now are fixt. And from the head
Of *Ætna*'s mount tho' now the ſulphur fall,
It fell not always, nor for ever ſhall.
Whether the earth retains corporeal fire,
And as ſhe breaths, the vented flames expire:
As various ſight and motion oft diſpoſe,
She ſhuts, or does th' exhaling gaps uncloſe.
Or whether raging winds her bowels fill,
And jarring ſtones beneath effect the ill
Which earth contains; and by the powerful ſtroke
Of their encounter, riſing flames provoke;
Till thoſe internal Winds are huſh'd to peace,
And with their cauſe the raging flames ſurceaſe.

Or

Or if combuſtible bitumen feeds,
Or ſmoaky ſulphur works the fiery ſeeds;
When e'er this food full ſuſtenance ſhall fail,
Or waſte within, the flames no more prevail;
No more ſupported, muſt for ever die,
Nor with their wonted rage diſturb the sky.

In cold *Pullene*, a town of antient *Thrace*,
There lives, as fame reports, a wond'rous race,
Who diving thrice three times in *Pallas'* lake,
Of fowl the feathers, and the figure, take;
Such power they ſay (but I can ſcarce believe)
To *Scythian* witches magic ointments give;
But if aſſurance in experience lies,
From ſeeds putrefying matter ariſe,
A ſlaughter'd *ſteer* (a fact in common uſe)
When buried deep will ſwarming bees produce;
Who like their parents rove the fields to bear
Their honey home, and hope another year.

The buzzing *hornet* from a buried horſe
Derives its being; from the crab divorce
Its crooked claws, the reſt infold in earth,
A fiery ſcorpion thence obtains its birth.

The little *worm*, that upon tender leaves
With curious pains a *ſilken texture* weaves,
(Obſerv'd by ſwains) new ſhape and kind aſſumes,
And a gay painted butterfly becomes.

The nimble *frogs*, that skip or ſwim the lake,
From mud and filth their new creation take,
Firſt without feet unactive, then they find
Their ſupple legs, the longeſt ſtill behind,
As fram'd to ſwim or dive, or on the ground,
When perſecuted or ſurpriz'd, to bound.

Nor

Nor does the *cub* of the huge ſhaggy *bear*
But an unſightly unſhap'd lump appear.
Till it receives the mother's forming care.
Who licks it into ſhape and pains employs
To give that figure ſhe herſelf enjoys.
From their ſexangular encloſures ſee
Th' imperfect young of the laborious *bee*;
How by degrees their ſhape increaſing ſprings,
They gain their little legs, and uſeful wings.
The ſtar-imbelliſh'd *bird* which *Juno* loves,
Jove's armour-bearer, Citheræn's doves,
And all the feather'd kind, who could ſuppoſe,
Who knew it not, that theſe from eggs aroſe?
Some think, as waſting in the hollow tombs,
The pith of man's backbone a *ſnake* becomes.
Yet all theſe things from ſomewhat elſe proceed,
And other's help for their exiſtence need.
One only creature, thro' the ſpacious earth,
Takes from itſelf alone its wondrous birth.
Call'd by th' *Aſſyrians*, *Phœnix*, who the wane
Of age repairs, begets her-ſelf again.
Nor grain, nor fruits ſhe ſeeks, but does explore
The choiceſt of *Arabia's* fragrant ſtore;
The gummy plants, *Amomum's* juicy wood,
And tears of frankincenſe are all her food.
Now, when ſhe has five rolling ages paſt,
(The time alotted for her age to laſt!)
Upon a ſhady tree ſhe takes her reſt,
And on the higheſt bough (her funeral neſt)
Her beak and talons build ——— then ſtrews thereon
Balm, Caſſia, Spikenard, Myrrhe and *Cinnamon*;
Laſt on the fragrant pile her ſelf ſhe lays,
And in conſuming odours ends her days.

Thence

Thence ſoon another Phœnix does proceed,
An equal date is to her life decreed:
This grown, and fit the burthen to transfer,
(Her cradle and her parent's ſepulchre)
To great *Hyperion*'s city ſhe conveys,
And at his temple's gate the off'ring lays!
If ought that's wondrous does in this appear,
Conclude *Pyanas* full of wonders are;
That changing often, either ſex aſſume,
Female or male ſucceſſively become!
Or that air-fed *Camelion* who receives,
His colour from the place, to which he cleaves!
When conquering *Bacchus*, *India* did ſubdue,
The captive *Lynx*, he from thoſe regions drew:
Whoſe urine does, 'tis ſaid, emitted bear,
A ſtone-like ſubſtance harden'd by the air.
And ſuch is coral from the ocean freed,
Beneath the waves a ſoft and ſupple weed.
But ſhould I paſs the whole relation through,
Of things that leave their antient forms for new,
The ſun, his courſe compleating, would deſcend,
And day be done, before my tale would end.
In gen'ral this we find ——— time changes all,
New nations riſe, and old, declining fall:
Troy, wealthy, vaſt, with ſo much might endew'd,
That ten years vig'rous ſiege unconquer'd ſtood,
And waſted ſuch a ſtore of human blood.
For ſtately Palaces, now ruins owns,
For riches, tombs replete with duſt and bones.
Sparta, *Mycena* were the grace, and fame
Of *Greece*, *Cecropia*'s city was the ſame,
Amphion's lofty tow'rs once reach'd the skies,
Now *Sparta* in the duſt inglorious lies,

Mycena's

Mycenæ's fall'n, and what does now remain
Of *Thebes*, or *Athens*? —— what the words contain!
And now by ſounding fame the news is ſpread,
Dardanian Rome begins to rear her head;
By whoſe foundations graceful *Tyber* twines,
Deſcending from the lofty *Appenines*.
There, there they fix *her* ſeat, whoſe mighty ſway,
The world ſhall in ſucceeding times obey;
Such ſhall ſhe change to be —— for this of old
The ſure divining ſages have foretold.
Thus *Hellenus* (as I remember well)
Did to *Æneas* then deſponding tell
When *Troy* declin'd —— Grieve not oh goddeſs-born!
Hope better times, nor theſe misfortunes mourn,
Truſt to my prophecy, with fortune ſtrive,
Troy never can be loſt, and you alive.
Both fire and ſword ſhall give thy virtue way,
Flying, thou *Ilium* ſhalt with thee convey;
Till thou explore a land, (as yet unknown
To *Troy* or thee) more friendly than thy own.
I now by *Phrygians* fram'd a city view,
No parallel preceding ages knew,
Nor preſent can, nor ſhall ſucceeding ſee;
Its fame ſhall many raiſe, but chiefly he,
Who to great *Julius* is ally'd by birth,
Its glory ſhall compleat, he lord of earth
Shall be —— awhile, the bleſſing and the grace
Of wond'ring men! — then claim a heavenly place.
This (I remember) with prophetick tongue
Sage *Hellen* to divine *Æneas* ſung:
Our neighb'ring city we rejoice to ſee,
Riſing to this illuſtrious prophecy;
To be of this allotted good poſſeſt;
The *Phrygians* even in their ruin bleſt!

But

But leſt our ſteeds thro' a too heedleſs force,
Shou'd paſs the bounds of their appointed courſe;
Hence I conclude, that whatſoever lies
Beneath the ſpacious cover of the skies,
In air, or earth below, muſt paſs away,
And change their forms, and man as well as they.
Since ſouls as well as bodies we poſſeſs,
Which may (as hence we reaſonably gueſs)
Or in the feather'd kind, or beaſts reſide,
When forc'd by death new dwellings to provide,
Leaſt we a parent's, brother's, kinſman's ghoſt,
Or man's at leaſt, compel to quit its poſt,
To all things, peace and ſafety let's afford
To all that breath, nor keep *Thyeſtes*'s board.
How well, alas! is he diſpos'd to ſpill
Ev'n human blood, who pitileſs can kill
The tender calf; who can obdurate hear
Its mournful lowings with relentleſs ear.
Or he who to the kid his knife applies,
(The kid that imitates his childrens cries:)
'Tis ſure a cruel and inhuman deed,
To eat that fowl which we our ſelves have fed;
When men can with ſuch cruelties begin,
How eaſy is the ſtep to perfect ſin?
Let oxen till thy fields, and die with age;
Let ſheep defend thee from the winter's rage:
Let goats their milk in plenteous ſtreams impart,
Nets, gins, and ſnares, and all deſtructive art
Renounce ——— the pretty warblers of the grove,
(The birds!) let theſe in peace and ſafety rove,
Nor with inſidious lime engage, —— nor lay
Thy toils for deer, nor fiſh with hooks betray.
Thy cruel skill and care alone employ,
The hurtful and pernicious to deſtroy,

Yet

Yet only thoſe deſtroy, nor luſt to eat,
But chooſe more fit, and leſs defiling meat.
  Theſe doctrines by the *Samian* ſage were taught,
And theſe good *Numa* to the *Sabines* brought;
Theſe he taught *Rome*, when by the publick voice
He ſway'd the ſtate, the monarch of their choice.
And by th' aſſiſtance of his gracious bride,
The nymph *Ægeria*, and each muſe his guide,
He founds religion; a race untam'd,
And prone to war, with civil arts reclaim'd,
In gentle peace confirm'd: —— And when his breath,
And happy reign, now terminate in death,
Patricians! Roman dames! *Plebeians!* all
With joint concern lament the monarch's fall.
His conſort, moſt diſtreſs'd, the city leaves,
Nor conſolation, nor ſupport receives,
Amidſt her frantick woes —— her drooping head
Hides in *Aricia*'s vale —— the earth her bed;
Loſt in the woods ſhe wail'd in ceaſeleſs moans,
Oft interrupting *Cynthia*'s rites with groans.
How oft the nymphs (inhabiting the grove,
And neighb'ring lakes) with words of comfort ſtrove
Her unavailing ſorrows to remove?
And thus (to cure her mind's afflicted ſtate)
Did *Theſeus*' ſon his own ſad tale relate.
  If equal woes, or greater, can incline
Your ſoul to needful comfort, think on mine;
Alas! my woes are able to appeaſe
Another's pain, my tale your grief may eaſe.
You of *Hippolitus*'s name and fate
Perchance have heard, who by the treach'rous hate
Of a falſe ſtep-dame, and confiding ſire,
Was thought beneath their malice to expire;
I own, you juſtly may aſtoniſh'd be,

And

And hardly truſt your ears, that I am he;
Yet he I am, whom *Phædra* vainly ſtrove
With all her arts, to tempt to lawleſs love:
Who finding fruitleſs all her efforts made,
Fearing at laſt to be her ſelf betray'd,
Revers'd the truth, and by a falſe pretence,
With her own guilt abus'd my innocence;
For this my father doom'd my baniſhment,
And with me, his paternal curſes ſent.
As in my chariot I the way explore,
All careleſs by *Pyttheän Trœzen*'s ſhore,
And *Corinth*, ſuddenly, with vaſt aſcent,
The ſea, ariſing like a mountain, rent.
A ſtrange and wond'rous clamour reach'd mine ear,
When rais'd breaſt high, to view did now appear
A bull, that from his mouth and noſtrils threw
Sea water, then amaz'd my followers flew;
My mind alone unterrify'd remain'd,
So much my exile on my ſoul had gain'd!
When lo! the horſes ſnort, erect their ears,
Start, and (outragious thro' their ſudden fears)
O'er pointed rocks a deſp'rate courſe purſue,
In vain I ſtrive their fury to ſubdue;
Foam whitens all the bits, with utmoſt ſtrength
I pull the reins extended at my length.
Nor had their fury vanquiſh'd all my force,
But by ſad chance in their impetuous courſe
One of the rolling wheels, with ſudden ſhock,
The fragment of a tree encountring ſtruck,
And fell aſunder. From my ſeat thus caſt,
And in the flowing of the reins bound faſt,
My bowels, and disjointed members torn,
Of my divided limbs a part is born

By

By the rapacious ſteeds along the ground,
A part is ſcatter'd, my crack'd bones reſound,
And I disfigur'd, and one common wound,
My griev'd, my weary, tortur'd ſoul reſign,
And can you yet compare your woes with mine?
Departed hence, I then deſcending found
Thoſe regions with eternal darkneſs crown'd,
Bathing in *Phlegeton* each ghaſtly wound;
And had not *Phœbus'* ſon his wond'rous aid
Apply'd, I ſtill had in thoſe regions ſtaid.
But when I was by pow'rful herbs and skill
Reviv'd, againſt th' infernal monarch's will,
Cynthia to keep a hated ſight from view,
A cloudy miſt around my perſon threw;
And leſt if ſeen new miſchief might take place,
She added age, and chang'd my former face,
And doubting long, if *Delos* ſhe, or *Crete*,
Should rather chuſe for my appointed ſeat,
She *Crete* and *Delos* both refus'd at laſt,
And me in this receſs obſcurely plac'd.
Nor being willing that I ſhould retain
The mem'ry of him by horſes ſlain,
Hippolytus, ſhe warn'd me to forſake,
My former name, and this of *Virbius* take:
Now, an inferior being here I ſtay
In this allotted grove, to *Cynthia* pray,
And zeal and thanks to my preſerver pay.
But the relation of another's grief
Gave to *Ægeria*'s ſorrow no relief,
Who at a mountains foot now prone appears,
Her eyes quite drown'd and e'en diſſolv'd in tears;
Whom *Cynthia*, kindly to conclude her woes,
Converted to a ſpring that ever flows.

Before

Before their eyes ſo great a wonder done
The nymphs amaz'd beheld, and *Theſeus'* ſon
Surpriz'd, as was the *Tyrrhene* ſwain who view'd
The earth with motion and with life endu'd,
That to a human figure chang'd its mold,
And things to come prophetically told.
The natives of the place him *Tages* name,
From whom the *Tuſcan* arts of aug'ry came.
Or mighty *Romulus*, when wond'ring he
Did from his lance freſh verdure riſing ſee,
(By fixing on mount *Palatine* its root)
And from the ſtaff extending branches ſhoot,
Yielding beholders an admired ſhade,
Or *Cyppus*, when he in the ſtream ſurvey'd
His ſudden horns, the victor with ſurprize
Was vanquiſh'd quite, and ſcarce believ'd his eyes;
But when his hands by touching what his view
Declar'd before, confirm'd him to be true,
His hands and eyes, and his new horns on high,
He lifting then, with gen'rous zeal did cry,
If ought of good theſe prodigies portend,
Ye powers divine! grant it may all deſcend
On *Rome* and *Romans*; if it hurtful be,
Let it, oh let it fall alone on me!
An altar then of verdant turf he frames,
And with pure wine and incenſe feeds the flames;
Then the warm entrails of a ſheep new ſlain
Conſults, to know what 'tis the Gods ordain.
This, whilſt the *Tyrrhene* augur does prepare
T' inſpect, and having now perus'd with care,
Something therein he ſees of vaſt portent,
But could not well diſtinguiſh what it meant.
But when he from the victim turns his eyes
To *Cippus'* wond'rous horns—— aſſur'd he cries,

Hail

Hail king! to thee, and to thoſe horns of thine,
This place, and *Rome*'s high towers their ſway reſign.
With ſpeed then enter thou the open gate,
Haſte *Cippus*, haſte! for ſuch the will of fate!
Thou from that inſtant ſhalt a monarch reign,
A ſafe and an eternal ſcepter gain!
At this, with indignation and diſmay,
He from the city turns his eyes away,
And cries (while thence his looks averted bend)
Hence, oh far hence, ye Gods, this omen ſend!
Better that I a willing exile roam,
Than lord it o'er the capitol at home.
The ſenate then and people he conven'd,
But firſt his horny front with lawrel skreen'd)
Then mounting on a mound the ſoldiers made,
And having firſt in antient manner pray'd,
Thus to the ſenate and the people ſaid:
See whom the Gods your ſov'reign Lord ordain,
Both him and his ſucceeding race to reign,
The deſtin'd man, tho' I his name conceal,
The wond'rous horns he wears will ſoon reveal.
He 'tis, the augur prophecies his fate,
Shall give you laws, if e'er he paſs your gate;
He might his entrance readily have gain'd,
And unoppos'd, if I had not reſtrain'd.
Altho' there lives not one to me more near.
Then, *Romans!* (to remove your needful fear;)
Let him, ſince ſuch his crime, with one conſent,
This moment into baniſhment be ſent;
Or elſe by chains his lofty hopes abate,
Or by the tyrant's death prevent your fate.
As 'mongſt the ruſling pines a ſudden breeze,
Or as the diſtant ſound of breaking ſeas
Upon the murmuring ſhores, ſuch is the noiſe

The

The people make——— when lo! a louder voice
Comes forth, and, which is he, exclaiming cries?
Then for the horns they ſearch with buſy eyes;
Cippus replies, 'tis me for whom you look,
And from his head the leafy garland took.
Not one but by his eyes dejected ſhows,
Sudden concern, and a deep ſigh beſtows;
Unwillingly that reverend head they view
To whom ſuch mighty honours now were due.
Nor ſuffer him his brows ungrac'd t' expoſe,
But with a verdant wreath his head encloſe:
The nobles then, ſince, (generouſly good)
His entrance *Cippus* had himſelf withſtood,
In gratitude beſtow'd as much of ground
As in a day two oxen cou'd ſurround;
And ſince that time, the figure of his horns
A laſting monument the poſts adorns.
Now, to your bard, propitious muſes! tell
(No waſting time your knowledge can expel.)
How, where fair *Tyber*'s ſtreams an iſland freed,
To *Phœbus*' ſon a temple was decreed.
A dreadful plague infected *Latium*'s skies,
Pale bloodleſs men were ſeen with ghaſtly eyes,
Horror, and tort'ring pain, and ſudden fate,
It brought, no skill its fury could abate;
O'er all oppoſing helps it ſtill prevail'd,
And ſtill incroach'd, when human methods fail'd:
To *Delphos* they (in the world's center plac'd,
And with the healing God's chief preſence grac'd)
With fervent prayers imploring ſuccour ſend,
And to the oracle devoutly bend.
His ſtatue, altar, and his temple ſhake,
And from his ſacred *Tripos* thus he ſpake,
And ſpeaking ſhock'd the ſuppliants——— What you here

Of

Of me requeſt, you ſhould have ſought more near;
And ſeek it nearer now, not *Phœbus* ought
To cure your preſent ills, let aid be ſought
From *Phœbus'* ſon —— go then with good ſucceſs,
Go and procure his preſence, and redreſs.
This heard, the ſenate grave, themſelves addreſs'd
To know what city *Phœbus'* offspring bleſs'd
With his abode, then th' *Epidaurian* ſhore
They reach, and there th' aſſembled *Greeks* implore
To ſend their God, who might th' *Auſonian* ſtate
Relieve, and urge the ſtrict command of fate.
Diff'rent and various their opinions grow,
Some yield the ſought-for ſuccour to beſtow,
Others oppoſe, and wilfully deny
To rob themſelves, while others they ſupply.
Their minds as yet unfixt, the parting day
Deſcends, and to ſucceeding night gives way,
When lo! the-ſought for God in ſleep appears
As in his fane, in his left hand he bears
A ſtaff —— his right hand ſtroak'd his graceful beard,
And from his heav'nly lips theſe words were heard.
Fear not, I come, but will my form forſake,
View and remark this ſtaff-encircling ſnake,
Such will I ſeem, but be of larger ſize,
So great as may a deity comprize.
With theſe departed words, ſleep took its flight,
And with departing ſleep, the gloomy night,
Chac'd by the rays of gay approaching light.
The ſtars now vanquiſh'd by the morning flame,
The dubious nobles to the temple came;
And ask the God, by ſome cœleſtial ſign,
Which way his ſacred will did moſt incline,
To ſhow, if bent or to depart or ſtay.
Scarce finiſh'd what they did imploring ſay,

When

When in a ſerpent's form the God appears,
And hiſſing—— high his glitt'ring creſt he rears,
(His ſtatue, altar, gates, the marble floor,
And golden roof, ſhake at the coming pow'r.)
Then in his temple he erect aſpires,
And rolls his eyes that ſhine like living fires.
Each conſcious breaſt a ſudden horror found,
The prieſt (his hair with ſacred fillets bound)
The Godhead knew, and thus exclaim'd, He's there,
The God! the God!——— all you who preſent are,
Your hearts and tongues employ in zealous prayer.
Oh thou, with moſt tranſcendent pow'r array'd!
O beautifully ſaving be (he ſaid)
To thoſe who thee adore, and crave thy aid.
All preſent then, themſelves projecting lay,
Submiſſive, and thoſe words repeating ſay,
With them with heart and voice the *Romans* pray.
He by the triple motion of his creſt,
And triple hiſſing his aſſent confeſt,
Then glancing down the poliſh'd ſtairs he hies,
And on his altars now reverts his eyes,
On his declin'd abodes now bends his view,
And gracefully he takes his laſt adieu.
Then thro' the ſtreets that gaudy flow'rs array,
He ſliding to the haven takes his way,
And now approaching near the briny main,
He with kind looks diſmiſs'd his zealous train;
Then climb'd the *Latian* ſhip, that felt his weight,
Inclining with the vaſt cœleſtial freight.
Now, on the ſtrand, the joyful *Romans* pay
A bull to *Neptune*, and their anchors weigh:
And turning from their ſhore expand their ſails,
That gently ſwell with ſoft and proſp'rous gales;

The God his golden head aloft does raiſe,
And with delight the dancing waves ſurveys.
Now thro' the *Ionian* ſeas they ſafely ſteer'd,
Th' *Italian* ſhore on the ſixth morn appear'd;
Lacynian Juno's fane, *Syllæan* ſhores,
Japygia left, they ſhunn'd by helpful oars,
Amphryſia's rocky coaſt, then ſcap'd the cleft
Ceraunia, *Romectrium* and *Caulonia* left;
Narycia croſs'd, and all that dang'rous ſea
Forſook, they paſs'd the ſtreights of *Sicily*,
The royal manſion of *Hippotades*,
In order they avoided next to theſe;
By *Thencſes*, (with metals ſtor'd) and by
Lucaſia, and the *Paſtan Roſary*
They ſail'd, by *Caprea* and *Minerous*' cape,
And *Surrentine*, where ſprings the gen'rous grape;
Th' *Herculean* city, *Stabia*, and with theſe,
Luxurious *Naples* bred to ſloth and eaſe,
By the *Cumæan* ſybils fane they paſs'd,
Famous for baths, *Linternum* with ſweet *Maſtic* grac'd,
Vulturnus, which vaſt heaps of ſand confound,
And *Sinueſſa*, where white ſnakes abound;
Minturnæ, and her hurtful fogs, and where
Zeal did the nurſe a monument prepare:
The manſion of *Antiphates* ——— the lake
Begirting *Trachas*, and from thence they make
To *Circe*'s iſle, and *Antium*'s crooked ſhore,
The ſea now riſes here, a-while they moor
Their veſſel ——— here the ſerpent God untics
His knotty folds, and to a temple hies,
(His ſire's abode) that near the ocean ſtood,
And now the fury of the ſwelling flood

Abating,

Abating, he forſakes his father's fane,
And ſweeping o'er the yellow ſands his train,
And ruſling ſcales, the ſhip aſcends again.
Thence looſing ſail they farther ſtill explore
Their way, and reach the fair *Lavinian* ſhore;
And *Tyber*'s mouth, in crowds the *Matrons* came,
The ſires, and guardians of the *Veſtal* flame.
With you, oh *Trojan* veſſels! thither preſs'd,
Whoſe joyful ſhouts ſalute the ſacred gueſt.
And as the ſhip the ſtream's oppoſing force
Subdues, and up the river makes its courſe,
Vaſt odorif'rous fumes invade the skies,
And victims fall a bleeding ſacrifice!
Rome enter'd (the world's head,) the lofty maſt
The God aſcends, and from the ſummit caſt
His view, to chuſe a fit abiding place,
An iſle fair *Tyber*'s circling arms embrace,
And wholly from th' excluded main divide,
Parting with equal ſtreams on ev'ry ſide,
Thither does the *Cœleſtial Serpent* glide,
Who now his form aſſumes, and health beſtows
And puts a period to the city's woes.
He (once a foreign power,) is here implor'd,
In his own city, *Cæſar* is ador'd!
Him arts and arms both equally renown,
The warrior's armour, and the civil gown.
But ſuch a glorious race, ſo ſwiftly run,
Such mighty wonders ſo completely done,
Not raiſe him more than his illuſtrious ſon;
'Tis this that rais'd him to a blazing ſtar!
For none of *Cæſar*'s acts may ſure compare
With his adopting ſo renown'd an heir!
Say, was it more than he the *Britons* quell'd!
That he the ſeven vaſt mouths of *Nilus* fill'd

With his victorious fleets? that he reclaim'd
Numidia, *Cynephean*, *Juba* tam'd?
That he the pow'rs of *Mithridates* broke,
And added *Pontus* to the *Roman* yoke;
That he ſuch ſplendid triumphs did receive,
And merit more? ——— than for him now to leave
This ſucceſſor ſo great in whom mankind,
Such a profuſion of all bleſſings find;
Among the Gods he ſurely took his place,
That this might ſpring from more than human race.
This as fair *Venus* ſees, and wond'ring, ſpies
Weapons in dire conſpiracy ariſe,
Againſt his ſacred life, her colour fled,
And thus to ev'ry obvious god ſhe ſaid,
Behold what horrid treach'ry, what ſnares,
Pernicious malice now for me prepares?
Muſt I, muſt I my ſelf in him be ſlain,
Of my *Aſcanius'* line the dear, the loſt remain?
And muſt unhappy *Troy* be loſt again?
Wounded by inſolent *Tydides'* ſpear,
Muſt I from mortals ſtill afflictions bear?
My ſon *Æneas* (long by tempeſts toſs'd,)
I ſaw deſcend to *Pluto*'s diſmal coaſt,
In cruel fight with *Turnus* next engage,
Or rather combating with *Juno*'s rage.
But why do I recount misfortunes paſt,
All ſumm'd and all exceeded in this laſt?
See! ſee! their pointed weapons at me they throw,
Ye Gods forbid it, and divert the blow;
Suppreſs their monſt'rous rage! nor let, (for ſhame)
The high prieſt's blood extinguiſh *Veſta*'s flame.
Thus, thro' all heav'n, complaining, *Venus* ſtrove
To her redreſs the pitying Gods to move;

Who

Who, (ſince to cure her mind's afflicted ſtate,
They could not break the firm decrees of fate,)
By certain ſigns ſucceeding woes relate.
Arms claſh in air, and gloomy clouds o'ercaſt
Heav'n's face — ſhrill trumpets and the cornet's blaſt,
Proclaim the murther, — the bright ſun grows pale,
Horrors the hearts of trembling men aſſail;
Th' aſtoniſh'd skies oft fiery meteors fill,
And crimſon drops from bluſhing clouds diſtil;
A ſullen black obſcures the morning ſtar,
And ſtains of blood defile pale *Cynthia*'s car;
The *Stygian* owls with om'nous ſounds affright,
And add new terror to the horrid night;
The ſtatues weep, the ſacred groves reſound
And prodigies in every place abound.
No victims can the wrathful God aſſwage,
The headleſs inwards of the ſlain preſage
Diſtraction, tumult, and deſtructive rage.
Dogs at deep midnight howl the temple's round,
Ghoſts riſe, and ſpectres glide along the ground
And ſhocking earthquakes on the city ſound.
Yet all theſe warnings, theſe effects ſo ſtrange,
In fate, or treaſon, can procure no change.
Now weapons (for the horrid purpoſe ſought)
With curs'd intent are to the temple brought,
That ſacred place is impiouſly decreed,
The conſcious ſcene of the deteſted deed.
Then *Venus* (with diſtracting grief poſſeſt,)
With fury ſmote on her cœleſtial breaſt,
And earneſtly her utmoſt skill aſſay'd
To bear him thence in that *Ætherial* ſhade,
Which *Paris* from the *Spartan* chief convey'd;
That ſhade in which ſhe in like diſtreſs before,
From fierce *Tydides* her *Æneas* bore.

Daughter, ſays *Jove*, can'ſt thou the will of fate
Pervert, or its all-conquering force abate:
Were you to enter there, and look
In every page of that unerring book,
There you would ſee decrees that needs muſt paſs
Engrav'd on iron plates, and wrote in braſs:
The toil of ages, that eternal doom!
That all convulſion nature can't conſume;
No, not the thunder's ſhock, nor light'ning's fire,
There you may read in adamant, entire,
The ſtory of your race, and all to come,
(For I have read it, and remark'd their doom;)
This ſecret, Goddeſs, I will now relate,
And make you knowing in the laws of fate,
He whom you moan, his mortal circle run,
Preferr'd by you, and his immortal ſon;
Shall ſhine a God, with us his temples ſhare,
And be ſucceeded by a greater heir.
I will my ſelf aſſiſt him, and his hoſt
The brave avengers of his father's ghoſt:
To aid his fortune, and his grace beſtow,
Shall *Mutina* her peace and ſafety owe:
Him ſhall *Pharſalia* feel; *Philippi*, warm
With blood twice ſpilt, ſhall know his conqu'ring arm.
A mighty name on the *Sicilian* flood
He ſhall ſubdue, and ſtain its waves with blood.
The *Ægyptian* queen, (ill truſting to her mate,)
Her kingdom, and her life, ſhall yield to fate:
Why do I of thoſe barb'rous people tell,
Or nations that by either ocean dwell?
He ſhall the habitable world command,
And ſtretch his empire over ſea and land:
Earth bleſs'd with peace, he ſhall juſt laws provide,
And virtue by his fair example guide,

Reſpecting

Reſpecting then the good of times to come,
A ſon ſhall bleſs him from a pious womb:
This ſhall the load, that he reſigns, ſuſtain,
And with juſt grace ſucceed his proſp'rous reign,
Then ſhall he full of years our bleſs'd abodes
Aſcend, and mingle with his kindred *Gods*.
Mean while the ſoul of *Julius* as it flies,
From his ſlain corpſe, receive, and to the skies
Convey, there fix it that it may diſpence,
Upon our *Capitol* and city, thence
Ever a kind and gracious influence.
Scarce had he ended——when the *Cyprian* dame,
Swift as wing'd thought, amid the ſenate came,
Inviſible to mortal eyes, there ſtood
And from her *Caſar*'s corpſe defil'd with blood,
His ſpirit juſt diſlodg'd, did kindly bear
Heaven-ward, nor ſuffer'd to diſſolve in air;
In ambient sky, ſhe gently might perceive
It gather light, and growing flames receive,
Then let it from her boſom ſpring——when ſoon
It fled in air ſuperior to the moon,
And a long train of light aſcending drew,
And fix'd a ſtar to the beholders view.
Nor long, e're it, its glorious *Son* beheld,
Surpaſs it ſelf, and joy'd to be excell'd;
Tho' *he* ſubmitting to his parent's name,
Does modeſtly decline ſuperior fame,
Nor what he truly merits would appear,
Yet juſter fame, impartial and ſincere,
Perſiſting, offers the rejected crown,
And dares to croſs his will in this alone.
So *Atreus* yields to *Agamemnon*, ſo
Ægeus to his *Theſeus*——*Peleus* too
Submits in glory to his valiant heir,
(If I the great may with the great compare.) *Saturn*

Saturn himſelf concedes to mighty *Jove*,
Jove rules the ſea and earth, and realms above,
Th' inferior world does *Cæſar*'s laws obey,
Parents, and monarchs, both of wond'rous ſway!
Ye kind auſpicious Gods! who heretofore
Thro' fire and ſword the pious *Trojan* bore;
And ye, who thro' ſole merits Gods become,
Quirinus! parent of imperial *Rome!*
Thou *Mars!* invincible! *Quirinus'* fire,
Chaſte *Veſta!* with thy everlaſting fire,
Domeſtic *Phœbus* by chaſte *Veſta* fix'd
And with great *Cæſar's Houſhold Gods* commix'd!
Oh *Jove!* of Gods moſt potent and divine,
All ye, to whom, we pious pray'rs conſign,
Late be that lateſt hour, more late than mine,
When great *Auguſtus* ſhall to heav'n aſcend,
And grace and aid to ſuppliant man extend.
And now the work is done, which not the rage
Of *Jove*; nor fire, nor ſword, nor eating age
Shall raze——come when it will my fatal hour,
Which, only, o'er this mortal frame has pow'r;
Yet ever ſhall my noble part endure
From all the vain attempts of fate ſecure.
For whereſoe'er the *Roman* eagles ſpread
Their conquering wings, I ſhall by all be read,
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Double Gallant.
Drummer.
Duke of Glouceſter.
Earl of Eſſex.
Electra. Eſop.
Fair Circaſſian.
Fair Penitent.
Fair Quaker of Deal.
Fall of Saguntum.
Fatal Extravagance.
Fatal Marriage.
Gameſter.
Hamlet.
Humourous Lieutenant.
Jane Shore. Jane Gray.
Inconſtant. Iſland Princeſs.
King Lear.
London Cuckolds.
Love and a Bottle.
Love for Money.
Love makes a Man.
Love's laſt Shift.
Mariamne.
Match in Newgate.
Meaſure for Meaſure.
Merry Wives of Windſor.
Northern Laſs.
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Orphan.
Othello.
Phædra and Hippolitus.
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Pilgrim. Plain Dealer.
Provok'd Wife.
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Relapſe. Revenge.
Richmond Heireſs.
Richmond Wells.
Rival Queens.
Royal Convert.
Rule a Wife.
She Gallants.
She wou'd and ſhe wou'd'nt.
She wou'd if ſhe cou'd.
Siege of Damaſcus.
Sophonisba.
Spartan Dame.
'Squire of Alſatia.
Tamerlane. Theodoſius.
Tunbridge Walks.
Venice preſerv'd.
Ulyſſes.
Sir Walter Raleigh.
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